

THE
HISTORY
OF
MR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bt.
AND THE
HONOURABLE MRS BYRON.
VOLUME THE SECOND.

LETTER I.

Mrs HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS
LUCY SELBY.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, MARCH 1.

MR. Fowler set out yesterday for Gloucestershire, where he has an estate. He proposes to go from thence to Caermarthen, to the worthy Sir Rowland. He paid a visit to Mr. Reeves, desired him to present to me his wishes and respects. He declared, he could not possibly take leave of though he doubted not but I would give him with goodness, as he called. But it was that which cut him to the heart: so kind, and so cruel, he said, could not bear it.

I hope poor Mr. Fowler will be more happy than I could make him. Merely I could have been half-glad to have seen him before he went: and yet half-glad; since, had he shewn such concern, I should have been pained.

Take now, my dear, an account of what passed this day in St. James's square.

There were at Sir Charles Grandison's besides Lord and Lady L. the young Lord G. one of Miss Grandison's household servants; Mr. Everard Grandison; Miss Emily Jervois, a young lady of about fourteen, a ward of Sir Charles;

and Dr. Bartlett, a divine; of whom more by-and-by.

Sir Charles conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-room; where were only his two sisters. They received my cousins and me with looks of love.

'I will tell you,' said Sir Charles, 'your company before I present them to you. Lord L. is a good man. I honour him as such; and love him as my sister's husband.'

Lady L. bowed, and looked round her, as if she took pride in her brother's approbation of her lord.

'Mr. Everard Grandison,' proceeded he, 'is a sprightly man. He is prepared to admire you, Miss Byron. You will not believe, perhaps, half the handsome things he will say to you; but yet, will be the only person who hears them, that will not.'

'Lord G. is a modest young man: he is genteel, well-bred; but is so much in love with a certain young lady, that he does not appear with that dignity in her eye, [Why blushes my Charlotte?] that otherwise perhaps he might.'

'Are not you, Sir Charles, a modest man?'

'No comparison, Charlotte. Where there is a double prepossession; no comparisons!—But Lord G. Miss Byron, is a good kind of young man. You'll not dislike him, though my sister is pleased to think—'

'No

‘No comparisons, Sir Charles.’

‘That’s fair, Charlotte. I will leave Lord G. to the judgment of Miss Byron. Ladies can better account for the approbation and dislikes of ladies, than we men can.’

‘Dr. Bartlett you’ll also see. He is learned, prudent, humble. You’ll read his heart in his countenance the moment he smiles upon you. Your grand-apa, Madam, had fine curling silver hair, had he not? The moment I heard that you owed obligation to your grandfather’s care and delight in you, I figured to myself that he was just such a man, habit excepted: your grandfather was not a clergyman, I think. When I have friends whom I have a strong desire to please, I always endeavour to treat them with Dr. Bartlett’s company. He has but one fault; he speaks too little; but, were he to speak much, every one else would wish to be silent.’

My ward, Emily Jervois, is an amiable girl. Her father was a good man; but not happy in his nuptials. He bequeathed to my care, on his death-bed, at Florence, this his only child. My sister loves her. I love her for her own sake, as well as for her father’s. She has a great fortune: and I have had the happiness to recover large sums, which her father gave over for lost. He was an Italian merchant; and driven out of England by the unhappy temper of his wife. I have had some trouble with her; and, if she be living, expect more.’

‘*Unhappy temper of his wife*, Sir Charles! You are very mild in your account of one of the most abandoned of women.’

‘Well, but Charlotte, I am only giving brief hints of Emily’s story, to procure for her an interest in Miss Byron’s favour, and to make their first acquaintance easy to each other. Emily wants no prepossession in Miss Byron’s favour. She will be very ready herself to tell her whole story to Miss Byron. Mean time, let us not say all that is just to say of the mother, when we are speaking of the daughter.’

‘I stand corrected, Sir Charles.’

‘Emily, Madam,’ (turning to me) ‘is not constantly resident with us in town. She is fond of being every where with my Charlotte.’

‘And where you are, Sir Charles,’ said Miss Grandison.

Mr. Reeves whispered a question to Sir Charles, which was seconded by my eyes; for I guessed what it was: Whe-

ther he had heard any thing farther of Sir Hargrave.

‘Don’t be anxious,’ said Sir Charles. ‘All must be well. People, long to error, don’t, without reluctance submit to new methods of proceeding. All must be well.’

Sir Charles, stepping out, brought with him Miss Jervois. ‘The gentlemen seem engaged in conversation,’ said he. ‘But I know the impatience of this young lady to pay her respects to Miss Byron.’

He presented her to us: ‘This girl is my Emily.—Allow me, Madam, whenever Miss Grandison shall be so kind, to claim for her the benefit of your instruction, and your good countenance, as she shall appear worthy of it.’

There are not many men, my Lady, who can make a compliment to one lady without robbing, or, at least, depriving another. How often have you observed, that a polite brother has a black swan?

I saluted the young lady, and told I should be fond of embracing every opportunity that should offer, to commend myself to her favour.

Miss Emily Jervois is a lovely girl. She is tall, genteel, and has a fine complexion; and, though pitted with small-pox, is pretty. The sweetness of her manners, as expressed in her address, gives her great advantage. I was the moment I saw her, that her great delight is to please.

She made me two or three pretty compliments; and, had not Sir Charles commended her to me, I should have been highly taken with her.

Mr. Grandison entered. ‘Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer,’ said he: ‘to know that the woman in England is under the same roof with me; yet, to be so long detained from paying my respects to—’ ‘I can’t bear it.’ And in a very silent manner, as he seemed to intend, paid his compliments first to me, then to my two cousins:—and whispering, yet loud enough to be heard, Miss Grandison, swore, by his soul, report fell short of my perfections—I can’t tell what.

‘Did I not tell you, that you were so,’ said Miss Grandison.

I did not like the gentleman the better for what I had heard of him: perhaps, should have been less interested to his compliment, had I not before been acquainted with Mr. Grandison.

Penwick, and Sir Hargrave Pollex-
The men of this cast, I think,
all alike. Poor creatures! how
my heart—but, indeed, now that
the honour to know these two
I despise myself.

Charles, addressing himself to my
cousin and me, 'Now,' said he, 'thar
cousin Grandison has found an op-
portunity to introduce himself; and
I have presented my ward to you;
will, if you please, see how Lord
G. and Dr. Bartlett, are en-
gaged.'

Lord L. led my cousin Reeves into the di-
n room.

Lord L. addressed us with great po-
lite-
ness.

After Sir Charles had presented the
new-comer to my cousins, he respectfully
took my hand: 'Were there fifty ladies
present, my good Dr. Bartlett; whom
I had never seen before, you would,
I assure, from the character you have
given of Miss Byron, be under no diffi-
culty of reading that character in this
young lady's face.—Miss Byron, be-
lieve me, Dr. Bartlett, another grand-
daughter!

'reverence,' said I, 'good Dr.
Bartlett. I borrow Sir Charles's
praise: the character he has given
of me, Sir, is stamped in your counte-
nance. I should have venerated you
before ever I had seen you.'
The gentleman has such a truly ve-
nerable aspect, my Lucy, I could not
but say this.

'Sir Charles's goodness, Madam,'
said I, 'as it ever did, prevents my
praise. I rejoice to see, and to con-
gratulate a new sister restored, as I will
say it in the language of Miss Gran-
dison, to the best of families.'

Then came in a servant, and whis-
pered to Sir Charles. 'Shew the gen-
tleman,' said Sir Charles, 'into the
drawing-room, next the study.'

Mr. Grandison came up to me, and
showed me many silly things. I thought them
very amusing at that time.

Mr. Reeves soon after was sent for out-
side by Sir Charles. I did not like his looks
on his return.

After being ready to be served, and
Sir Charles, who was still with the gen-
tleman, summoned to it, he desired we
should walk down, and he would wait
for us by the time we were seated.

'Some new trouble,' thought I, 'of
which I am the cause, I doubt.'

Instantly came in Sir Charles, unaf-
fectedly smiling and serene.—'God bless

'you, Sir!' thought I.—His looks pleas-
ed me better than my cousin's.

But, my dear, there is something go-
ing forward that I cannot get out of my
cousin. I hoped I should when I got
home. The gentleman, to whom Sir
Charles was called out, was certainly
that Bagenhall. Mr. Reeves cannot
deny that. I guessed it was, by Sir
Charles's sending in for Mr. Reeves.
It must be about me.

We had several charming conversa-
tions. Sir Charles was extremely en-
tertaining: so unassuming, so lively, so
modest! It was also delightful to see the
attention paid to him by the servants, as
they waited at table. They watched
every look of his. I never saw love and
reverence so agreeably mingled in ser-
vants' faces in my life. And his com-
mands were delivered to them with so
much gentleness of voice and aspect,
that one could not but conclude in fa-
vour of both, that they were the best of
servants to the best of masters.

Mr. Grandison was very gallant in
his speeches to me; but very unkind
with his eyes.

Lord L. said but little; but what he
did say, deservedly gained attention.

Every body revered Dr. Bartlett,
and was attentive when he spoke; and
would, I dare say, on his own account,
had not the master of the house, by the
regard he paid him, engaged every one's
veneration for him. Many of the ques-
tions which Sir Charles put to him, as
if to inform himself, it was evident he
could himself have answered: yet he
put them with an air of teachableness, if
I may so express myself; and received
the doctor's answers to them with as
much satisfaction, as if he were then
newly enlightened by them.—Ah, my
Lucy! you imagine, I dare say, that
this admirable man lost nothing in my
eyes, by this his polite condescension.
Reserve, and a politeness that had dig-
nity in it, shewed that the fine gentle-
man and the clergyman were not sepa-
rated in Dr. Bartlett.—Pity they should
be in any of the function!

Sir Charles gave Lord G. an oppor-
tunity to shine, by leading the discourse
into circumstances and details, which
Lord G. could best recount. My lord
has been a traveller. He is a connois-
seur in Antiquities, and in those parts
of nice knowledge, as I, a woman, call
it, with which the Royal Society here,
and the learned and polite of other na-
tions, entertain themselves.

Lord G. appeared to advantage, at
Sir

Sir Charles managed it, under the awful eye of Miss Grandison. Upon my word, Lucy, she makes very free with him. I whispered her, that she did—
 'A very Miss Howe,' said I.

'To a very Mr. Hickman,' re-whispered she.—'But here's the difference: I am not determined to have Lord G. Miss Howe yielded to her mother's recommendation, and intended to marry Mr. Hickman, even when she used him worst. One time or other,' (archly continued she the whisper, holding up her spread hand, and with a countenance of admiration) 'my Lord G. is to shew us his collection of butterflies, and other gaudy insects: will you make one?'—

'Of the gaudy insects?' whispered I.

'Fie, Harriet!—One of the party, you know, I must mean. Let me tell you, I never saw a collection of these various insects, that I did not the more admire the Maker of them, and of all us insects, whatever I thought of the collectors of the minute ones.—Another word with you, Harriet—These little playful studies may do well enough with persons who do not want to be more than indifferent to us; but do you think a lover ought to take high delight in the painted wings of a butterfly, when a fine lady has made herself all over butterfly to attract him?—Eyes off, Sir Charles!' for he looked, though smilingly, yet earnestly, at us, as we whispered behind the countess's chair; who heard what was said, and was pleased with it.

LETTER II.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAR. 2.

I Should have told you that Miss Grandison did the honours of the table; and I will go round it; for I know you expect I should. But I have not yet done with Lord G. Poor man! he is excessively in love, I see that. Well he may. What man would not with Miss Grandison? Yet is she too superior, I think.

What can a woman do, who is addressed by a man of talents inferior to her own? Must she throw away her talents? Must she hide her light under a bushel, purely to do credit to the man? She cannot pick and chuse as men can. She has only her negative; and, if she is desirous to oblige her friends, not always that. Yet it is said, women must

not encourage fops and fools. must encourage men of sense only. it is well said. But what will their lot be cast only among fops? the men of sense do not offer themselves. And pray, may I not ask, if the age, among the men, is not all equipage, and toperry? Is the cultivation of the mind any part of their business? The men, in short are sunk, my dear, and the women but barely swim.

Lord G. seems a little too fond of his dress. And yet I am told, that Walter Watkyns outdoes him in toperry. What can they mean by it? Sir Charles Grandison is before me. He scruples not to modernize a little; but then you see, that it is in compliance with the fashion, and to avoid singularity; a fault to which great minds perhaps too often subject, though so much above it.

I want to know, methinks, what Sir Charles is very much in ear to his favour to Lord G. with regard to Miss Grandison. I doubt not, I suppose, but he has good reasons for it.

Were this vile Sir Hargrave on my head, I could satisfy myself with twenty and twenty things, that now then I want to know.

Miss Jervois behaved very differently. With what pleasure did she hear every word that fell from the lips of her guardian! I thought more of once of Swift's Cadenus and Van Poor girl! how I should pity her, for she insensibly to suffer her gratitude lead her to be in love with her benefactor! Indeed, I pity every body who is hopelessly in love.

Now don't shake your head, my dear! Did I not always pity Mr. Ogle and Mr. Fowler!—You know I do, Lucy.

Miss Jervois had a smile ready to every one; but it was not an impudent, a childish smile. It had distinction; it; and shewed intelligence. Upon the whole, she said little; and heard that was said with attention: and I pronounce her a very discreet young lady.

But I thought to have done with her first; and here is Mr. Grandison hardly mentioned; who, yet in his opinion was not the last of the assembly.

Mr. Grandison is a man of middle stature; not handsome in my eyes; so near being handsome, that he may be excused, when one knows him, for thinking himself so; because

able to make greater mistakes than

dresses very gaily too. He is at the head of the fashion, as it seems, he is; but, however, is one of the *first* to be it what it will. He is a great enterer of the drawing-room; of all enter of public spectacles: a leader of taste at a new play, or opera. He sings, he laughs; and values himself on all three qualifications: and certainly has sense; but is not likely to improve it much; since he seems so much afraid of suffering in the sequence he thinks himself of, that never Sir Charles applies himself to upon any of his levities, though by the eye, his consciousness, how mild the look, makes him shew an himself at the instant. He reddens, in pain; calls for favour by his hand and his quivering lips; and has, notwithstanding, a smile ready to turn to a laugh, in order to lessen his own ability, should he be likely to suffer the opinion of the company: but his motion shews his consciousness of inferiority to the man, of whose smiles and advantages he is so very appreciative.

What a captious, what a supercilious husband, to a woman who should be able to have a stronger mind than would Mr. Grandison make! But he values himself upon his having preserved his liberty.

Believe there are more batchelors in England, by many thousands, than were a few years ago: and, probably, the numbers of them (and of the women, of course) will every year increase. The luxury of the age accounts a good deal for this; and our sex take in un-domestication themselves, for a good deal more. Let not those worthy young women, who may think themselves destined to a single life, repine over-much at their single state, possibly, if they have had no lovers, or having had one, two, or three, have not found a husband, they had rather a miss than a loss, as I go. And let me here add, that I have seen, as matters stand in this age, or as I ever did stand, that those women who have joined with the men in their mutual ridicule of old maids, ought not to be forgiven: no, though Miss Grandison should be one of the ridiculous.

An old maid may be an odious creature, if they will tell us, that the qualities of the persons, not the state, are what they mean to ex-

pose: but then they must allow, that there are old maids of twenty; and even that there are widows and wives of all ages and complexions, who, in the abusive sense of the words, are as much old maids, as the most particular of that class of females.

But a word or two more concerning Mr. Grandison.

He is about thirty-two. He has had the glory of ruining two or three women. Sir Charles has referred him to a sense of shame [All men, I hope, are born with it;] which a few months ago he had got above. And he does not now entertain ladies with instances of the frailty of individuals of their sex; which many are too apt, encouragingly, to smile at: when I am very much mistaken, if every woman would not find her account, if she wishes herself to be thought well of, in discouraging every reflection that may have a tendency to debase or expose the sex in general. How can a man be suffered to boast of his vileness to one woman in the presence of another, without a rebuke, that should put it to the proof, whether the boaster was, or was not, past blushing.

Mr. Grandison is thought to have hurt his fortune, which was very considerable, by his free living, and anitch of gaming; to cure him of which, Sir Charles encourages him to give him his company at all opportunities. He certainly has understanding enough to know how to value the favour; for he owns to Miss Grandison, that he both loves and fears him; and now-and-then tells her, that he would give the world, if he had it, to be able to be just what Sir Charles is! 'Good God!' at other times he has broke out, 'What an odious creature is a rake! how I hate myself, when I contemplate the excellencies of this divine brother of yours.'

I shall say nothing of Sir Charles in this place. You, I know, my Lucy, will admire me for my forbearance.

Lady L. and Miss Grandison, were the graces of the table. So lively, so sensible, so frank, so polite, so good-humoured, what honour do they and their brother reflect back on the memory of their mother! Lady Grandison, it seems, was an excellent woman. Sir Thomas was not, I have heard, quite unexceptionable. How useful, if so, are the women in the greater, as well as in the less, parts of domestic duty, where they perform their duty! And what have those, who do not, to answer for, to God, to their children,

and even to their whole sex, for the contempt they bring upon it by their uselessness, and, perhaps, extravagance; since, if the human mind is not actively good, it will generally be actively evil.

Dr. Bartlett I have already spoken of. How did he enliven the conversation, whenever he bore a part in it! So happy an elocution, so clear, so just, so solid, his reasoning! I wish I could remember every word he said.

Sir Charles observed to us, before we saw him, that he was not forward to speak: but as I hinted, he threw the occasions in his way, on purpose to draw him out; and at such times, what he said was easy, free, and unaffected; and whenever a subject was concluded, he had done with it. His modesty, in short, made him always follow rather than lead a subject, as he very well might do, be it what it would.

I was charmed with the Brachman's prayer; which he, occasionally, gave us, on the ancient Persians being talked of.

Looking up to the rising sun, which it was supposed they worshipped, these were the words of the Brachman:

“O THOU (meaning the ALMIGHTY) ‘by whom thou,’ (meaning the Sun) ‘art enlightened, illuminate my mind, that my actions may be agreeable to THY will!’

And this I will think of, my Lucy, as often as my early hour, for the future, shall be irradiated by that glorious orb.

Every body was pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. Their modesty, good sense, and amiable tempers, and the kind, yet not ostentatious regard which they express to each other, (a regard so creditable to the married state) cause them to be always treated and spoken of with distinction.

But I believe, as I am in a scribbling vein, I must give you the particulars of one conversation; in which, farther honour was done to Dr. Bartlett.

After dinner, the countess, drawing me on one side, by both my hands, said, “Well, our other sister, our new-found sister, let me know how you like us; I am in pain lest you should not love us as well as you do our Northamptonshire relations.”

“You overcome me, Madam, with your goodness.”

Miss Grandison then turning to us, “Dear Miss Grandison,” said she, “help me to words—”

“No, indeed, I’ll help you to nothing. I am jealous—Lady L. will think to rob me of my Harriet’s ferable love, as you have of Charles’s. I will be best sister here. But what was your subject?—I will answer my own question. A pretty compliment, I suppose; and after compliments. Rather than without them, if no men are at hand to flatter us, we love to say handsome things to one another; and so to the men to find us out.”

“You need not be jealous, Charles said the countess: ‘you may be jealous. This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is frustrating her own pretensions—flattery, Charlotte, say what we have place here!—But tell me, Byron, how you like Dr. Bartlett?’

“Aye, tell us, Harriet,” said Miss Grandison, “how you like Dr. Bartlett?—Pray, Lady L. don’t answer me: I propose to give our new friends the history of us all; and is not Bartlett one of us? She has always given me the history of all her friends and of herself: and I have communicated to you, like a good sister, she has told me.”

I considered Dr. Bartlett, I said, a saint; and, at the same time, a man of true politeness.

“He is indeed,” said the countess, “all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don’t you see how Sir Charles admires him?”

“Pray, Lady L. keep clear of your province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties.”

Sir Charles heard this last sentence—“Yet I wonder not,” said he, “that three such women get together; goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded—Dr. Bartlett, you please—”

The doctor approached in a graceful manner—“Let me again, Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to you as a man that is an honour to his age; and that is the same thing, as it is to human nature;—[The good doctor bowed in silence:]—and Miss Byron, you, my good doctor,” (taking his hand) “as a lady most worthy of distinguished regard.”

“You do me too much honour.”

I shall hope, good Dr. Bartlett, by your instructions, to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.

My dear Harriet,' said the countess, catching my other hand, 'you are a good girl; and that is more to your honour than beauty.'

The quiet, Lady L. said Miss Grandison.

Dr. Grandison came up—'What is there not another hand for me?'

was vexed at his interruption. It prevented Dr. Bartlett from saying anything that his lips were opening to speak with a smile of benignity.

'How the world,' said Sir Charles, 'will push itself in!—Heart, my dear Mr. Grandison, on the subject.'

Whenever you, Sir Charles, and the doctor, and these ladies, are together, I know I must be unreasonable; but if you exclude me such company, how shall I ever be what you and the doctor would have me to be?'

Lord L. and Lord G. were coming to us: 'See your attraction, Miss Byron,' said the countess.

But, joined in Miss Grandison, we will not leave our little Jervois by herself, expecting and longing! Our cousins, Reeves—only that when they are together, they cannot want company should not be thus left. Is there more than one heart among us?—This man's excepted,' humourously said Mr. Grandison as if from the company—'Let us be orderly, and take our seats.'

'How cruel is this!' said Mr. Grandison, appealing to Sir Charles.

Indeed, I think it is a little cruel, Charlotte.'

Not so: let him be good then.—

When, may all our sex say, to men as my cousin has been—let it be done by the man, if he were good, good persons would delight to honour.'

Change, if not principle,' said Lord Charles, 'would effect the cure, if ladies were to act thus.—Don't you think so, cousin Everard?'

Well, well,' said Mr. Grandison, 'it will be good, as fast as I can:—but, what say you?—Rome was not built in a day.'

These great hopes of Mr. Grandison, the doctor.—'But, ladies, you must be as Mr. Grandison observed, excluded from the benefit of your conver-

sation, the man whom you wish to be good.'

'What! not till he is good?' said Miss Grandison. 'Did I not say, we should delight to honour him when he was?'

'But, what, Sir Charles? (come, I had rather take my cue from you, than any-body; what) are the signs which I am to give to be allowed—'

'Only these, my cousin—When you can be serious on serious subjects; yet so cheerful in your seriousness, as if it sat easy upon you; when you can, at times, prefer the company and conversation of Dr. Bartlett, who is not a solemn or severe man, to any other; and, in general, had rather stand well in his opinion, than in that of the gayest man or woman in the world.'

'Provided yours, Sir Charles, may be added to the doctor's.'

'Command me, Mr. Grandison, whenever you two are together. We will not oppress you with our subjects. Our conversation shall be that of men, of cheerful men. You shall lead them and change them at pleasure. The first moment (and I will watch for it) that I shall imagine you to be tired or uneasy, I will break off the conversation; and you shall leave us, and pursue your own diversions, without a question.'

'You were always indulgent to me, Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison; 'and I have retired, and blushed to myself sometimes, for wanting your indulgence.'

Tea was preparing. Sir Charles took his own seat next Lord L. whom he set in to talk of Scotland. He enjoyed the account my lord gave of the pleasure which the countess, on that her first journey into these parts, gave to all his family and friends; as Lady L. on her part acknowledged she had a grateful sense of their goodness to her.

'I rejoice,' said Sir Charles, 'that the sea divides us not from such worthy people, as you, my lord, have given us a relation to. Next visit you make, (Charlotte, I hope, will accompany me) I intend to make one in your train, as I have told your lordship before.'

'You will add to our pleasure, Sir Charles. All my relations are prepared to do you honour.'

'But, my lord, did not the ladies think a little hardly of your lordship's engagement; that a man of your merit should go from Scotland for a

et Sir Charles, whatever faults he might have had when he was from us, are now over to us finished. He grew up with us from year to year: his gaze dazzled me; and I have tried over and over, but cannot yet get the better of my reverence for him.

'If I have not my sister's love, rather than what she pleasantly calls her reverence, I shall have a much worse opinion of my own outward behaviour, than of her merit.'

Your outward behaviour, Sir Charles, cannot be in fault,' said Lord L. 'but join with my sister Charlotte, in her opinion of what is.'

And I too,' said the countess—'for I am a party—This is it, Sir Charles—who that lies under obligations which he cannot return, can view the oblige with but the most delicate sensibility?'

'Give me leave,' said Miss Emily, her face crimsoned over with modest gratitude, 'to say, that I am one, that shall ever have a reverence, superior to my love, for the best of guardians.' Blushes overspread my face; and gave my tacit acknowledgment, oh my part, of the same sensibility, from the same motives.

'Who is it,' joined in Dr. Bartlett, 'that knows my patron, but must acknowledge—'

'My dear Dr. Bartlett,' interrupted Sir Charles, 'from you, and from my good Lord L. these fine things are not to be borne. From my three sisters, speaking at me for one, and from my dear ward, I cannot be so uneasy, when they will not be restrained from acknowledging, that I have succeeded in my endeavours to perform my duty to them.'

I long to know, as I said once before, the particulars of what Sir Charles has done, to oblige every body in so high a manner. Don't you, Lucy? Help me! What a deal of time have I wasted since I came to town? I feel as if I had wings, and had soared to so great a height, that every thing and person that I before beheld without dissatisfaction, in this great town, looks diminutive and little under my aching eye. Thus, my dear, it must be in a better world, if we are permitted to look back upon the highest of our satisfactions in this.

I was asked to give them a lesson on the harpichord after tea. Miss Grandison said, 'Come, come, to prevent all excuses, I will shew you the way.'

'Let it then be,' said Mr. Grandison, 'Shakespeare's Cuckow. You have made me enter with so much comparative shame into myself, that I must have something lively to raise my spirits.'

'Well, so it shall,' replied Miss Grandison. 'Our poor cousin does not know what to do with himself when you are got a little out of his reach.'

'That is not fair, Charlotte,' said Sir Charles. 'It is not that graceful manner of obliging, in which you generally excel. Compliance and reflection are not to be coupled.'

'Well, well, but I will give the good man his Cuckow, to make him amends.'

Accordingly she sung that ballad from Shakespeare: and with so much spirit and humour, as delighted every body.

Sir Charles being a judge of musick, I looked a little sillier than usual, when I was again called upon.

'Come, my dear,' said the kind countess, 'I will prepare you a little farther. When you see your two elder sisters go before you, you will have more courage.'

She sat down, and played one of Scarlatti's lessons: which, you know, are made to show a fine hand. And surely, for the swiftness of her fingers, and the elegance of her manner, she could not be equalled.

'It is referred to you, my third sister,' said Sir Charles [who had been taken aside by Mr. Reeves; some whispering talk having passed between them] 'to favour us with some of Handel's musick: Mrs. Reeves says, she has heard you sing several songs out of the Pastoral, and out of some of his finest oratorios.'

'Come hither, come hither, my sweet Harriet—here's his Alexander's Feast; my brother admires that, I know; and says it is the noblest composition that ever was produced by man; and is as finely set as written.'

She made me sit down to the instrument.

'As you know,' said I, 'that great part of the beauty of this performance arises from the proper transitions from one different strain to another, any one song must lose greatly, by being taken out of its place; and I fear—'

'Fear nothing, Miss Byron,' said Sir Charles, 'your obligingness, as well as your observation, intitle you to all allowances.'

I then turned to that fine air—

Softly

"Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
"Soon he looth'd his soul to pleasures."

Which not being set so full with accompanying symphonies, as most of Mr. Handel's are, I performed with the more ease to myself, though I had never but once before played it over.

They all, with more compliments than I dare repeat, requested me to play and sing it once more.

"Dare repeat!" methinks I hear my uncle Selby say, "the girl that does nothing but repeat her own praises, comes with her *If I dare repeat!*"

Yes, Sir, I answer; for compliments that do not elevate, that do not touch me, run glibly off my pen: but such as, indeed, raise one's vanity; how can one avoid that vanity by writing them down? —But they were resolved to be pleased before I began.

One compliment, however, from Sir Charles, I cannot, I find, pass over in silence. He whispered Miss Grandison, as he leaned upon my chair, "How could Sir Hargrave Pollexfen have the heart to endeavour to stop such a mouth as that!"

And now, having last night and this morning, written so many sides, it is time to break off. Yet I could give you many more particulars of agreeable conversation that passed, were I sure you would not think me insufferably tedious; and did not the unkind reserve of my cousin Reeves, as to the business of that Bagenhall, rush upon my memory with fresh force, and help to tire my fingers. I am the more concerned, as my cousin himself seems not easy; but is in expectation of hearing something, that will either give him relief, or add to his pain.

Why, Lucy, should our friends take upon themselves to keep us in the dark, as to those matters which it concerns us more to know, than perhaps any body else? There is a tenderness sometimes shewn on arduous occasions in this respect, that gives as much pain, as we could receive from the most explicit communication. And then, all the while, there is so much strength of mind and discretion, supposed in the person that knows an event, and such a weakness in her that is to be kept in ignorance, that—But I grow as saucy as impatient. Let me conclude, before I expose myself to reproof for a petulance, that I hope is not natural to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER III.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO
LUCY SELBY.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

AND what do you think was the reason of Mr. Reeves's return? A most alarming one. I am obliged to him, that he kept it from me, for the uncertainty did not a little afflict me. Take the account of it, as it came out.

I told you in my former, that the person to whom Sir Charles was first sent out, was Mr. Bagenhall; and that Charles had sent in for Mr. Reeves, who returned to the company with a countenance that I did not like so well as did Sir Charles's. I now proceed to give you, from minutes of Mr. Reeves, what passed on the occasion.

Sir Charles took Mr. Reeves aside. "This unhappy man, (Sir Hargrave meant, said he) 'seems to me to be an excuse to himself, for putting with a treatment which he thinks graceful. When we have to deal with children, humours must be a little lowered for. But you will hear what the proposal is now. Let not the dies, however, nor the gentlemen within, know any thing of the matter till all is over. This is a day devoted to pleasure. But you, Mr. Reeves, know something of the matter; and can answer for your fair cousin.'"

He then led Mr. Reeves in to Mr. Bagenhall.

"This, Sir, is Mr. Reeves.—Sir Charles, grave, in short, Mr. Reeves, made other demands that I cannot comply with, (but which relate only to myself, and therefore need not be mentioned) insists upon an introduction to Miss Byron. He says, she is absolutely disengaged—Is she, Sir?"

"I dare say she is," answered my cousin.

"This gentleman has been naming me Mr. Greville, Mr. Orme, and others."

"No one of them has ever met with the shadow of encouragement from my cousin. She is above keeping any man in suspense, when she is not in any hurry of herself. Nothing has given her more easiness than the number of her admirers."

"Miss Byron" said Sir Charles, "is to be admired by every one that beholds her; but still more by those who are admitted to the honour of conversing with her."

her. But Sir Hargrave is willing to build upon her disengagement some-thing in his own favour. Is there any one for Sir Hargrave, who pleads his merits for her; who vows his honorable intentions, even at the time he was hoping to gain her by foul and violent means; and appeals to her purity, as he calls it, of his behaviour to her all the time she was in his hands—who makes very large offers of settlements—Is there any room to doubt, that Miss Byron—

Yes, none at all, Sir Charles.

What I not to save a life, Mr. Bagenhall?

Yes! said Mr. Bagenhall, if you mean mine, Mr. Bagenhall, said Sir Charles, 'I beg that may be considered. If Sir Hargrave has his own, I will pronounce that safe from any premeditated resentment of mine.—Do you think Miss Byron will bear to see Sir Hargrave, or Reeves? I presume he intends to pardon of her. Will she consent to receive a visit from him?—But is this wretched trifling, Mr. Bagenhall?'

You will remember, Sir Charles, this is a proposal of mine: what I hoped might be agreed to by Sir Hargrave; and that I was willing to consult you before I mentioned it to him.

I beg your pardon, Mr. Bagenhall: now remember it.

Has ever man doated upon a woman, Mr. Bagenhall, 'it is Sir Hargrave on Miss Byron. The very methods he took to obtain her for a wife, shew that most convincingly. You will promise not to stand in his way, Sir?'

I repeat, Mr. Bagenhall, what I have heretofore told you; that Miss Byron, —(you'll excuse me, Mr. Reeves)—is still under my protection.

Sir Hargrave, as he ought, is intended to ask her pardon; and if he obtains it, and even upon his own terms, I shall think Miss Byron and he may be happier together, than at present I can imagine it possible. I am not desirous to be any way considered, but as her protector from violence and insult; and that I will be, if he claim it, in defiance of a hundred such men as Sir Hargrave. But then, Sir, the occasion must be sudden: no legal relief must be at hand. I will not, either for an adversary's sake, or my own, be defied into a cool and premeditated vengeance.

But, Sir Charles, Sir Hargrave has

some hardships in this case. You will not give him the satisfaction of a gentleman; and, according to the laws of honour, a man is not intitled to be treated as a gentleman, who denies to be one—

Of whose making, Mr. Bagenhall, are the laws of honour you mention? I own no laws; but the laws of God and my country. But, to cut this matter short, tell Sir Hargrave, that little as is the dependence a man of honour can have upon that of a man who has acted by an helpless woman as he has acted by Miss Byron, I will breakfast with him in his own house to-morrow morning, if he contradicts it not. I will attribute to the violence of his passion for the lady, the unmanly outrage he was guilty of. I will suppose him mistaken enough to imagine, that he should make her amends by marriage, if he could compel her hand; and will trust my person to his honour, one servant only to walk before his door, not to enter the house, to attend my commands, after our conversation is over. My sword, and my sword only, shall be my companion; but (this rather, that I would not be thought to owe my safety to the want of it, than in expectation, after such confidence placed in him, to have occasion to draw it in my own defence; And pray, Mr. Bagenhall, do you, his friend, be present; and any other friends, and to what number he pleases.

When I came to this place in my cousin's minutes, I was astonished; I was out of breath upon it.

Mr. Bagenhall was surprized; and asked Sir Charles, if he were in earnest.

I would not be thought a rash man, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave threatens me: I never avoid a threatener. You seem to hint, Sir, that I am not intitled to fair play, if I consent not to meet him with a murderous intention. With such an intention I never will meet any man; though I have as much reason to rely on the skill of my arm, as on the justice of my cause. If foul play is hinted at, I am no more safe from an assassin in my bed-chamber, than in Sir Hargrave's house. Something must be done by a man who refuses a challenge, to let a challenge longer see, (such is the world, such is the custom) that he has better motives than fear, for his refusal. I will put Sir Hargrave's honour to the fullest test: tell him, Sir, that I will bear a great

'great deal; but that I will not be insulted, were he a prince.'

'And you really would have me—'

'I would, Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Hargrave, I feel will not be satisfied, unless something extraordinary be done: and if I hear not from you, or from him, I will attend him by ten to-morrow morning, in an amicable manner, to breakfast at his own house in Cavendish Square.'

I am in terror, Lucy, even in transcribing only

'Mr. Reeves,' said Sir Charles, 'you undo me, if one word of this matter escape you, even to your wife.'

Mr. Reeves begged, that he might attend him to Sir Hargrave's.

'By no means, Mr. Reeves.'

'Then, Sir Charles, you apprehend danger.'

'I do not. Something, as I said, must be done; this is the shortest and best method to make all parties easy. Sir Hargrave thinks himself slighted. He may infer, if he pleases, in his own favour, that I do not despise a man, in whom I can place such a confidence. Do you, Mr. Reeves, return to company; and let no one know the occasion of your absence, or of mine, from it.'

I have told you, my dear, what a difference there was in the countenances of both when each separately entered the dining-room. And could this great man, (surely I may call him *great*) could he, in *such* circumstances, on his return, give joy, pleasure, entertainment, to all the company, without the least cause of suspicion of what had passed?

Mr. Reeves, as I told you, singled out Sir Charles in the evening to know what had passed after he left him and Mr. Bagenhall. Sir Charles acquainted him, that Mr. Bagenhall had proposed to let him know that night or in the morning, how Sir Hargrave approved of his intended visit. 'He has,' accordingly, signified to me already,' said Sir Charles, 'that Sir Hargrave expects me.'

'And will you go, Sir?'

'Don't give yourself concern about the matter, Mr. Reeves. All must end well. My intention is, not to run into mischief, but to prevent it. My principles are better known abroad, than they are in England. I have been challenged more than once by men who knew them, and thought to find their safety from them. I have been obliged to take some extraordinary steps to save myself from insult; and those steps have answered my end,

in more licentious countries than this. I hope this step will preserve me from calls of this nature in my own country.'

'For God's sake, Sir Charles—'

'Be not uneasy on my account, Mr. Reeves. Does not Sir Hargrave himself upon his fortune? He will be loth to forfeit it. My fortune is secure. And am I not a man of consequence myself? Is not the matter between us known? Will not the cause justify me, and condemn him?'

The man is turbulent; he is not with himself; he knows himself to be in the wrong. And shall a man resolve to pay a sacred regard to divine and human, fear this God?'

'Tis time enough to fear, when I am not unjust. If you value my friendship, as I do yours, my good friends, Mr. Reeves, proceeded he, 'I shall be sure of your absolute silence. I shall attend Sir Hargrave by ten to-morrow morning. You will hear from me, or see me at your own house, by twelve.'

And then it was, as Mr. Reeves tells me, that Sir Charles turned to him, to encourage me to give the company a lesson from Dryden's Alexander's Feast.

Mr. Reeves went out in the morning. My cousin says, he had been exceedingly uneasy all night. He now owned, called in St. James's Square, and breakfasted with Lord and Lady L. Grandison, Miss Emily, and Dr. Lett.

Sir Charles went out at nine, in a chair, one servant only attending. The family knew not whither. And the two sisters were fomenting a rebellion against him, as they humorously called it, for his keeping from them (what nothing from *him*) his motions, and they and my lord were together, in his house: but my lord and Miss Emily pleasantly refused to join in it.

Reeves told us, on his return, that his heart was so sunk, that they took notice of his dejection.

About three o'clock, just as Mr. Reeves was determined to go to St. James's Square again, and, if Sir Charles had not been heard of, to Cavendish Square, (though irresolute what to do when there) the following billet was brought him from Sir Charles.

What I have written, does not your leap for joy, my Lucy?

DEAR SIR,

HALF AFTER TWO

I Will do myself the honour of calling on Mrs. Reeves, Miss Emily, and you, at your usual residence.

As Sir Charles is safe, and I have now nothing to apprehend but Sir Hargrave's visit, I will dispatch this letter, with assurances that I am, my dear Lucy, your ever affectionate,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS
LUCY SELBY.

FRIDAY, ONE O'CLOCK, MAR. 3.

SIR Charles has just sent the impatiently expected paper, transcribed by the short-hand writer from his minutes of the conversation that passed on Sir Charles's intrepid visit at Sir Hargrave's. *Intrepid*, I call it: but had I known of it, as Mr. Reeves did, before the event, in some measure, justified the *rashness*, I should have called it *rash*, and been for proposing to send peace-officers to Cavendish-Square, or taking some method to know whether he were safe in his person; especially when three o'clock approached; and his dinner-time is earlier than that of most other people of fashion.

Mr. Reeves has been so good as to undertake to transcribe this long paper for me, that I may have time to give you an account of three particular visits which I have received. I asked Mr. Reeves, if it were not a strange way of proceeding in this Bagenhall to have his short-hand-writer, and now turned listener, always with him? He answered, it was not an usual way; but in cases of this nature, where murder, and a trial, were expected to follow the rashness, in a court of justice, he thought it carried with it, though a face of premeditation, yet a look of fairness, and there was no doubt but the man had been in bad scrapes before now, and was willing to use every precaution for the future.

THE PAPER.

On Thursday morning, March the 2d, 17.. I, Henry Cotes, according to notice given me the preceding evening, went to the house of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, baronet, in Cavendish-Square, about half an hour after eight in the morning, in order to take minutes, in short-hand, of a conversation that was expected to be held between the said Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and Sir Charles Grandison, baronet, upon a debate between the said gentlemen; on which I had once before attended James

Bagenhall, Esquire, at the house of the said Sir Charles Grandison, in James's Square; and from the consequences were apprehended that might make an exact note of what passed of great importance.

I was admitted, about nine o'clock, into the withdrawing-room; where were present the said Sir Hargrave, the said James Bagenhall, Esquire, Merceda, Esquire, and John Jordan, Esquire: and they were in full conversation about the reception that was to be given to the said Sir Charles Grandison; which not being to my orders or business, I had no command to take down; but the contrary.

And that I might, with the least interruption, take minutes of the expected conversation, I was ordered to place myself in a large closet adjoining to the said withdrawing-room, from which it was separated by a waistcoat-partition: but lest the said Sir Charles should object to the taking of the said minutes, I was directed to conceal myself there till he was forth; but to take the said minutes fairly and truly, as, upon occasion, I would make oath to the contrary.

About half an hour after nine o'clock, I heard Mr. Bagenhall, with another voice, that denoted, by the voice, manner, and surprize, say, Sir Charles was come. And immediately another man entered, and said, "Sir Charles Grandison."

Then three or four of the gentlemen spoke together pretty loud and low; but what they said I thought it not improper to note. Sir Hargrave said, "Give me that pair of pistols, and let him follow me into the garden. By G— he shall take care." "No, no!" I heard Mr. Merceda say, who, being a foreigner, I know the voice from the rest—"No, no! he must not be."

And another voice, I believe to have been Mr. Jordan's, say, "as, Sir Hargrave, hear what he says, so gallant has to say for himself." "Occasions may arise afterwards," said Mr. Bagenhall, whose voice I knew, said, "D—n his blood, the haiz of Sir Charles Grandison should be hurt on this visit." "Do I, d—n you all," said Sir Hargrave, "after any thing"

when I would give him the choice of the pistols?"

"That! in your own garden! A pretty story, whichever drops!" said Mr. Merceda. "The devil's in it; if he may not be forced to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman elsewhere."

"Before Sir Charles, (D—n his blood," said Sir Hargrave), "to come in." And then [as I saw through a knot-hole, that I just then, hunting for a crack in the wainscot-partition, discovered] Sir Charles entered; and I saw, that he looked very sedate and cheerful; and he had his sword by his side, though in a morning-dress. And then the conversation began, as follows:

"SIR CHARLES.

"YOUR servant, Sir Hargrave.—Bagenhall, yours.—Your servant, gentlemen.

"MR. BAGENHALL. Yours, Sir Charles.—You are a man of your word.—This gentleman is Mr. Jordan, Sir Charles.—This gentleman is Mr. Merceda.

"SIR CH. Mr. Merceda!—I have heard of Mr. Merceda.—I have been very free, Sir Hargrave, to invite myself to breakfast with you.

"SIR HARGRAVE. Yes, by G—, and so you have before now. Have any body with you, Sir?—If you will, let them walk in.

"SIR CH. Nobody, Sir.

"SIR HAR. These are gentlemen, Sir. They are men of honour. They are my friends.

"SIR CH. They look like gentlemen. I suppose every man a man of honour, and I find him otherwise.

"SIR HAR. But don't think I have them here to intimidate—

"SIR CH. Intimidate, Sir Hargrave! I know not what it is to be intimidated. You say the gentlemen are your friends. I come with a view to increase, and not diminish the number of your friends.

"SIR HAR. Increase the number of your friends!—What! with one who robbed me of the only woman on earth that is worth having! And who, but for the unmanly advantage taken of me, had been my wife before the day is over, Sir! And yet to refuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman, Sir!—But I hope you are now come—

"SIR CH. To breakfast with you, Sir Hargrave.—Don't be warm, I am de-

termined, if possible, not to be provoked.—But I must not be ill-treated!

"SIR HAR. Why, then, Sir, take one of those two pistols. My chariot shall carry us—

"SIR CH. No—where, Sir Hargrave! What has hitherto passed between us; was owing to accident. It is not my way to recriminate. To your own heart, however, I appeal; that must convince you, that the method you took to gain the lady, rendered you unworthy of her. I took no *unmanly* advantage of you. That I refused to meet you in the way you have demanded, gives me a title to call myself your best friend—

"SIR HAR. My best friend, Sir—

"SIR CH. Yes, Sir. If either the preservation of your own life, or the saving you a long regret for taking that of another, as the chance might have been, deserves your consideration. In short, it depends upon your self, Sir Hargrave, to let me know whether you were guilty of a bad action from mad and violent passion; or from design, and a natural bias, if I may so call it, to violence; which alone can lead you to think of justifying one bad action by another.

"SIR HAR. Then, Sir, account me a man of *natural violence*, if you please. Who shall value the opinion of a man that has disgracefully—G—d— you, Sir—Do you see—what marks I shall carry to my grave—

"SIR CH. Were I as violent as you, Sir Hargrave, you might carry those marks to your grave, and not wear them long.—Let us breakfast, Sir. That will give you time to cool. Were I even to do as you would have me, you would best find your account in being cool. You cannot think I would take such an advantage of you, as your passion would give me.

"MR. BAG. Nobly said, by Heaven!—Let us breakfast, Sir Hargrave. Then you will be cooler. Then will you be fitter to discuss this point, of any other.

"MR. MERCEDA. Very right.—You have a noble enemy, Sir Hargrave.

"SIR CH. I am no man's enemy, Mr. Merceda. Sir Hargrave should consider, that in the occasion for all this, he was to blame; and that all my part in the affair was owing to accident, not malice.

"MR. JORDAN. I doubt not, Sir Charles, but you are ready to ask pardon of Sir Hargrave, for your part—

SIR CH. Ask pardon, Sir!—No!—
I think I *ought* to have done just as I
did. Were it to do again, I should
do it, whoever were the man.

SIR HAR. See there! See there!
Mr. Bagenhall—Mr. Merceda—Mr.
Jordan!—see there! Hear that!—
Who can have patience?

SIR CH. I can tell you who ought
to have patience, Sir Hargrave. I
should have a very mean opinion of
any man here, called upon as I was,
if he had not done just as I did: and
a still meaner than I have of you, Sir
Hargrave, had you in the like case,
refused assistance to a woman in dis-
tress. But I will not repeat what I
have written.

SIR HAR. If you are a *man*, Sir
Charles Grandison, take your choice
of one of those pistols. G—d—you!
I *infect* upon it.

And I saw through the knot-hole,
that Sir Hargrave arose in passion.

SIR CH. As I AM a *man*, Sir Har-
grave, I will *not*. It might look to
an angry man like an insult, which I
am above intending, were I to say,
that I have given, on our *first* inter-
view, proofs that I want not courage.
I give you now, as I think, the highest
I *can* give, in refusing your challenge.
A personal insult I know how to repel.
I know how to defend myself—But, as
I said, I will not repeat any thing I
have written.

MR. MER. But, Sir Charles, you
have threatened a man of honour in
what you have written, if we take
you right, with a weapon that ought
to be used only to a scoundrel; yet
refuse—

SIR CH. The man, Sir, that shall
take it into his head to insult me, may
do it with the greater safety, though
perhaps not with impunity, as I may
be assured I will not kill him for it, if
I can help it: I can play with my
weapons, Sir, (it may look like boast-
ing;) but will not play with any man's
life, nor consent to make a sport of my
own.

SIR HAR. D—n your coolness, Sir
—I cannot bear—

SIR CH. Curse not your safety, Sir
Hargrave.

MR. JOR. Indeed, Sir Charles, I
could not bear such an air of superi-
ority—

SIR CH. It is *more* than an air, Mr.
Jordan. The man who can think of
justifying one violent action by ano-
ther, must give a *real* superiority

against himself. Let Sir
confess his fault—I have not
the way of doing it, with all that
to himself that a *man* can have.
has *committed* a fault—and I own
my hand.

SIR HAR. Damnable insult!—
own a fault to a man who, without
provocation, has dashed my teeth
my throat; and, as you see—
men—say, Can I, ought I, want
patience?

SIR CH. I intended not to do
any of this mischief, Sir Hargrave.
I drew not my sword, to return
made by yours—actually receiv-
raking on my shoulder from a
that was aimed at my heart. I
nothing but to hinder you from
that mischief to me, which I was
solved not to do to you. This
Hargrave—this, gentlemen—was
state of the case; and the cause
no man of honour could refuse
ing in.—And, now, Sir, I move
upon my own invitation, in your
house, unattended, and alone, to
you, that I have the same disposi-
as I had from the first, to avoid
you any injury—and *this* it is, gentle-
that gives me a superiority to Sir
grave, which he may lessen by be-
ing as I, in this case, would be
to him.

MR. BAG. By G—this is nobly

MR. JOR. I own, Sir Hargrave,
that I would sooner kneel to
man as this than to a king on
throne.

SIR HAR. D—n me, if I
him, with these marks about
I insist upon your taking one of
pistols, Sir—Gentlemen, my friend
he boasts of his advantages: he
have some from his cursed coach-
he can have none any other way.
witness, I forgive him if he loses
brace of bullets in my heart—
one of those pistols, Sir. They
equally loaded—Bear witness, if
that I have provoked my fate.
will die like a man of honour.

SIR CH. To *die* like a man of
nour, Sir Hargrave, you must
live like one. You should be for
your cause. But these pistols are
ready a mischief. Were I to meet
in your *own* way, Sir Hargrave, I
not expect that a man so enraged
fire his over my head, as I should
willing to do mine over Sir Har-
would not put upon the perhaps
voluntary twitch of a finger.

SIR HAR. Well, then, the sword. You came, though undressed, with your sword on.

SIR CH. I did; and for the reason gave to Mr. Bagenhall. I draw it, however, but in my own defence.

SIR HAR. (Rising from his seat) Will you favour me with your company into my own garden? Only you and Sir Charles. Let the gentlemen, friends, stay here. They shall only look out of the windows, if they please. Only to that grass-plot, Sir—(pointing, as I saw)—If you fall, I shall have the worst of it, from the looks of the matter, killing a man in my own garden; if I fall, you will have the evidence of my friends to bring you off.

SIR CH. I need not look at the face, Sir Hargrave.—And since, gentlemen, it is allowed, that the pistols may be dismissed; and since, by their being loaded on the table, they seem to stimulate to mischief; you will excuse me—and you, Sir Hargrave, will forgive me—

And so saying, he arose, with great tranquillity, as I saw; and taking the pistols, lifted up the sash that was next to that at which Sir Hargrave stood, and discharged them both out of the window.

By the report, the writer is sure they were well loaded.

He ran a crowd of servants, men and women, in dismay. The writer sat in the closet, knowing the matter to be no worse. One of the men cried out, "This is the murderer!" And they all (not seeing their master, as I suppose, at the window beyond Sir Charles, and who afterwards owned himself too much surprised to stir or speak) were for making up to Sir Charles.

Sir Charles then retiring, put his hand upon his sword: but mildly said, my friends, your master is safe. Take care I hurt not any of you."

SIR HAR. I am safe—Be gone, rascals!

MR. BAG. Begone! Quit the room. Hargrave is safe.

MR. MER. } Be gone! be gone!
MR. JOK. }

The servants, as I saw, crowded out fast as they came in.

Sir Charles, then stepping towards Sir Hargrave, said, "You will, some time hence, Sir, think the discharge of those pistols much happier than if they had been put to the use designed

"when they were loaded. I offer you my hand: it is an offer that is not to be twice refused. If you have malice to me, I have none to you. I invited myself to breakfast with you. You and your friends shall be welcome to dine with me. My time is near expired," (looking at his watch)—for Sir Hargrave seemed too irresolute either to accept or refuse his hand.

MR. JOK. I am astonished!—Why, Sir Charles, what a tranquillity must you have within you!—The devil take me, Sir Hargrave, if you shall not make up matters with such a noble adversary.

MR. MER. He has won me to his side.—By the great God of Heaven, I had rather have Sir Charles Grandison for my friend than the greatest prince on earth!

MR. BAG. Did I not tell you, gentlemen?—D—n me, if I have not hitherto lived to nothing but to my shame! I had rather be Sir Charles Grandison in this one past hour, than the Great Mogul all my life.

Sir Hargrave even sobbed, as I could hear by his voice, like a child. "D—n my heart," said he, in broken sentences—"and must I thus put up—and must I be thus overcome?—By G—, by G—, Grandison, you must, you must, walk down with me into the garden. I have something to propose to you; and it will be in your own choice either to compromise, or to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman: but you must retire with me into the garden."

SIR CH. With all my heart, Sir Hargrave.

And taking off his sword, he laid it on the table.

SIR HAR. And must I do so too?—D—n me, if I do!—Take up your sword, Sir.

SIR CH. I will, to oblige you, Sir Hargrave. It will be always in my choice to draw it, or not.

SIR HAR. D—n me, if I can live to be thus treated!—Where the devil have you been till now?—But you must go down with me into the garden.

SIR CH. Shew me the way, Sir Hargrave.

They all interposed: but Sir Charles said, "Pray, gentlemen, let Sir Hargrave have his way. We will attend you presently."

The writer then came out, by the gentlemen's leave, who staid behind, at the windows. They expressed

* expressed their admiration of Sir Charles. And Mr. Merceda and Mr. Bagenhall (the writer mentions it to their honour) reproached each other, as if they had no notion of what was great and noble in man till now.

* Sir Charles and Sir Hargrave soon appeared in sight, walking, and as conversing earnestly. The subject, it seems, was some proposals made by Sir Hargrave, about the lady, which Sir Charles would not comply with. And when they came to the grass-plot, Sir Hargrave threw open his coat and waistcoat, and drew; and seemed, by his motions, to insist upon Sir Charles's drawing likewise. Sir Charles had his sword in one hand: but it was undrawn; the other was stuck in his side; his frock was open. Sir Hargrave seemed still to insist upon his drawing, and put himself into a fencing attitude. Sir Charles then calmly stepping towards him, put down Sir Hargrave's sword with his hand, and put his left-arm under Sir Hargrave's sword-arm. Sir Hargrave lifted up the other arm passionately: but Sir Charles, who was on his guard, immediately laid hold of it, and seemed to say something mildly to him; and letting go his left-hand, led him towards the house; his drawn sword still in his hand. Sir Hargrave seemed to expostulate, and to resist being led, though but faintly, and as a man overcome with Sir Charles's behaviour; and they both came up together, Sir Charles's arm still within his sword-arm—[The writer retired to his first place.] "D—n me," said Sir Hargrave, as he entered the room, "this man, this Sir Charles, is the devil—He has made a mere infant of me. Yet, he tells me, he will not be my friend neither, in the point my heart is set upon." He threw his sword upon the floor.—"This only will I say, as I said below, be my friend in that one point, and I will forgive you with all my soul."

* Sir Ch. The lady is, must be, her own mistress, Sir Hargrave. I have acquired no title to any influence over her. She is an excellent woman. She would be a jewel in the crown of a prince. But you must allow me to say, she must not be terrified. I do assure you, that her life has been once in danger already: All the care and kindness of my sister, and a physician, could hardly restore her.

* Sir Hargrave. The most infectious devil I should say, I over the life!—But you have no objection my seeing her. She shall see (for can I forgive you that I) what I suffered in my person for her sake. She will not be mine, these marks be hers, not yours. And thought not to terrify her, I will see if she pardon, no pity for me. She knows the very well knows, that I was most honourable of turn to her, she was in my power. By all the sacred, I intended only to make Lady Polleffen I saw she had as lovers as visitors, and I could not it.—You, Sir Charles, will stand friend; and if money and love purchase her, she shall yet be mine.

* Sir Ch. I promise you no friendship in this case, Sir Hargrave. Her relations leave her, it seems, to her own discretion; and who shall to lead her choice? What I said before when you would have made a condition, I repeat—I think she ought to be yours; nor ought you, either your own sake or hers, to do so. Come, come, Sir Hargrave, consider the matter better. Think of other woman, if you are disposed marry. Your figure—

* Sir Hargrave. Yes, by G— I am a pretty figure now, don't I?

* Sir Ch. Your fortune will make you happier in marriage with any woman, after what has happened, than this can make you. For my own sake let me tell you, Sir Hargrave, I will not marry the greatest princess on earth if I thought she did not love me, and all other men, whether I desire love or not.

* Sir Hargrave. And you have no objection to yourself in the advice you give? Tell me that—I insist upon your giving me that.

* Sir Ch. Whenever I presume to give advice, I should abhor myself if I did not wholly consider the good of the person who consulted me; and if I had any retrospection to myself, which might in the least affect the person.

* The breakfast was then brought. This that follows was the conversation that passed at and after breakfast.

* Mr. Bagenhall. See what a Character can do, Merceda. After this, you remain a Jew!

* Mr. Merceda. Let me see fresh matter. Charles.

istian, and I will give you an answer. You, Bagenhall, I hope, will think yourself intitled to boast of your Christianity?

MR. BAG. Too true! We have both of us sad dogs.

SIR HAR. And I have been the innocent man of the three; and that's the devil of it, am the worst sufferer. Curse me, if I can look at myself in a glass!

MR. JOR. You should be above that Sir Hargrave. And let me tell you, you need not be ashamed to overcome, as you are overcome. I really appear to me a greater, not a less man, than you did become, by your compromising with such a wretched adversary.

SIR HAR. That's some comfort, indeed. But, da—name, Sir Charles, will see the lady: and you shall introduce me to her, too.

SIR CH. That cannot be—What! I introduce a man to a woman, and I think he ought no more to see, than she should see him? If I thought she would go, I might, if she requested, be there, lest, from what she has suffered already, she should be too much terrified.

SIR HAR. What, Sir! You would return *Quixote* again?

SIR CH. No need, Sir Hargrave. You would not again be the *giant* who would run away with the lady. The gentlemen laughed.

SIR HAR. By G—, Sir, you have tried your matters very triumphantly.

SIR CH. I mean not triumph, Sir Hargrave. But where either truth or justice is concerned, I hope I shall not palliate.

MR. BAG. Curse me, if I believe there is such another man in the world!

SIR CH. I am sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Bagenhall. Occasion calls out every man equally.

SIR HAR. Why did I not strike him?—a me, that must have provoked me to fight.

SIR CH. Provoked, in that case, I should have been, Sir Hargrave. I told you, that I would not bear to be injured. But, so warranted to take your methods, I should not have used my sword: the case has happened to me before now, but I would be upon ready terms with you, Sir Hargrave.

SIR HAR. Curse me, if I can bear your timeliness!

SIR CH. When you give this matter your cool attention, you will find reason to rejoice, that an enterprize began in violence, and carried on so far as you carried it, concluded not worse. Every opportunity you will have for exerting your good qualities, or for repenting of your bad, will contribute to your satisfaction to the end of your life. You could not have been happy, had you prevailed over me. Think you, that a murderer ever was a happy man? I am the more serious, because I would have you think of this affair. It might have been a very serious one.

SIR HAR. You know, Sir Charles, that I would have compromised with you below. But not one point—

SIR CH. Compromise, Sir Hargrave!—As I told you, I had no quarrel with you: you proposed conditions, which I thought should not be complied with. I aimed not to carry any point. Self-defence, I told you, was the whole of my system.

MR. BAG. You have given some hints, Sir Charles, that you have not been unused to affairs of this kind.

SIR CH. I have before now met a challenger: but it was when I could not avoid it; and with the resolution of standing only on my own defence, and in the hope of making an enemy a friend. Had I—

MR. BAG. What poor toads, Merceda, are we!

MR. MER. Be silent, Bagenhall; Sir Charles had not done speaking.—Pray, Sir Charles—

SIR CH. I was going to say, that had I ever premeditatedly given way to a challenge, that I could have declined, I should have considered the acceptance of it as the greatest blot of my life. I am naturally choleric; yet, in this article, I hope I have pretty much subdued myself. In the affair between Sir Hargrave and me, I have the pleasure to reflect, that passion, which I hold to be my most dangerous enemy, has not had, in any one moment, an ascendancy over me.

SIR HAR. No, by my soul! And how should it! You came off too triumphantly. You were not hurt: You have no marks to shew. May I be cursed, if, in forgiving you, which yet I know not how to do, I do not think myself the greater hero!

SIR CH. I will not contest that point with you, Sir Hargrave. There is no doubt but the man, who can

subdue

subdue his passion and forgive a real injury, is a hero. Only remember, Sir, that it was not owing to your virtue that I was not hurt; and that it was not my intention to hurt you.

MR. JOR. I am charmed with your sentiments, Sir Charles. You must allow me the honour of your acquaintance. We all acknowledge duelling to be criminal: but no one has the courage to break through a bad custom.

SIR CH. The empty, the false glory, that men have to be thought brave, and the apprehension of being deemed cowards among men, and among women too, very few men aim to get above.

MR. JOR. But you, Sir Charles, have shewn that reputation and conscience are entirely reconcilable.

MR. BAE. You have, by Heaven! And I beg of you, Sir, to allow me to claim your farther acquaintance. You may save a soul by it.—Merceda, what say you?

MR. MER. Say! What a devil can I say? But the doctrine would have been nothing without the example.

SIR HAR. And all this at my expense!—But, Sir Charles, I must, I will have Miss Byren.

MR. JOR. I think every thing impertinent, that hinders me from asking questions for my information and instruction, of a man so capable of giving both, on a subject of this importance.—Allow me, Sir Charles, to ask a few questions, in order to confirm me quite your proselyte.

SIR CH. [Taking out his watch, as I saw] Time wears. Let my servant be called in. The weather is cold. I directed him to attend before the door.

It was immediately ordered, with apologies.

SIR CH. Ask me, Mr. Jordan, what questions you please.

MR. JOR. You have been challenged more than once, I presume.

SIR CH. I am not a quarrelsome man: but as it was early known that I made it a principle not to engage in a duel, I was the more subjected, I have reason to think, for that, to inconveniences of this nature.

MR. JOR. Had you always, Sir Charles, that magnanimity, that intrepidity, that steadiness, I know not what to call it, which we have seen and admire in you?

SIR CH. I have always consider-

ed spirit as the distinction of a man. My father was a man of spirit; never feared men, since I could be a man. As I never sought danger, I went out of the way to meet it, looked upon it, when it came, as an unavoidable evil, and as a call to me for fortitude. And hence I have ever wanted that presence of mind in it, which a man ought to shew, which sometimes, indeed, was the means of extricating me from it.

SIR HAR. An instance of this morning, I suppose you have produced?

SIR CH. I had not that in my head: In Italy, indeed, I should have acted as in the instance you hint at. But in England, and in Hargrave, I was willing to think, in Cavendish Square, I could not conclude myself safe. I knew my own heart. I wished you no evil. I was calm. I expected to meet a full of fire, full of resentment: it is hard, thought I, (as some extraordinary step seems necessary taken) if I cannot content myself with that superiority (excuse me, Sir, in grave) which my calmness, and Hargrave's passion, must give me over him, or any man. My sword was my power. Had I even apprehended assassination, the house of an English gentleman could not have been a place for it; and where a conspiracy was reposed. But one particular instance, I own, I had in my mind, I said what I did.

All the gentlemen besought him to give it.

SIR CH. In the raging of the storm, so seasonably for all the party at variance, concluded, I was sent through a wood in Germany, on my way to Mannheim. My servant, some distance before me, was endeavouring to find out the right way, there being more than one. He was back affrighted, and told me he had heard a loud cry of murder, succeeded by groans, which grew fainter and fainter, as those of a dying person. He besought me to make the best of my way back. As I was thinking to do so (though my way lay through the wood) and I had got more than half-way, I beheld six Pandours issue from that inner part of the wood, which, in all probability, they had dragged some unhappy passenger from. I saw a horse bridled and led without a rider, grazing, by the

They were well armed. I saw every avenue in and out of the wood; I did not. They stopped when I came within two musquet-shots of them, as if they had waited to see which way I took. Two of them had dead bayonets fixed to their shoulders, and they shewed them to be common murderers. I took a resolution to ride through them. I bid my servant, if he were attacked, make the best of his way for his own security, while they employed either in rifling or murdering me; but if they suffered me to follow, he was to follow me. He had no portmanteau to tempt them. That, and other baggage, I had caused to be carried by water to Mannheim.—"I am an Englishman, gentlemen," said I, "and, if Austrians, as I supposed, were, that plea would not disavail me." "I am doubtful of my way," said he, "it is a purse;" holding it out. "Soldiers, you must be gentlemen: it is your service, if one or two of them will be so kind as to escort and lead me through this wood." They looked upon one another; I was loth to have time to deliberate—upon business of great consequence. Pray, direct me the nearest way to Mannheim. Take these florins." He handed me a bag, one that seemed of antient date, among them, held out his hand; taking the purse, said something of a Slavonian; and two of them, with bayonets fixed to their shoulders, their sabres drawn, led me out of the wood in safety; but hoped, at length, my farther generosity. I found more florins for them; and they led me back into the wood; I suppose to find my fellows; and glad I was to come out so well. Had I either seemed afraid of them, or endeavoured to escape, I should have been lost. Two persons afterwards found murdered in the wood; one of them, perhaps, the unhappy man whom my servant had pointed out, and groan.

MR. JOR. I feel now very sensibly, Sir Charles, your danger and escape. Your fortitude indeed was then of service to you.

MR. HAR. But, Sir Charles, methinks I shall be easier in myself, if you will give me one instance of your making, now, an enemy a friend. Have you any one in point?

MR. CH. Stories of this nature come thick and fast from a man's own mouth.

MR. HAR. I must have it, Sir

No. 18.

Charles. A brother-sufferer will better reconcile me to myself.

SIR CH. If you will not excuse me, then, I will tell you the story.

MR. JOR. Pray, Sir—

SIR CH. I had a misunderstanding at Venice with a young gentleman of the place. He was about twenty-two. I was a year younger—

MR. BAC. At the Carnival, I suppose!—About a lady, Sir Charles?

SIR CH. He was the only son of a noble Venetian family, who had great expectations from him. He was a youth of genius. Another noble family at Urbino, to which he was to be allied in marriage, had also an interest in his welfare. We had made a friendship together at Padua. I was at Venice by his invitation, and stood well with all his family. He took offence against me, at the instigation of a designing relation of his; to own the truth, a lady, as you suppose, Mr. Bagenhall, his sister. He would not allow me to defend my innocence to the face of the accuser; nor yet appeal to his father, who was a person of temper as well as sense. On the contrary, he upbraided me in a manner that I could hardly bear. I was resolved to quit Venice; and took leave of his whole family, the lady excepted, who would not be seen by me. The father and mother parted with me with regret. The young gentleman had so managed, that I could not with honour appeal to them; and, at taking leave of him in their presence, under pretence of a recommendatory letter, he gave into my hand a challenge. The answer I returned, after protesting my innocence, was to this effect: "I am setting out for Verona in a few hours. You know my principles; and I hope will better consider of the matter. I never, while I am master of my temper, will give myself so much cause of repentance to the last hour of my life, as I should have, were I to draw my sword, to the irreparable injury of any man's family; or to run the same risque of injuring my own, and of incurring the final perdition of us both."

MR. MER. This answer rather provoked than satisfied, I suppose?

SIR CH. Provocation was not my intention. I designed only to remind him of the obligations we were both under to our respective families, and to throw in a hint of a still superior consideration. It was likely to have

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more

more force in that Roman Catholick country than, I am sorry to say it, it would in this Protestant one.

SIR HAR. How, how, Sir Charles, did it end?

SIR CH. I went to Verona. He followed me thither; and endeavoured to provoke me to draw. "Why should I draw?" said I, "Will the decision by the sword be *certainly* that of justice? You are in a passion. You have no reason to doubt either my skill or my courage;" [On such an occasion, gentlemen, and with such a view, a man may perhaps be allowed to give himself a little consequence:] "and solemnly once more do I avow my innocence; and desire to be brought face to face with my accusers."

He raved the more for my calmness. I turned from him, with intent to leave him. He thought fit to offer me a personal insult. I now, methinks, blush to tell it—he gave me a box on the ear, to provoke me to draw.

MR. MER. And *did* you draw, Sir?

MR. BAG. To be sure, you *then* drew?

MR. JOR. Pray, Sir Charles, let us know. You could not then *help* drawing? This was a provocation that would justify a faint.

SIR CH. He had forgot, in that passionate moment, that *he* was a gentleman. I did not remember that I was one. But I had no occasion to draw.

SIR HAR. What a plague—You did not cane him?

SIR CH. He got well after a fortnight's lying by.

SIR HAR. Damnation!

SIR CH. I put him into possession of the lodgings I had taken for myself, and into proper and safe hands. He was, indeed, unable for a day or two to direct for himself. I sent for his friends. His servant did me justice as to the provocation. Then it was that I was obliged, in a letter, to acquaint the father of a discovery I had made, which the son had refused to hear; which, with the lady's confession, convinced them all of my innocence. His father acknowledged my moderation; as the young gentleman himself did, desiring a renewal of friendship; but as I thought the affair had gone too far for a cordial reconciliation, and knew that he would not want instigators to urge him to resent an indignity, which he had, however, brought upon

himself, by a greater offered to take leave of him and his friends, revisited some of the German cities, that of Vienna in particular, where he resided some time.

In the mean while the young gentleman married. His lady, of the Altieri family, is an excellent person. He had a great fortune with her. After his nuptials, he let me know, as he doubted not, if I had drawn sword, I should, from his violence at the time, have had his life in power, he could not but acknowledge that he owed all his acquisitions, the best of wives, as well as the pinneys of both families, with due to me.

I apply not this instance: but Hargrave, as I hope to see you, cried, and happy, thought it can be, I think, to Miss Byron, such generous acknowledgments as come not an Italian, I shall then for from an Englishman.

SIR HAR. And had your brother any marks left him, Sir?—Upon it, I shall never look into a but I shall curse you to the very

SIR CH. Well, Sir Hargrave, only I will add, that be as sensible you will, and as I am, of the happy of this untoward affair, I will expect a compliment from you, shall tend to your abasement.

MR. JOR. Your hand, Sir, grave, to Sir Charles—

SIR HAR. What, without a curse me, if I do!—But let him Miss Byron in his hand to me; is the least he can do, then thank him for my wife.

Sir Charles made some smiling answer: but the writer heard it not. Sir Charles would then have leave: but all the gentlemen Hargrave among the rest, were with him to stay a little longer.

MR. JOR. My conversion perfected, Sir Charles. This is a subject that concerns us all. We *member every little of the conversation* think of it when we do not see you. Let me beg of you to acquaint how you came to differ from all men of honour in your practice, as in your notions, upon this subject.

SIR CH. I will answer your question, Mr. Jordan, as briefly as can.

My father was a man of spirit, had high notions of honour, and inspired me early with the same.

passed my twelfth year, when he made me a master to teach me what is called, The science of defence. I was of the practice, and soon obtained a skill in the weapons, as pleased my father and master. I had strength of body beyond my years; the science added to it. I had agility; it added to my agility: and the praises given me by my father and master, so heightened my courage, that I was most inclined to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. My mother was an excellent woman; she had instilled into my earliest youth, almost from infancy, principles of moral rectitude, and the principles of Christianity, now more ridiculed than inculcated in our youth of condition. She was ready sometimes to tremble at the consequences, which she thought might follow from the attention which I paid, (thus encouraged and applauded) to this practice; and was continually reading lectures to me upon true magnanimity, and upon the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries. I did not lose her so soon as I did, I could have been a more perfect scholar in I am in these noble doctrines. As she knew me to be naturally hasty, and very sensible of affronts; and as she observed, as she told me, that I was in the delight she had brought me to take in doing good, I shewed an over-readiness, even to rashness, which she thought might lead me into errors, that would more than overbalance the good I aimed to do; she doubled her efforts to keep me right: and, on this particular acquirement of skill in the management of the weapons, she frequently enforced upon me the observation of Mr. Locke, "That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence, if they never shew their skill in a duel." This observation, insisted upon and inculcated, as she knew how, was very reasonable at that time of danger. And she never forgot to urge upon me, that the science I was learning, was a science properly called of defence, and not of offence; at the same time endeavouring to caution me against the low company into which a familiarity at my weapons might lead me; as well as against the diversions themselves exhibited at the infamous places where those brutal people resorted:

infamous even by name*, as well as in the nature of them.

From her instructions I had an early notion, that it was much more noble to forgive an injury than to resent it; and to give a life, than to take it. My father (I honour his memory!) was a man of gaiety, of munificence. He had great qualities. But my mother was my oracle. And he was always so just to her merit; as to command me to consider her as such; and the rather, he used to say, as she distinguished well between the false glory and the true; and would not have her boy a coward.

MR. MER. A good beginning, by my life!

MR. JOR. Pray proceed, Sir Charles. I am all attention.

SIR HAR. Aye, aye, we all listen.

MR. BAG. Curse him that speaks next, to interrupt you.

SIR CH. But what indelibly impressed upon my heart my mother's lessons, was an occurrence, which, and the consequences of it, I shall ever deplore. My father, having taken leave of my mother, on a proposed absence of a few days, was, in an hour after, brought home, as it was thought, mortally wounded in a duel. My mother's surprize on this occasion threw her into fits, from which she never after was wholly free. And these, and the dangerous way he continued in for some time, brought her into an ill state of health; broke, in short, her constitution; so that, in less than a twelve-month, my father, to his inexpressible anguish of mind, (continually reproaching himself on the occasion) lost the best of wives, and my sisters and I the best of mothers and instructors.

My concern for my father, on whom I was an hourly attendant throughout the whole time of his confinement; and my being, by that means, a witness of what both he and my mother suffered; completed my abhorrence of the vile practice of duelling. I went on, however, in endeavouring to make myself a master of the science, as it is called; and, among the other weapons, of the staff; the better to enable me to avoid drawing my sword, and to empower me, if called to the occasion, to give, and not take, a life; and the rather, as the custom was so general, that a young man of spirit and fortune, at one time

* Hockley in the Hole, Bear-Garden, &c.

for other, could hardly expect to escape a provocation of this sort.

My father once had a view, at the persuasion of my mother's brother, who was a general of note and interest in the Imperial service, and who was very fond of a military life, and of me, to make a soldier of me, though an only son; and I wanted not, when a boy, a turn that way: but the disgust I had conceived on the above occasion against duelling, and the consideration of the absurd alternative which the gentlemen of our army are under, either to accept a challenge contrary to all laws divine and human, or to be broke if they do not, (though a soldier is the least master of himself, or of his own life, of any man in the community) made me think the English service, though that of my country, the least eligible of all services. And for a man, who was born to so considerable a stake in it, to devote himself to another, as my uncle had done, from principles which I approved not, I could not but hesitate, on the proposal, young as I was. As it soon became a maxim with me, not to engage, even in a national cause, without examining the justice of it, it will be the less wondered at, that I could not think of any foreign service.

MR. BAG. Then you have never seen service, Sir Charles?

SIR CH. Yes, I made one campaign as a volunteer, notwithstanding what I have said. I was then in the midst of marching armies, and could not tell how to abate the ardor those martial movements had raised in my breast. But, unless my country were to be unjustly invaded by a foreign enemy, I think I would not, on any consideration, be drawn into the field again.

MR. JOR. But you lead from the point, Mr. Bagenhall; Sir Charles was going to say something more on the subject of duelling.

SIR CH. When I was thus unhappily deprived of my mother my father, in order to abate my grief, [I was very much grieved] was pleased to consent to my going abroad, in order to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; having first visited all the British dominions in Europe, Gibraltar and Minorca excepted. I then supposing I might fall into circumstances that might affect the principles my mother had been so careful to instil into me, and to which my father's danger and her death had added force, it was natural for me to

look into history, for the rigour of a custom so much and my aversion; and which was contrary to all laws divine and human, and particularly to that true Christianity which Christianity enjoins, which commends meekness, moderation, humility, as the glory of the human nature. But I am running into length.

Again Sir Charles took up his watch. They were clamorous for to proceed.

When I found, (continued he) this unchristian custom owed its origin to the barbarous northern nations, I had, however, some plea to make, excuse, which we have not, as we were governed by particular laws, were not united under one head government, to which, as to a full appeal, might appeal for legal redress; that these barbarous nations were barbarous, and enemies to all civility; my reasoning on this occasion added new force to prejudices so founded.

The gentlemen seemed afraid Sir Charles had done speaking, begged he would go on.

I then had recourse, (proceeded he) to the histories of nations famous for their courage. That of the Romans, who, by that quality, obtained the empire of the world, was my first object. I found not any traces in their history, which could countenance that savage custom. When a dispute opened, the challenge from both parties generally was, that each should appear at the head of the army the next engagement, and give proof of intrepidity against the common enemy. The instance of the Horatii and Curiatii, which was a publick, a national custom, as I may call it, affords not much exception to my observation. And even that, in the early ages of Rome, stands condemned by a better example. For we read, that Tullus, challenger, Albanus, general of the Alban army, put the cause of the two nations on the valour of each captain's arm, the sake of sparing a greater effusion of blood. But what was the answer? Albanus, though the inducement the challenge was so plausible, yet the cause was a publick, not a private one; and the decision lay upon the cities of Alba and Rome.

Many ages afterwards, Agrippa received a challenge from Mark Antony. Who, gentlemen, thought

ling as a coward that prince, on answering, That if Antony were of his life, he might find many ways to end it than by his sword. Metellus, before that, challenged Pertinax, answered with his pen, his sword, That it was not for a man to die the death of a commoner.

The very Turks know nothing of savage custom; and they are a nation that raised themselves by their bravery from the most obscure beginnings, one of the greatest empires on the globe, as at this day. They take occasion to exalt themselves above Christians in this very instance; and think scandal upon Mussulmans to quarrel and endeavour to wreak their private vengeance on one another.

The Christian doctrines, as I have said, are in point against it. But it is painful to reflect, that the man who endeavours to support his arguments against this infamous practice of duelling, by the laws of Christianity, is the most excellent of all laws. I use me, Mr. Merceda, your own words [included in them] would subject himself to the ridicule of persons who are themselves Christians. I have reasoned, therefore, Heathens and Pagans; though in this comparison—But I hope I need not, never, remind any body here, that the doctrine of returning good for evil, is a nobler and more heroic principle than either of those people, or our own, Mr. Merceda, ever

Mr. Jox. You have shewn it, Sir, by example, by practice, to me. I never saw a hero till now.

Mr. Ch. One modern instance, however, of a challenge refused, I recollect, and which may be given, by way of preference, at least, to the advantage of my argument. The army of the famous Marechal Turenne, in revenge for injuries more than hostile, as was pretended, had committed terrible depredations in the Palatinate. The elector censured at the unfolded destruction, challenged the marechal to a combat. The marechal's answer was to this effect—That if the king, to which the king his master had been in him, would permit him to accept of his challenge, he would not do it; but, on the contrary, would consider it an honour to measure his arms with those of so illustrious a prince: but

that, for the sake of his master's service, he must be excused.

Now, though I think the marechal might have returned a still better answer, (though this was not a bad one for a military man;) yet where we can, as Christians and as men, plead the divine laws, and have not, when we meet, as private subjects, the marechal's nor even the Goths excuse, I think the example worthy consideration.

And if, gentlemen, I have argued before now, or should hereafter argue, as follows, to a challenger, shall I deserve either to be branded or insulted?

Of what use are the laws of society, if magistracy may be thus defied? Were I to accept of your challenge, and were you to prevail against me, who is to challenge you? and if you fall, who him by whose sword you perish? Where, in short, is the evil to stop? But I will not meet you. My system is self-defence, and self-defence only. Put me upon that, and I question not but you will have cause to repent it. A premeditated revenge is that which I will not meet you to gratify. I will not dare to risk the rushing into my Maker's presence from the consequences of an act, which cannot, in the man that falls, admit of repentance, and leaves, for the survivor's portion, nothing but bitter remorse. I fear not any more the reproaches of men, than your insults on this occasion. Be the latter offered to me at your peril. It is, perhaps, as happy for you as for myself, that I have a fear of a higher nature. Be the event what it will, the test you would provoke me to, can decide nothing as to the justice of the cause on either side. Already you will find me disposed to do you the justice you pretend to seek. For your own sake, therefore, consider better of the matter; since it is not impossible, but, were we to meet, and both survive, you may exchange, what you will think a real disgrace, for an imaginary one."

And thus, gentlemen, have I almost syllogistically argued with myself on this subject.

Courage is a virtue;

Inordinate passion is a vice:

Such passion, therefore, cannot be courage.

Does it not, then, behove every man

‘man of true honour to shew; that
‘reason has a greater share than
‘resentment in the boldness of his
‘resolves?’

‘And what, by any degree, is so
‘reasonable as a regard to our
‘duty?’

‘You called upon me, gentlemen,
‘to communicate my notions on this
‘important subject. I have the more
‘willingly obeyed you, as I hope Sir
‘Hargrave, on the occasion that brought
‘us to this not unhappy breakfasting,
‘will be the better satisfied that it has
‘so ended; and as, if you are so good
‘as to adopt them, they may be of ser-
‘vice to others of your friends, in case
‘of debates among them. Indeed, for
‘my own sake, I have always been rea-
‘dy to communicate my notions on this
‘head, in hopes sometimes to be spared
‘provocation: for, as I have owned, I
‘am passionate; I have pride; I am of-
‘ten afraid of *myself*; and the more,
‘because I am not naturally, I will pre-
‘sume to say, a timid man.

‘MR. BAG. ‘Fore God, Sir Hargrave,
‘somebody has escaped a scouring, as the
‘saying is.

‘MR. MER. Aye, by my life, Sir
‘Hargrave, you had like to have caught
‘a Tartar.

‘SIR CH. *The race is not always to the
‘swift*, gentlemen. Sir Hargrave’s pas-
‘sion would, doubtless, have laid him
‘under disadvantage: defence is guard-
‘ed; offence exposes itself.

‘MR. BAG. But, Sir Charles, you
‘despise no man, I am sure, for dis-
‘fering from you in opinion. I am a
‘Catholick—

‘SIR CH. A *Roman* Catholick—No
‘religion teaches a man evil. I honour
‘every man who lives up to what he pro-
‘fesses.

‘MR. BAG. But that is not the case
‘with me, I doubt.

‘MR. MER. That is *out* of doubt,
‘Bagenhall.

‘MR. JOR. The truth is, Mr. Ba-
‘genhall has found his convenience in
‘changing. He was brought up a Pro-
‘testant. These *dispensations*, Mr. Ba-
‘genhall!

‘MR. MER. Aye, and they were often
‘an argument in Bagenhall’s mouth for
‘making me his proselyte.

‘SIR CH. Mr. Bagenhall, I perceive,
‘is rather of the religion of the *court*,
‘than that of the *church* of Rome.

‘MR. BAG. But what I mean, by
‘telling you I am a Catholick, is this:
‘I have read the opinion of some of our

‘famous casuists, that, in some
‘a private man may become his
‘avenger, and challenge an even
‘the field.

‘SIR CH. *Banner and Cajetan*,
‘mean; one a Spaniard, the other
‘Italian. But the highest authority
‘your church is full against them
‘point. The council of Trent
‘the combatants who fall, as self-
‘derers, and denies them Christiani-
‘rial. It brands them, and all
‘who by their presence countenance
‘abet this shocking and unchristian
‘practice, with perpetual infamy;
‘condemns them to the loss of
‘and estates. And furthermore,
‘prives, *ipso jure*, all those loves
‘princes, who suffer such acts of
‘lence to be perpetrated with impunity
‘in the lands and cities which they
‘of the church, of all the territories
‘held. I need not add to this,
‘Lewis the XIVth’s edict against
‘ling was the greatest glory in his
‘And permit me to conclude with
‘serving, that the base arts of pro-
‘ing, by the means of teaching
‘agents, and the cowardly practice
‘assassination by bravoës hired on
‘pose to wreak a private revenge
‘frequent in Italy, are natural
‘of this old Gothic tree. And yet
‘I have before hinted) the barbarous
‘northern nations had pleas to make
‘behalf of duelling, from their
‘which we have not from ours;
‘stianity out of the question.

‘The gentlemen said, they
‘very seriously reflect upon
‘had passed in this uncommon
‘version.

‘SIR MAR. Well, but, Sir Charles,
‘I must recur to my old note—*My*
‘ron—She *must* be mine. And I
‘you will not stand in my way.

‘SIR CH. The lady is her own
‘tress. I shall be glad to see any
‘you, gentlemen, at St. James’s Square.

‘MR. BAG. One thing I believe
‘is proper to mention to Sir Charles
‘Grandison.—You know, Sir,
‘brought a young man to your
‘to take minutes of the conversation
‘that passed between you and me
‘in apprehension of consequences
‘like apprehensions, I prevailed
‘Sir Hargrave—

‘SIR HAR. And now, Bagenhall,
‘could curse you for it. The
‘confound it!—that I meant to
‘recorded for my justification, has
‘out to his honour. Now am I

black and white, for a tame—fool.
it not so.

MR. JOR. By no means. If you
so, Sir Hargrave, you have but
profited by Sir Charles's noble sen-
sents.

MR. CH. How is this, Mr. Bagen-

MR. BAG. I prevailed upon Sir
grave to have the same young man,
is honest, discreet, and one of the
best short-hand writers of the age,
make a faithful account of every
thing that has passed; and he is in that
net.

MR. CH. I must say, this is very
ordinary—But as I always speak
I think, if I am not afraid of my
recollection, I need not of any
minutes.

MR. BAG. You need not in this
Sir Charles. Nothing has pas-
as Sir Hargrave observes, but
makes for your honour. We
set him to work, have more need
be afraid than you. We bid him
honest, and not spare any of us.
little thought matters would have
ed so amicably.

MR. JOR. Thank God they have!

MR. MER. A very happy ending,
think!

MR. HAR. Not except Miss Byron
sents to wipe out these marks.

MR. BAG. Mr. Cotes, your task is
Pray step in with what you have
e.

the writer obeyed. Mr. Bagenhall
asked, if the minutes should be read?
Sir Hargrave swore, no; except,
he said, he had made a better
figure in the debate. Sir Charles
old them, he could not stay to hear
them: but that, as they were writ-
en, and as he had been allowed be-
fore a copy of what passed between
him and Mr. Bagenhall, he should
be glad to have one now; and the
other, as Sir Hargrave should have
instance, after he had perused it,
of his readiness to condemn himself,
he found he had been wanting
other to his own character, or to
that of any man present.

they consented that I should send Sir
Charles the first fair copy. Sir
Charles then took his leave.
The gentlemen all stood silent for se-
veral minutes, when they returned
from attending him to the door,
looking upon one another, as if each
expected the other to speak; but

when they spoke it was all in praise
of Sir Charles, as the most modest,
the most polite, the bravest, and no-
blest of men. Yet his maxims, they
said, were confoundingly strange;
impossible for such sorry dogs as
them (that was their phrase) to
practise.

But Sir Hargrave seemed greatly dis-
turbed and dejected. He could not,
he said, support himself under the
consciousness of his own inferiority.
“But what could I do,” said he.
“The devil could not have made him
fight. Plague take him! he beat
me out of my play.”

“And yet,” said Mr. Merceda, “a
“tilting-bout seems no more to him
“than a game at push-pin.”

“You would have thought so,” said
Sir Hargrave, “had you observed
“with what a sleight, and with what
“unconcernedness, he pushed down
“my drawn sword with his hand,
“(though he would grant me nothing)
“and took me under the arm, and
“led me in to you, as though he had
“taken me prisoner. The devil has
“long,” continued he, “owed me a
“shame: but who would have thought
“he had so much power over Sir
“Charles Grandison, as to get him
“to pay it me? But, however, I ne-
“ver will be easy till Miss Byron is
“Lady Pollexfen.”

“I take leave, honoured Sir, to observe,
“that a few things are noted in this
“copy, which, to avoid giving offence,
“will not be in that I shall write for
“the gentlemen. I was ordered to
“shew it to Mr. Bagenhall, before
“you had it; but for this reason I shall
“excuse myself, as having not remem-
“bered that command.”

“This, therefore, is a true copy of all
“that passed, taken to the best of the
“ability of, Sir, give me leave to sub-
“scribe, your very great admirer, and
“most humble servant,”

“HENRY COTES.”

CONTINUATION OF MISS BYRON'S LETTER.

WHAT a packet, including the short-
hand writer's paper transcribed by my
cousin Reeves, shall I send you this
time! I will not swell it by reflections
on that paper (that would be endless;) but
hasten to give you some account of
the visitors I mentioned.

Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came, with-
out any previous notice, about nine
o'clock.

My

My heart sunk, when his chair stooped at the door, and I was told who was in it.

He was shewn into the great parlour. My cousin Reeves's soon attended him. He made great apologies to them (and to Mr. Reeves said he ought) for the disturbance he had given them.

He laid all to love—Prostituted name! made a cover to all acts of violence, indiscretion, folly, in both sexes!

I was in my own apartment. Mrs. Reeves came up to me. She found me in terror; and went down and told him so; and begged, that he would not insist upon seeing me.

The whole intent of this visit, he said, was to beg me to forgive him. It was probable, that I should have the same emotion upon his first visit at any other time; and he entreated the favour of seeing me. He had a right, he said, to see me: he was a sufferer for my sake. They saw, he told them, he was not the man he had been; and as he had been denied, and been brought to deny himself, the satisfaction due to a gentleman, from a man whom he had never offended, he insisted on having the opportunity given him of seeing me, and receiving my forgiveness, as what would consolidate his reconciliation with Sir Charles Grandison.

There was no resisting this plea.

And down I trembled, I can hardly say walked.

Notwithstanding all my little reasoning with myself, to behave with the dignity of an injured person; yet the moment I saw him approach me at my entrance into the parlour, I ran to Mr. Reeves, and caught hold of his arm, with looks, I doubt not, of terror. Had Sir Charles Grandison been there, I suppose I should have run to him in the same manner.

'Ever dear and adorable goodness!' (were his words, coming to me) 'how sweet is this terror, and how just! I have forgiven worse injuries,' pointing to his mouth. 'I meant nothing but honour to you.'

'Honour, Sir! Cruelty, Sir! Barbarity, Sir! How can you wish to see the creature whom you so wickedly treated?'

'I appeal to yourself, Madam, if I offered the least indecency!—For all I have suffered by my mad enterprize, what but disgrace—'

'Disgrace, Sir, was your portion, Sir,' (half out of breath)—'What would you, Sir?—Why this visit? What am I to do?'

I hardly knew what I said: I held Mr. Reeves's arm.

'Forgive me, Madam:—' 'you are to do. Pardon me:—' 'knee I beg your pardon:—' 'dropt down on one knee.'

'Kneel not to me, Sir,—Pray kneel—You bruised, you hurt, terrified me, Sir—and, Lord!—' 'I was in danger of being your Sir!'

Was not this last part of my very odd one? But the memory of I suffered at the time, and of the row escape I had, left me not the presence of mind, on his address kneeling.

He arose. 'In danger of being your Madam? Only that the method was wrong, Madam!'

'Miss Byron, you see, it is to Sir Hargrave—Sit down, my hand, and leading me to the fire-side) 'How you tremble, my—' '—You see, Sir Hargrave, the my cousin is in—You see—'

'I do—I do; and am sorry for occasion.—We will all sit down.'

'Compose yourself, dear Miss Byron.—And,' (holding up his clasped to me) 'I beseech you to forgive me.'

'Well, Sir, I forgive you—I forgive you, Sir.'

'Were you not in so much distress, Madam—were it to be seasonable—'

'—I will tell you what I have said to beg. I would—'

'Speak, Sir, now; and never let me suffer an interruption, Madam.'

'I am too apprehensive of that word.'

'You must allow of my address, if you not any favour, but as I shall have myself in future.'

'Yes, yes, Sir, your behaviour—but Sir, were you to become the man in the world, this, this, is the time that I ever—'

'Dear Miss Byron!—And then pleaded his passion; his fortune; his feelings.—A wretch! [Yet I had then a little pity for his disfigured face and lip]—His resolutions to be settled by me in every act of his life.—settlement of one half of his estate to me.—The odious wretch mentioned to my dear—your children. He on in such a manner, as if he had drawing up marriage-articles all this hither.

Upon my absolutely renouncing he asked me, if Sir Charles Grandison had not made an impression on my heart.

Lucy, could make me inwardly ask this question? I could hardly find patience to reply. I now see, my dear Lucy, that I have indeed a great deal of

to say, Sir Hargrave, I am not accountable to you—

are not, Madam: but I must wait upon an answer to this question. Charles Grandison has made an application to you for favour, I can do no more.

Charles Grandison, Sir, is absolutely disinterested. Sir Charles Grandison has made— There I stop; I can't help it.

In application to my cousin, I assure Sir Hargrave, said Mr. Reeves, the noblest of men. Had he any other thoughts, I dare say, he would have found difficulties to break his mind, and a declaration should be thought of the merit of his protection. And thought of Mr. Reeves. And now, my Lucy, but there may be foundation for it?

Oh! D—n it!—But I am the more upon this assurance.—Let me tell Mr. Reeves, that had I not found it to be a wonder of a man, matter should not have ended as they have at present to have done.

at, Sir Hargrave, said Mrs. Grandison, 'permit me to say, as I know of your mind, that there cannot be the least room to imagine that Miss

Grandison, said Mrs. Reeves, forgive me. But I cannot receive a denial from any mouth than hers. Is there no room for a sincere penitent to hope for mercy from a sweetness so angelick, who is absolutely disengaged?

our have had mine already, Sir Hargrave, said I. 'I am amazed, knowing my mind before your insult upon me, you should have any expectation of this kind of it.'

again vowed his passion, and such

think, Lucy, I never shall be able, in the future, to hear with patience of talk of love, of passion, and of offense.

me summarily add, (for I am of the subject) that he said a hundred impertinent things sillier than any I have said by Mr. Grandison, in my life; [indeed, every thing of this nature now appears silly to me.]—He interrupted upon a preference to Mr. Greville, Fenwick, Mr. Orme.—He resolved

not to despair, as his sufferings for my sake had given him (as he said he presumed to tell me) some merit in his own opinion, if not in mine; and as his forgiveness of the man who had injured him, ought, he thought, to have some weight in his favour.

He took leave of my cousins and me in a very respectful manner. I wish him no harm. But I hope I shall never see him again.

And now, Lucy, with the end of this very disagreeable visit, I will conclude my letter; and shall have another long one ready for the next post.

LETTER V.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

MARCH 3.

I Had not recovered myself after Sir Hargrave's visit, when Lady L. and Miss Grandison called, as they said, for a moment: however, this agreeable moment lasted two hours. Miss Grandison, the instant she saw me, challenged me—'Hey-day! What's the matter with our Harriet, Mrs. Reeves?' And, patting my neck, 'Why these flutters, child?—Perturbations de-lightful, or undelightful, Harriet, whether?'

I told her who had been here, and but just left me; and, by the help of my cousins, gave them the particulars of what had passed.

They were greatly pleased; and the more they said, as their brother, on seeing them uneasy, had acquainted them, that all matters between him and Sir Hargrave were accommodated; but had not had opportunity to tell them more.

'Let me reckon with you Harriet,' said Miss Grandison, taking my hand with a schooling air: 'I am half jealous of you: Lady L. has got the start of me in my brother's affections: but she is my elder sister; first come first served; I can bear that; but I will not be cut out by a younger sister.'

'What is now to follow?' thought I; and I fluttered like a fool; the more for her arch look, as if she would read my heart in my eyes.

Increased palpitation (O the fool!) made it look as if I took her jest for earnest. What a situation am I in?

'Dear Charlotte,' said Lady L., smiling, 'you shall not thus perplex

'our sweet sister.—My dear, don't mind her. You'll know her better in time.'

'Be quiet, Lady L. I shall have it all out.'

'All what out?' said I. 'O Miss Grandison, how you love to alarm!'

'Well, well, I'll examine farther into these perturbations another time. I have beat the bush before now for one hare, and out have popt two. But all I mean is; a paper, a letter (my brother called it a paper) was brought to him sealed up. He rewarded the bringer; but sent it directly away unopened (that we found out) to you, Harriet. Now, child, if I allow of *his* reserves, I will not allow of *yours*. Pray answer me fairly and truly; what are the contents of that paper?'

'They give the particulars of the conversation that passed in the alarming interview between Sir Charles—'

'And Sir Hargrave. That's my good girl.—You see, Lady L. how this young thief will steal away the affections of our brother from us both. He has shewed us nothing of this. But if you would not have me jealous, Harriet, be sure to keep no one secret of your heart from me.—'

'That relates merely to myself; I think I will not.'

'Then you'll be a good girl: and I'll give my love for you the reins, without a pull-back.'

Just then a servant came in with a card.

'LADY D.'s compliments to Mrs. Reeves and Miss Byron; and if it would be agreeable, she will wait on them presently, for one quarter of an hour. She is obliged to go out of town early in the morning.'

'What shall I do now?' said I. I was in a flutter; not being fully recovered from that into which Sir Hargrave's visit had thrown me.

'What now? What now?' said Miss Grandison. 'Ah! Harriet, we shall find you out by degrees.'

By the way, Lucy, you are fond of plays; and it is come into my head, that, to avoid all *says-I's* and *says-she's*, I will henceforth, in all dialogues, write names in the margin: so fancy, my dear, that you are reading in one of your favourite volumes.

HARRIET. Do you know Lady D.?

MISS GR. Very well; but I know that you did, Harriet.

LADY L. And I know the son; and I know she wants to marry.

HARRIET. That I may know secrets from my two sisters, Miss Selby has written to me—

MISS GR. Lately?

HARRIET. Very lately.

MISS GR. O! because you have told me of that.

MRS. REEVES. And pray, what is Lady D.'s character?

LADY L. She is a very sensible prudent woman.

MISS GR. I am not very intimate with her; but have seen her in three of my visits. I have thought her so.—And pray, Harriet, don't you want to know what *my lord* bears?

HARRIET. My lord is nothing to me. I have answered. I have given my answer.

MISS GR. The deuce you have! Why, the man has a good 18,000 a year.

HARRIET. I don't care.

MISS GR. What a deuce of a girl!

Then humorously telling on fingers—'ORME, one; FENWICK, two; GREVILLE, three; FOWLER, four. I want another finger; but I'll leave it to you—SIR HARGRAVE, five. And now,' (putting the fore-finger on one hand on the thumb of the other) 'LORD D. six.—And none of the other men!—Depend upon it, girl, you will have a fall.'

What could she mean by this? Sir Charles Grandison's sisters, I thought, will not.—But I believe she means something.

'Have I pride, Miss Grandison, coldly and gravely asked I, as my father observed to me afterwards.

MISS GR. Have you pride in that you have; or you have none?

What could this mad lady mean by this?—And what could I mean? I had tears in my eyes. I was very spirited at that moment.

LADY L. Well, but Miss Byron shall we be impertinent, if we see the lady?—I have a great value for her. She has been an admirable cutrix and trustee for her son; and as good a wife. I was just going, as she goes out of town to-morrow, to stay to pay my compliments to her.

withdraw till you have had your

MISS GR. Does she come to per-
you, Harriet, to retract your

HARRIET. I know not her busi-
I wrote my mind to my aunt

But I believe my aunt could
have written, and the countess re-
what she wrote, by this time.
do not go: we can have no private

MISS GR. Well, but now I will tell
without punishing your curiosity
er, what Lord D's character is.
sober a man as most of the
nobility. His fortune is great.
He neither abounds, nor is
ing; and that class of men, take
Lord for it, are the best qualified of
others to make good husbands to wo-
of superior talents. They know just
to induce them to admire in her,
they have not in themselves. If a
man has prudence enough to give
sequence to such a one before folks,
will behave as if she thought him
superior in understanding, she will
be able to make her own will a law to
by the way of 'I will, shall I?'
If you please, my dear, I will do—
I think fit.' But a fool and a wit
the extreme points, and equally un-
ageable.—And now tell me, Har-
what can be your motive for refus-
such a man as this?

HARRIET. I wish, my dear, you
did not talk to me of these men. I
think of them all—Sir Hargrave has
me—

MISS GR. You fib, my dear—But
you ever see Lord D.?

HARRIET. No, indeed!

MISS GR. 'No, indeed!'—Why,
you are a simpleton, child.—
I refuse a man, an earl too! in the
of his years, 12,000 good pounds
yet never have seen him—Your
wishes, child! your motives!—I
you are not already—There she

HARRIET. And I wish, Miss Gran-
with all my heart, if that would
you, that you were in love over
and ears, and could not help it!
MISS GR. And wish you me that
quite, or to please me?—I am in love,
dear; and nothing keeps me in
attendance, but having company among
grave ones. Dearly do I love to
girls out. Why, I found out Lady
before she would own a tittle of the
er. So prim!—And how can you

(think so, Charlotte) Who, I, in love!
'No, indeed! No man has a place in
'my heart!'—Then I was resolved to
have her secret out. I began with my
roundabouts, and my supposes—A leer—as
thus—[I was both vexed and pleased
with her archness] And then a supposé—
then came a blush—'Why, Charlotte,
'I cannot but say, that if I were obliged
'to have the one man or the other—'
Then came a sigh, endeavoured in haste
to be returned to the heart whence it
came; and when it could not find its
way back, to be cut into three halves,
as the Irishman said; that is, into two
half-sighs, and a hem; and a 'Get you
'gone, for an impertinent—' As much
as to say, 'You have it!'—And when
I found I had, and she owned it, why
then I put my mad head to her grave
one; and we had but one heart betwixt
us.

LADY L. (laughing) Out of breath,
Charlotte, I hope.

MISS GR. Not yet—How often have
I kept watch and ward for her! Some-
times have I lent her my dressing-room
for their love-meetings: yet, for the
world, she would not marry without her
papa's consent: no, but like the rest of
us, she would suffer her affections to be
engaged, without letting him know a
syllable of the matter.—Very true,
Lady L. what signifies looking serious?

LADY L. Strange creature!

MISS GR. Once or twice did I
change dresses with her. In short, I
was a perfect Abigail to her in the
affair: and let me tell you, two sisters,
agreed to manage a love affair, have
advantages over even a lady and her
woman.

LADY L. Mad creature!

MISS GR. All this I did for her
without fee or reward; only from the
dear delight of promoting the good
work, and upon the Christian principle
of 'Do as you would be done by.'—Is
not all this true, Lady L.? Deny it if
you can.

LADY L. And have you done, Char-
lotte?—Ah, my dear Miss Byron, you'll
never do any thing with this girl, ex-
cept you hear all as she has to say. And
if you have a secret, 'tis better to let her
know it at first. Charlotte is a generous
girl, after all; but sometimes, as now,
a very impertinent one—

What could these ladies mean by this,
I wonder? If they suspect me to love
somebody, surely this is not the way,
that two such ladies, in generosity, should
take, when they think I have no engage-
ment;

ment; and know that the doubt must lie on their brother's side, whom, with all their *roundabouts*, as they call them, they cannot fathom.

I would give any thing, methinks, to know, if Sir Charles was ever in love.

Just then a rapping at the door made us suppose it was the countess. It was. After compliments to Mrs. Reeves and me, she embraced Lady L. very affectionately, and Miss Grandison kindly; asking the first after Lord L.'s health, and the other after her brother. 'He is the man of all men, Miss Grandison,' said she, 'that I want to see. We shall be in town soon, for a month or two; and then you must make me known to one, whom every body calls the best of men: as here,' said she, coming up again to me, 'I have longed to be acquainted with one of the best of women.'

LADY L. Miss Byron is, indeed, an excellent young woman. We do ourselves the honour of calling her *sister*.

LADY D. What an encouragement is that to be good? Even in this age, bad as it is, true merit will never want admirers. And let me say, that where beauty and goodness meet, as *here*, they adorn each other.

'Agreeable Lady D.' thought I: 'my heart will not suggest a thought in favour of your *son*; but I shall easily be in love with *you*.' The heart hardly deserves praise, my Lucy, that is not fond of it from the worthy.

Her ladyship took Lady L. aside, and said something to her. Lady L. answered with a 'No,' as I suppose: to which Lady D. replied, 'I am glad of that;' adding, 'I am not afraid of saying any thing to a person of Lady L.'s known prudence.'

Ah, my Lucy! she asked Lady L. I dare say, whether the acknowledged sisterhood extended to the brother, as a brother, or as—something else—And by her cheerful and condescending countenance afterwards, and to Mrs. Reeves, was satisfied by Lady L.'s answer, I make no doubt, that there is room for Lord D.'s address, for any thing on Sir Charles's part.

I will not be mean, Lucy! Greatly as I admire Somebody, these excellent sisters shall not find me *entangled in an hopeless passion*.

Her ladyship took my hand, and led me to the window. 'I was brought to town,' said she, 'on an extraordinary occasion, two days ago; and must set

out on my return in the morning. I thought I would not miss the opportunity of paying my compliments to your young lady, of whom I had heard every body speak with great commendation. I make no doubt of your good aunt Selby has—she stops.'

'My aunt has sent me up your ladyship's letters, and her answers.'

'I am pleased with your frankness, my dear. It was that part of your character that engaged me. Young men, in these cases, are generally so affected, so startled, so they thought there were some shameful in a treaty of this kind, they are so awkward, that I have patience with them. You have modesty—Indeed, my dear, your modesty of heart shines out in every ture of your face.'

'Your ladyship does me high honour.'

'I am pleased even with that acknowledgment. The discretion of a young lady is often most seen in minute things. Another would have made disagreeable speeches. But compliments to the heart by one who is not contented to flatter; such compliments I mean, as it would be culpable in a person not to be able to verify; I am not to be disclaimed.'

'To say truth, my dear, I do not intend to mention one word of this matter to you on this first visit. I wanted to see you, and to converse with you a little, that I might report accordingly to my father; but he, however, knows not that I have my compliments to you; but I thought I saw you, your aspect confirmed all that I had heard said in your favour, and seeing you also so much commended by two ladies of characters so well blushed; and no less pleased with what I observed of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, [you are a family of good people] I was resolved to be as frank as you, and as your aunt Selby has been, is a good woman.'

'Indeed, Madam, she is.'

'Accordingly, I have singled you out in the face of every body present. You will have the discretion to keep them on this subject, till you have seen my son, (I am sure there can be no doubt on his side) and till you have given me your approval of our proposals or not; and, without betraying I bespeak your good opinion of me.'

'I am sure, my dear, we shall be happy in each other. If you and my Lord are happy, you and I are so.—But, when the knot is tied, I shall be only your visiter, and that at my own invitation. I am thought to be a managing woman: managing women are not always the best to live with.'

'You, I understand, are an excellent economist.' [A glorious character in this age for a young woman! Persons of the highest quality ought to think themselves above it.] 'One man's methods may differ from another's; yet both may be equally good, and reach the same end. My son has the benefit of my economy: nevertheless, his wife shall not have to think, that, where she means to differ, I will prefer my methods to hers. When I give advice, it shall be only on your ask: and then, if you do not take it, I will not be angry; but I shall think, having weighed the matter, you prefer your own judgment to the best convictions. People who are so for themselves, should be always to judge for themselves; because they only are answerable for their own actions.—You blush, my dear! I hope, it does not oppress you. I would not oppress a modesty so happily blended with frankness.'

'I was affected with her goodness. What an amiable frankness! O that all husbands' mothers were like your daughter-in-law! said I. 'What numbers of my daughters-in-law would there be, that now are not so!' 'A charming creature!' said she.—'Indeed, I am glad I don't oppress you with my prate.'

'I oppress me, Madam!—You delect me! Talk of a bad world!—I think, I am sure, to think it a good world.—In every matronly lady I have met with a mother; in many young ladies, as those before us, sisters; in my brother, a protector; if your lady has not heard on what occasion, I shall be ready to acquaint you with it.' 'Sweet child! Charming frankness! I have seen, I have heard, enough of you for my present purpose.—We will have you to company.—Such company as you and you in is not to be had at all times. I will restore you to them.'

'But, Madam, declining her lead—'

'What, my dear!'

'Have you not, Madam?—But your ship could not have received any letter from my aunt Selby—I wrote—'

'I have not, my dear. I could not, as you say. But I shall find a letter from her, perhaps, on my return. You approve, I hope, of the proposal, if you shall have no objection to my son?'

'My aunt, Madam, will let you know—'

'I will not have it otherwise than I wish it to be.—Remember that I value you for the frankness you are praised for.—A little female trifling to my son, if you will, in order to be assured of his value for you, (and men love not all halcyon courtships), but none to me, my love. I'll assist you, and keep your counsel, in the first case, if it be necessary. He shall love you above all the women on earth, and convince you that he does, or he shall not call you his.—But no female trifling to his mother, child! We women should always understand one another.'

'Because I would not be thought to be an insincere creature, a trifier, I think I ought to mention to your ladyship, that it would be a great, a very great part of my happiness, to be deemed worthy of your friendship—without—'

'Without what?—You do well, perhaps, to blush! Without what?'

'Without the relation—if you please.'

'I was confounded with her goodness, Lucy. Here, my dear, is another superior character.—I fancy her maiden-name was Grandison.'

'But I don't please. So no more of this. Let us join company.' And, taking my hand with the goodness of a real mother; yet her brow a little overclouded; she made apologies to them for taking me aside; and said, she could trust to their prudence, she was sure, as they must needs guess at her view; and therefore she offered not to put a limit to their conjectures; since denial or evasion would but, in this case, as it generally did, defeat its own end, and strengthen what it aimed to weaken.

'Is there no obtaining such a mother,' thought I, 'without marrying Lord D.?'—And should I refuse to see him, if an interview is desired, especially when Lady L. has seemed to encourage the countess to think, that Somebody has no thoughts.—Indeed I don't desire that that Somebody should.—If I don't know what I was going to add to that if: But pray tell my grandmother, that I hope her Harriet will never

“never give her cause to lament her being entangled in a hopeless passion. No, indeed!”

But, my Lucy, one silly question to you who have been a little entangled, and more happily disentangled: I catch myself of late in saying *him* and *he*, and writing to you *Somebody*, and such like words, instead of saying and writing boldly, as I used to do, Sir Charles, and Sir Charles Grandison: which would sound more respectfully, and yet am sure I want not respect. What is the meaning of this?—Is it a sign—Ah! my Lucy! you said you would keep a sharp look-out; and did I not say I would upon myself? Surely I said truth: surely you will think so, when you see such little silly things as these do not escape me. But when you think me too trifling, my dear, don’t expose me. Don’t read it out in the venerable circle. That to some may appear very weak and silly, which by others will be thought excusable, because natural. It would be wrong (as I yet never did it) to write separately to you. And what have I in my heart, were it to be laid open to all the world, that I should be—afraid—I was going to write, that I should be ashamed of? But I think I am a little ashamed, at times, for all that.—Ah, Lucy! don’t add, ‘And so I ought.’

Lady D. repeated her desire of being acquainted with Sir Charles. She has no daughter: so it was purely for the sake of his great character. She heard, she said, that he was the politest of brothers. That was always a good sign with her.—He gives you, Miss Grandison, ‘I am told, a great deal of his company.’

Miss Grandison said, that her brother, she believed, was one of the busiest men in the kingdom, who was not engaged in publick affairs; and yet the most of a family man. ‘I endeavour,’ said she, ‘to make home delightful to him. I never break in upon him, when he is in his study, without leave: indeed I seldom ask it; for when he is inclined to give me his company, he sends his compliments to me, and requests, as a favour from me, what I am always ready to consider as one done to me. And I see he loves me. He is not uneasy in my company: he comes for half an hour, and stays an hour.—But don’t set me into talking of him; for my heart always dilates when I enter into the agreeable subject, and I know not where to stop.’

LADY L. Charlotte is a happy girl.

MISS GR. And Lady L. is a woman; for he loves her as well as loves me. Indeed he is so good in (but I know it is to keep us from being caps) that he knows not what loves best: we have different ones, he says; and he admires in each the other has not.

LADY D. But what are his sentiments? What can he be so much in?

MISS GR. A continual round of offices. He has a ward. She has a fortune. The attention he pays to affairs takes up a good deal of his time. He is his own steward; and then he has a variety of other engagements, which we ask him not one word long to know something about them. But this we are sure of, that, if he has any thing will give us pleasure, we hear of it: if the contrary, he is silent as the night.

Will nobody say one bad or one different thing of this man, Lady? There is no bearing these things! Oh dear, what a Nobody is your poor sister!

LADY D. He is one of the handsomest men in England, they tell me.

MISS GR. Sisters are not just. They may be partial. His benignant heart makes his face shine. Had he a lover but half as handsome as I think brother, I should make no objection him on the account of person.

LADY L. But he is the gentlest of men!—What think you, sister, of that?

HARRIET. ‘Sisters are not just. They may be partial.’

What meant Lady L. to apply to me? But I had been some time silent. I could not mean anything; and butters complimented me on recognising the relation.

Lady D. asked me how long I had stay in town?

I said, I believed not long. I had been for three months. Those would be elapsed; and as my friends were so good as to be pleased with my company, I should rather chuse to walk within the step out of my limits.

The countess, with a nod of approbation, said, ‘With good young people it will be always so: and more praise-worthy in Miss Byron, she may do what she pleases.’

Then taking me a little aside, ‘My dear, you meant nothing come to my wishes, when you referred, in a doubtful a manner, to what you

men to your aunt. You don't answer me! This is a call upon your senses. Women, when any thing depending on which they have set their hearts, are impatient—Don't you see that?—They love not suspense.' It is painful to me, Madam, to deprecate a proposal that would give me a reason to so excellent a lady.—But—'What, my dear?—Let not maidenly affection step in with its coldness. You are above it. Woman is woman, daughter to mother—You are above it.'

Then, turning to the ladies, and to Misses—'You don't know, any of you (we are by ourselves) that Miss Byron's heart is engaged?—Misses Grange, let me apply to you: maidens open their hearts to one another. Tell me whether Miss Byron has yet chosen the man to whom she wishes to give her hand? Her aunt Selby writes to me that she has not.'

MISS GR. We young women, Madam, often know least of our own hearts. We are almost as unwilling to find out ourselves in certain cases, as to be found out by others.—Speak, sister Harriet: speak for yourself.

HARRIET. Was not this grievous, Lucy? And what ailed me, that I could not speak without hesitation! But this lady's condescending goodness—yet this wicked Sir Hargrave! His attempt, his cruel treatment of me, has made me quite another creature than I was.]

MISS GR. My aunt Selby, Madam, wrote the other day. To say I wish not to marry for the time to come, may sound like an evasion, because I have ever honored the state.—But something has happened that has put me out of countenance with myself, and with men too.'

LADY L. With all men, child?—I allow for a great many things in a man's mind, that I will not in *your's*. I had a hint or two about an insult, I know not what, from Sir Hargrave's men, since I came to town; for I talked after you, my dear: but what I want but a confirmation of your meaning. What a disagreeable woman must she be, whom but one man in the world would like?

HARRIET. Excuse me, Miss Byron, I have an abundance of impertinent things to say. I have gone farther on this first visit than I intended. You must thank for this ingenuous and open countenance, which confirms, at first sight, the character I had heard given by every body who spoke of you. I shall see, perhaps,

what your aunt Selby, to whom you refer, writes, when I get down. I shall soon be in town, as I said, for the rest of the winter; and then I will make myself mistress of your whole history from these ladies, and from yourself; and there shall end all my enquiries, and, I hope, all my solitudes, on an article that is next my heart. Mean time, adieu, my dear—Adieu.

She then, curtsying to all round, gave her hand to Mr Reeves, who led her to her chair; leaving us all full of her praises.

MISS GR. (Looking archly) I say nothing as to her *particular* errand, because I would not be too curious: and because you ask me no questions, Harriet.

LADY L. This must do, Miss Byron: who would not wish for such a mother?

HARRIET. Is the mother to be the principal inducement in such an article as this?

MISS GR. Why, my dear, do you pretend, in such an age of *petit maitres*, to live single, till you meet with a man who deserves you?—But, Harriet, you must voluntarily open your heart to me. I have a good deal of curiosity; and, whenever you are disposed to gratify it, will not *withdraw* my attention.

HARRIET. I will read to you this moment, if you please, ladies, as to my sisters, what Lady D. wrote to my aunt Selby; and what my aunt answered on the occasion.

MISS GR. That's my best Harriet! I love to hear *how* and *every thing* about these sort of matters?

LADY L. These girls, Mrs. Reeves, delight in love subjects: there is a kind of enthusiasm in these matters that runs away with them.

MISS GR. Say you so, Lady L.? And pray, had you ever any of this enthusiasm? And if you had, did matrimony cure you of it?—See, Harriet! My sister has not been married many months: yet how *quietly* she now talks of the *enthusiasm* of love to us maidens!—Ah, my dear Lady L. women, I see, have their free-masonry, as well as men.—Don't you think so, Mrs. Reeves?

A poor secret after all, I believe, on 'both sides,' whispered the lively lady; but loud enough for every one to hear what she said.

Lady L. called her a mad girl. 'But let us be favoured,' said she to me, 'with your communications.'

I pulled out the letters. I read the two first paragraphs in my aunt's letter to me, entire; for they propose the matter and nothing else.

'What

'What follows,' said I, 'is full of love and care, and so forth: but here is one paragraph more I can read to you.'

MISS GR. As much reserve as you please, sister Harriet. I am learning how to deal with you.

LADY L. Why that, Charlotte? No fear that you will tell us more than you have a mind we should know.—Regard not, therefore, this threatening. Miss Byron.

HARRIET. To own the truth, I cannot read every thing my aunt writes: but the Countess of D.'s proposal, and what relates to that, I will read, if you please.

MISS GR. What you will—Read what you will. I find we are not at present so well acquainted as we shall be hereafter.

What could Miss Grandison mean by that!

I read the last paragraph but one, in which my aunt proposes my coming down; and that I will either encourage the countess's proposal, or accept of Mr. Orme; ending with the earnest desire of my friends to have me married.

I then gave into Miss Grandison's hands the countess's first letter; and she read it out.

She gave it me back, and thanked me. 'Were all women,' said she, 'capable of acting thus *frankly*, the sex would leave affectation to the men-monkeys.—Remember, Harriet, that your openness of heart is one of the graces for which I principally admire you.'

LADY L. O the rogue!—Take care of her, Miss Byron! She tells you this, to get out of you all your secrets.

'Miss Grandison may easily obtain her end, Madam. She need only tell me what she best likes I should be; and I must try to be that.'

MISS GR. Good girl! And take this along with you; that when you convince *me*, that you will not *hide*, I will convince *you*, that I will not *seek*. But what is next?

I then gave into her hand the copy of my aunt Selby's answer.

MISS GR. May I read it all?

HARRIET. If you please: the fondness of my aunt, and the partiality of—

MISS GR. Away! away, Harriet!—No affectation, child!

She read it out. Both sisters praised the heart of the dear and thrice-indulgent writer! and called her *their* aunt Selby.

I then gave Miss Grandison the countess's second letter. They were both pleased with that than with the first.

MISS GR. But now your opinion of the proposal, child? Will you agree with that? Have you a copy of what you wrote?

HARRIET. I kept a copy only of the first letter, and immediately respected the proposal that, because it was possible I might want to have recourse to it, as my aunt might, or might not, write about it.

I took it out of my pocket-book, and gave it to her to read.

'Thank you, child,' said she. 'I should have no curiosity, if I did not love you.'

She read it out. It was the paragraph that begins with, 'You are upon the strength of what I have said,' &c.—ending with, 'I am, my dear, your affectionate friend, &c.'—'meaning.'—Luckily I had not transcribed the concluding sentence of the paragraph; having been ashamed of the odd words, 'Hope of your hope.'

LADY L. But why should she say *your meaning*, my dear?

HARRIET. I added, I remember that I was pained by the teasing these men, one after another; they never took delight in the airy suggestion; and was now the more so because of the vile attempt of Sir Charles, which had given me a furrow in the brow.

MISS GR. A temporary furrow is over, I hope, by this time. My dear—And yet as I owe to your generosity the communication, I will not take occasion from it to vex you—

HARRIET. Miss Grandison—oblige me, say what she pleases.

MISS GR. As you intend to marry—As your friends are very desirous you should—As Lady D. is an excellent woman—As her son is, as men call him, a tolerable man—As he is a peer of the realm; which is something in the way, though it is not of weight, singly considered—As his estate is very considerable—As you may have your own taste for him—As you like not any one of your numerous admirers:—All these *admirers*, why, why, in the name of goodness, should you give so flat a denial? Yet have not seen the gentleman, therefore can have no dislike either to his sense or person? I wish, my dear, you would give such a reason for your denial, a denial so *strongly* expressed, one would imagine such a woman

of D. would be satisfied with, such a one as Miss Byron.

L. Perhaps, now that Miss has seen what a lady the Countess

Gr. And now that she has seen the *temporary surfeit*—

L. She will change her mind.

you not, my dear aunt Selby—
not, my Lucy, distressed for me
place? I was at the time greatly
myself.]

RIET. My mind has been dis-
by Sir Hargrave's violence; and
rehearsals of fatal mischiefs that
probably have followed the
protection given me: wonder
therefore, ladies, if I am unable,
sudden, to give such reasons for
refused to listen to Lady D.'s
as you require; although, at
the time, I find not in my heart
inclination to encourage it.

Gr. You have had your diffi-
of late, my Harriet, to contend
and those you must look upon as
to be paid by a merit so conspicu-
Even in this slighter case, as you
oblige, I can pity you for the
you are likely to be in, be-
the refused son and the deserving
But when you consider, that
argues of the discreet proceed from
people, those of the indiscreet
themselves, you will sit down with
compliment to yourself, and be
t. You see I can be grave now-
then, child.

RIET. May I *deserve* to be
prudent and discreet: on that
I am willing to incur the pe-

L. Come, come; that is out
question, my dear: so you are
of course, or in the way to

ladies took their leave, and
pleased with their visit.

now, my dear friends, some how
er, become necessary, I think,
you minutely into my situation,
you may advise, caution, instruct
For, I protest, I am in a sort of
ness.—Pray, my Lucy, tell me
it cannot be from love: so I don't
Yet to lie under such a weight of
tion; and to find myself so much
ed by these ladies—Yet it is from
surely: that is a very bad passion.
my bosom has not a place in it

for such a mean self-tormentor. Can it
be from *pride*? Pride is a vice that al-
ways produces mortification, and proud
you all made me of your favour.—Yet I
thought it was grateful to be proud of
it.

[I wish I were with you, Lucy. I
should ask you abundance of questions;
and repose my anxious heart on your
faithful bosom; and, at the same time,
from your answers, arm it against too
great a sensibility before it is too late.

But pray, don't I remember, that
you said, you found sighing a relief to
you on a certain occasion?—I am seri-
ous, my dear. That there was a sort
of you know not what of *pleasure* in sigh-
ing? Yet that it was involuntary?—
Did you not say, that you were ready to
quarrel with yourself, you knew not
why?—And, pray, had you not a fret-
ting, gnawing pain in your stomach,
that made you I can't tell how to de-
scribe it; yet were humble, meek, as
if looking out for pity from every body,
and ready to pity every body? Were
you not attentive to stories of people,
young women especially, labouring un-
der doubts and difficulties?—Was not
your humanity raised?—your self-con-
sequence lowered? But did you not think
suspense the greatest of all torments?—I
think, my dear, you lived without eat-
ing or drinking; yet looked not pining,
but fresh.—Your rest—I remember it
was broken. In your sleep you seemed
to be disturbed. You were continually
rolling down mountains, or tumbling
from precipices—or were borne down
by tempests, carried away with sudden
inundations; or sinking in deep waters;
or flying from fires, thieves, robbers—

How apt are we to recollect, or to *try*
to recollect, when we are apprehensive
that a case may possibly be our own, all
those circumstances, of which, while
another's (however dear that other
might be to us) we had not any clear
or adequate ideas!—But I know, that
such of these as I recollect not from
you, must be owing to the danger, to
the terror, I was in from the violence of
Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. Often and
often do I dream over again what I suf-
fered from him. I am now imploring
mercy from him; and meet with nothing
but upbraidings and menaces. He is
now stopping my mouth with his hand-
kerchief: his horrible clergyman, if a
clergyman he was, is reading the ser-
vice quite through; and I am contend-
ing against the legality of the asserted
marriage. At other times, I have ecca-

ped; and he is pursuing me: he gains upon my flying feet; and I wake myself with endeavouring in vain to cry out for help.

But when fancy is more propitious to me, then comes my rescuer, my deliverer: and he is sometimes a mighty prince, (dreams then make me a perfect romancer) and I am a damsel in distress. The milk-white palfrey once came in. All the marvellous takes place; and lions and tygers are slain, and armies routed, by the puissance of his single arm.

Now, do not those reveries convince you, that I owe all my uneasiness to what I suffered from Sir Hargrave's barbarity? I think I must take my aunt's advice; leave London; and then I shall better find out whether, as all my friends suspect, and as, to be ingenuous, I myself now begin sometimes to fear, a passion stronger than gratitude has not taken hold of my heart. Of this I am sure; my reasoning faculties are weakened. Miss Grandison says, that, in my illness at Colnebrook, I was delirious; and that the doctor they called in was afraid of my head: and should I suffer myself to be *entangled in a hopeless passion*, there will want no farther proof that my reason has suffered.

Adieu, my Lucy! What a letter have I written! The conclusion of it, I doubt, will of itself be a sufficient evidence of the weakness I have mentioned, both of head and heart, of
your

HARRIET.

On perusal of the latter part of this letter, [which I have enclosed in books] if you can avoid it, Lucy, read it not before my uncle.

LETTER VI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS
LUCY SELBY.

SAT. MAR. 4.

THIS morning Sir Hargrave Pollexfen made Mr. Reeves a visit. He said it was to him; but I was unluckily below; and forced to hear all he had to say, or to appear unpolite.

He proposed visiting my grandmother and aunt Selby, in order to implore their forgiveness; but Mr. Reeves diverted him from thinking of that.

He had not fought me, he said, at

Lady Betty Williams's, but he desired (on the character he had of me) to pay his addresses to preference to every other woman, had laid out for several opportunities to get into my company, before he was to dine there. Particulars I once had resolved to pay a visit to my uncle Selby, in Northamptonshire, and had got all his equipage ready to set out; but heard that he was come to town with Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He actually then set out, said, for Peterborough, with intent to propose the affair to my good friend Deane; but found that he was gone to Cambridge; and then being resolved to try his fate with me, he came to me, and hardly questioned succeeding, he understood that my friends had consented to my own choice; and knowing he could offer such proposals, as of the gentlemen who had made professions to me, were able to make intentions, therefore, were not to be despised, and such as arose upon what he said to me at Lady Betty Williams's, that part I supported in the conversation there, precipitated his declaration.

He was very unhappy, he said, and so mortally disobliged me; and rejected all his former pleas; his love, his love, I am sure, compassion, friendship, and I cannot tell what; insomuch that he had forgiven much greater injuries as was but too apparent.

I told him, that I had suffered more than he could have done, though the hurt was more visible than mine; nevertheless I forgave him; as the consequences had followed between him and my protector. — [My protector, I termed him] — But that he knew me before he made that barbarous attack, and I besought him never more to think of me; and he must excuse me, that this must be the very last time he ever would see him.

A great deal was said on both sides, my cousins remaining attentively all the time: and at last he insisted I would declare, that I never would be the wife either of Mr. Greville or Mr. Fenwick: assuring me, that the more he had taken to make me his, the more principally to his apprehension, Mr. Greville was more likely to be with me than any other man.

I owed to him, I told him, no declaration. But Mr. Reeves, in ridicule of his importunity, gave his opinion, that there was no ground for his apprehensions that I would

to either; and I did not contradict

Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Jordan, because they could get away from this importunate man, came to inquire for him. He owned, that they came in hope of seeing me; and besought me to favour them for one quarter of an hour

was resolved to withdraw: but, at Sir Hargrave's command, as impertinently given as officiously obeyed, Mr. Jordan's servant led them (his master, indeed, not contradicting) into the parlour where we were.

The two strangers behaved with great civility. Never did men run praises higher, than both these gentlemen gave to Charles Grandison.

And, indeed, the subject made me more at ease in their company than I should have been.

It is not possible, I believe, for the human mind to hear itself profusely praised, without some pain: but it is one of the sweetest pleasures in the world, to hear a whole company join in praising the absent person who is so high in our opinion: and especially if he be one to whose unexceptionable goodness we owe, and are not indebted to *own*, obligation.

That farther pleased me, was to hear Mr. Bagenhall declare, which he did in a very serious manner, that Sir Charles Grandison's great behaviour, as he justly called it, had made such impressions, not only upon him, but upon Mr. Merceda, that they were both determined to turn over a new leaf, was his hope; and to live very different lives to what they had lived; though they trusted, that they blessed God, from being the worst of men before.

These gentlemen, with Mr. Merceda and Sir Hargrave, are to dine with Sir Charles to-day. They both mentioned with great pleasure: but Sir Hargrave did not seem so well pleased, and doubted of his being able to persuade himself

that the invitation was given at Mr. Jordan's motion; who took hold of a slight mention of Sir Charles's; Mr. Jordan saying, that he resolved not to let any opportunity of improving an acquaintance with so extraordinary a

Sir Hargrave talked of soon leaving home, and retiring to one of his country-seats; or of going abroad, for two or three years, if he must have no hopes of seeing me!—
Alas! a wretch!

Yet he shewed so much dejection, and is so really mortified with the damage done to a face that he used to take pleasure to see reflected in the glass, (never once looking into either of those in the parlour he was in, all the time he staid) that I could once or twice have been concerned for him: but when I seriously reflect, I do not know whether his mortification is not the happiest thing that could have befallen him. It wants only to be attended with patience. He is not now an ugly man in his person. His estate will always give him consequence. He will now think the better of others, and the worse of himself; he may, much worse; and not want as much vanity as comes to his share.

But say you, my uncle, (as I fancy you do) that I also may spare some of my vanity, and not be the worse girl?—Ah, no! I am now very sensible of my own defects. I am poor, low, silly, weak—was I ever insolent? was I ever saucy? Was I ever—O, my uncle, hide my faults. I am mortified. Let me not reproach myself with having deserved mortification. If I did, I knew it not. I intended not to be saucy, vain, insolent—and if I was so, lay it to a flow of health, and good spirits; to time of life; young, gay, and priding myself in every one's love; yet most in the love, in the fond indulgence, of all you my good friends; and then you will have some of my faults to lay at your own doors; nor will you, even you, my uncle, be clear of reproach, because your correction was always mingled with so much praise, that I thought you were but at play with your niece, and that you levelled your blame more at the sex than at your Harriet.

But what have I written against myself! I believe I am not such a low, silly, weak creature, as I had thought myself. For just as I had laid down my pen with a pensive air, and to look into the state of my own heart, in order either to lighten, or to confirm, the self-blame I had so glibly written down, Lady L. in her chair, made us a visit. She came up directly to me: 'I am come to dine with your cousins and you, Miss Byron,' said she.—'Shall I be welcome? But don't answer me. I know I shall.'

Mrs. Reeves entered, and acknowledged the favour.

'Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and some of his brethren, are to dine with my brother,' said my lady; 'and I, not being

'being obliged to do the honours of the table, with my lord's consent, made my escape. I cannot endure the wretch who could make such a vile attempt upon you, and who might have murdered my brother.—Come, will you let me see what you are writing? You can forgive *Charlotte's* freedom: will you excuse her *sister's*?

'I cannot shew your ladyship *all* I have written; but I will read you some passages of the long letter before me.'

I told her my subject, and read to her such as I thought I *could* read. She raved at Sir Hargrave; wondered he had the confidence to approach me, especially with hope. She praised me; yet said to my cousin Reeves, that he ought to have been denied the house; and the rather, as I was myself very unwilling to see him.

I own, I thought so too. Both my cousins are *too* good-natured.

We had a great deal of talk about the duel that was so happily prevented. Lady L. gave us an account of that which her father fought; and to the issue of which they owed the loss of the best of mothers: and at, and after dinner, she piously expatiated on the excellences of that mother; and demonstrated, what I have often thought of great consequence, (my grandmamma's and aunt Selby's examples before me affording me the noblest proofs) that the conduct of women in their families is of high importance; and that they need not look out of them so often as they do, to employ themselves; and that not only in the most useful, but in the most delightful manner.

My Lord L. having broke from the company at Sir Charles's, did us the honour to drink tea with us. Every thing, he said, passed very agreeably among the gentlemen he had left; and it was his opinion, that his brother's noble behaviour, and the conversation that passed at table, and in which he left him and them engaged, would make more than one convert among them.

He told Lady L. that Sir Charles was to set out on Monday for Canterbury; [For Canterbury, Lucy!] and that he should take it for a favour, if she would give him her company for a few days to Colnebrook. Their new house, he said, would be ready to receive them in a week's time: it wanted nothing but a thorough airing. 'And if,' said he, 'you could prevail upon Miss Grandison to be with us till

her brother returns, and had could induce Miss Byron to fourth, we shall be the happiest in the world; and perhaps Sir Charles among us, on his for a day or two.' I bowed.

'I must tell you, my lord, that lotte and I thought to offer our place on Miss Byron to some public entertainments; but your ship's pleasure shall determine; and if we could be so happy as Miss Byron for our guest, I am my sister; and it would be my able wish.—Mr. Reeves—Mrs.—will you spare Miss Byron to

I looked as if for their leave. gave a smiling assent.

My lord and lady both expressed selves overjoyed.

This Canterbury ran in my head was brought in naturally enough. Mr. Reeves wondered, that Sir kept secret the motive of his joining thither backward and forward. 'godlike man,' said Mr. Reeves, words of a great poet, 'his conceal.'—'For my part,' replied lord, 'I conclude the motive more painful than a pleasurable one. lotte accuses her brother of reserve. I never found him reserved, loves to play with her curiosity, amuse her; for she is very yet has her secret.—Has the Lady L.?

'Indeed he has,' replied my lord. 'Perhaps you, my dear, will be trusted with it, when you are at brook together.'

'Pray, Madam,' said I to Lady L. 'may I ask?—Does Sir Charles Lord G. his interest in his address to Miss Grandison?'

LADY L. My brother wishes lotte married. He is a great friend to the married state; especially with regard to our sex.

Mr. Reeves could not miss the opportunity. 'It is a wonder,' said he, 'that Sir Charles himself does not of marriage.'

LADY L. That is a string but just touch sometimes, and There is a lady—

There she stops. Had she with earnestness at me, I had been done, I believe.

[Let me ask you, Lucy, have passed the fiery ordeal—Do ever find in yourself a kind of violence, next to petulance; and in heart (only for fear of exposing

that you were ready to quarrel, or short, with any-body that came you of a sudden! yet have no business of consequence to engage either fingers or your thoughts?—Of my dear, I have been very often troubled with this odd sensation. But whole temper is altering, I believe. I shall grow peevish, perverse, and, I doubt, O this wicked Sir Charles!

My dear, attend for the future to those indexes or hands; and forbear to read out the passages inclosed by me, if you can—But if you come upon them before you are aware, why then—on—with all my heart.

But to return to Lady L.'s alarming letter—There is a lady—

MRS. REEVES. That Sir Charles is, I suppose.

LADY L. That loves Sir Charles; she has—But for the lady's sake—if it be allowable for any woman to be in love with any man, upon an uncertainty of return, it is for one that I love with my brother.

HARRIET. And cannot Sir Charles give a return?—Poor lady!

My cousin afterwards told me that her upper lip then quivered like an aspen-leaf. I did not know that it did. I was not a trembling at my heart; when the lip trembles, the heart, I think, should be affected. There must be a close connexion between

MRS. REEVES. Miss Grandison told me that, if her brother married, half a dozen women would break their hearts.

LADY L. The words *half a score* run off the tongue as *half a dozen*: I believe, let the envious, the censorious, malign our sex, and charge us with the love of rakes and libertines; they will, if all men were like my brother, there would not be a single man, and hardly a bad one in the world.—What say you, my lord?

LORD L. My dear life, you know I shall pay all attention, whenever you, or my sister Charlotte, make our brother the subject of your panegyric.—If, Miss, you do not chuse to hear so much said of the best of men, you will, I doubt, have an ill time of it in the future you will do us at Colnebrook.

HARRIET. My lord, I should be very ungrateful, if I did not hear with pleasure every thing that shall be said in praise of Sir Charles Grandison.

LORD L. When I am out of conceit with men, as too often they give me

cause to be, I think of my brother, and forgive them.

I wonder, Lucy, what every body means by praising Sir Charles Grandison so much in my hearing!—Shall I fly from town, to avoid hearing his praises?—Yes, say you?—But whither? It must not be to Selby-house. Well, then, I may as well go to Colnebrook. I shall there be informed of the reason for all those general applauses; for hitherto I know nothing of his history, to what they tell me I am to know.

These general praises carried us away from a subject that I thought we should once have made more of.—*That one lady*—And I wanted to know, but had no opportunity to inform myself, whether that lady's relations; or herself, live at Canterbury. On Monday, in seems, Sir Charles sets out for that Canterbury!

Our noble guests would not stay supper. They had not been gone two hours before I had an humorous letter from Miss Grandison. I inclose it.

* SAT. NIGHT, 10 O'CLOCK.

'LORD and Lady L. rejoice me, by telling me, you will accompany them to Colnebrook on Monday.—That's my good girl!—I will go with them for the sake of your company. Yet I had half denied them: And why? Because, if you must know—But hush—and catch a mouse—Because a certain impertinent proposes a visit there; and I had thoughts to take the opportunity of being alone in town, to rid my hands for ever of a silly fellow, of whom, for one month, a great while ago, I thought tolerably.

'You and I, Harriet, will open to each other all our hearts. There is one chamber that has two beds in it. We will have that. Our dressing-room shall be common to both. Lady L. is a *morning-killer*; she always loved her bed; so we shall have charming opportunities for tête à tête conversation.

'I will drink tea with you to-morrow—No, but I won't: you and your cousins shall drink tea with us.—Do you hear? I won't be denied. And then we'll settle how it shall be. I'll tell you what, my dear—If, on my brother's return from Canterbury, he comes to us at Colnebrook, we will call him to account for all his reserves. Here is this affair of Pollexfen's: How might it have ended!—I tremble to think

'think of it—You'll stand by me:
'Won't you? I cannot make Lord and
'Lady L. of my party, or I would have
'rebelled before now—But you and I,
'my dear, I warrant you—Yet you are
'so grave. Were you always such a
'grave, such a wife, such a *very* wife
'girl, Harriet? Was your grandfather
'a very sententious man? Was his
'name *Solomon Shirley*?

'I love wisdom as well as any body:
'but wisdom, out of it's place, is a
'prude, my dear. How I ramble!—
'You'll come to-morrow—I designed
'but two lines. Adieu. Believe me
'ever yours,

'C. G.'

I hope, Lucy, I was not wrong in so readily consenting to go to Colnebrook. My own inclination, indeed, was in my compliance: and I begin to mistrust myself, wherever that strongly leads. Yet why should I under-value myself? I know my heart to be good. In that I will not yield to any body. I have no littleness in my mind: *naturally* I have not. Guard me, O my friends! by your prayers, that no littleness, that is *not* natural to my heart, may depreciate it, and make me unworthy of the love you have ever shewn to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VII.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS
LUCY SELBY.

SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

MY cousins will have it, that I am far gone in a certain passion, [*They speak quite out;*] and with a man that has given no encouragement—Encouragement! how meanly sounds that word! But I hope they are mistaken. I cannot say, but I might prefer, if I were to have my choice—one man to another—But that is a different thing from being run away with by so *vehement* a folly as they are ready to ascribe to me.

Well, but, under this notion, they are solicitous that I should not neglect any opportunity [What a poor creature do they think me!] of *ingratiating* myself with the sisters: and therefore I must, by all means, accept of Miss Grandison's invitation to tea.

I insisted, however, that they should accompany me, as they likewise were invited: And they obliged me—I may say *themselves* too; for they admire the brother and sisters as much as I do.

We found together Lord and Lady L. Miss Grandison, Miss Jervoise, Bertlett; and Mr. Grandison. Charles was in his drawing-room, joining to the study; a lady with them said. What business had I to know whether it was an elegant young lady? But I must tell you my follies. When we alighted, a very genteel chair made way for coach.

Mr. Grandison made up to me, as heretofore, said very silly things with an air, as if he were accustomed to say such, and to have them received as gallant things, by those to whom he dressed them. How painful it is in mind not quite at ease, to be obliged to be civil, when the ear is invaded by contemptible speeches, from a man who must think as highly of himself in uttering them, as meanly of the understanding of the person he is speaking to!

Miss Grandison saw me a little while, and came up to us. 'Mr. Grandison said she, "I thought you had known Miss Byron's character by this time." She is something more than a pretty woman. She has a *soul*, Sir: she who makes a compliment to her beauty, depreciates her understanding.'

She then led me to her seat, and down next me.

Mr. Grandison was in the middle of a fine speech, and was not well pleased. He sat down, threw one leg over the knee of the other, hemmed three or four times, took out his snuff-box, tapped it, let the snuff drop through his fingers, then broke the lumps, then shut it, and twirled it round with the fore-finger of his right-hand, as he held it between the thumb and fore-finger of the other, and was quite like a fustian boy. After a while, tried to recover himself, by forcing a laugh at a slight thing, which two said in company, that was not intended to raise one.

I think, my dear, I could have added a little more for him, had his name been Grandison.

We soon adjusted every thing for our little journey. Mr. Grandison told Miss Grandison, that if she would do him amends for her treatment of him now, she should put Lord L. upon visiting him. Lord and Lady L. were to do so. But Miss Grandison would not admit of his going; and I was not of it.

'But, not to affront you, cousin,

Miss Byron and I want to have a deal of particular conversation: I shall not be able to spare you an hour of my company at Colnebrook. But I am sorry, Sir: my brother sets out for Canterbury to-morrow; tell him I won't be troubled with your letter: ask him, if he will?' In those words neither, cousin mine: but I will offer attendance; if he accepts of it, I shall be half as happy as if I went to Colnebrook; and half as bowing to me.'

Now, you are a good docible of a man! I want to hear what my brother's answer: for we cannot say a syllable, nor can guess his business at Canterbury.'

A great equipage being brought in, and Sir Charles's voice, compelling a lady to her chair; and who, in engagement for declining to go with his sister. And then he came to the parlour to us. He addressed the ladies, who were next him, with great politeness. He then came to Miss Byron, who was next him, and said, 'How does my good Miss Byron? I am glad to hear you are all well and happy. They are all of them in love with you. But you must have been pained—I was pained for when I heard they had visited you. But extraordinary merit has overcome all your former misdeeds and forfeitures to pay.'

'I am sure then,' thought I, 'you have a great many.' Every time I think he rises upon me in the selfishness of his behaviour. He is one agreeable piece of news to me, Madam. Sir Hargrave will go for a twelvemonth. He says, he cannot be in the same kingdom with me, and not see you. He hopes, however, to lessen the torment, by his absence from the temptation. Mr. Bagenhall and Mr. Merceda will go with

whispering me, he said, 'From the letter of the penitent, that Mr. Bagenhall's circumstances are not happy, and that he is much in the power of Sir Hargrave. I have prevailed on the latter, in consideration of the other's accompanying him abroad, to make him go. And, would you believe it? I can you forgive me?—I have prevailed on Sir Hargrave to consent to give me the promised 100l. To induce me to do this, Merceda (influenced by arguments I urged, founded on the happy fellow's confessions in that

letter) offered 50l. more for his past services to himself: and both, as a proof of the sincerity of the promised reformation. Wilton shall not have the money, but upon his marrying the girl to whom he is contracted: and on my return from a little excursion I am making to Canterbury, I shall put all in a train. And now, let me ask you once more, can you forgive me for re-warding, as you may think it, a base servant?'

'O Sir! how can I answer you?—You told me at Colnebrook, that we were to endeavour to bring good out of the evil from which you had delivered me. This, indeed, is making your words true in a very extensive sense: to make your enemies your friends; to put wicked men into a way of reformation; and to make it a bad man's interest to be good—Forgive you, Sir!—from what I remember of that poor wretch's letter, I was obliged to him myself: though vile, he was less vile than he might have been. The young woman behaved with tenderness to me at Paddington: let me, therefore, add 50l. to Mr. Merceda's 50l. as an earnest that I can follow a noble example.'

'You charm me, Madam,' said he, 'I am not disappointed in my opinion of you—Wilton, if he give hope of real penitence, shall not want the fourth 50l.—It would be too good in you, so great a sufferer as you were by his wickedness, to give it: but it will become a man to do it, who has not been injured by him, and who was the occasion of his losing the favour of his employer; and the rather as he was an adviser to his fellow-agents to fly, and not to fire at my servants, who might have suffered from a surdier villain. He has promised repentance and reformation: this small sum will give me a kind of right to enforce the performance.—But no more of this just now.'

Miss Jervois just then looking as if she would be glad to speak with her guardian, he arose, and taking her hand, led her to the window. She was in a supplicating attitude, as if asking a favour. He seemed to be all kindness and affection to her—Happy girl!—Miss Grandison, who had heard enough of what he said of Wilton, to be affected, whispered me, 'Did I not tell you, Harriet, that my brother was continually employed in doing good? He has inven-

tion;

'tion; forecast, and contrivance: but you see how those qualities are all employed.'

'O Miss Grandison,' said I, 'I am such a nothing!—I cannot, as Sir Hargrave says, bear my own little-ness.'

'Be quiet,' said she—'you are an exceeding good girl! but you have a monstrous deal of pride. Early I saw that. You are not half so good as the famous Greek, who losing an election for which he stood, to be one of three hundred only, thanked the gods, that there were in Athens (I think it was) three hundred better men than himself. Will you not have honour enough, if it can be said, that next to Sir Charles Grandison, you are the best creature in the world?'

Sir Charles led his ward to a seat, and sat down by us.

'Cousin Charlotte,' said Mr. Grandison, 'you remember your treatment of me, for addressing Miss Byron, in an open, and I thought, a very polite manner: pray where's your impartiality? Sir Charles has been shut up in his study with a lady who would not be seen by any body else.—But Sir Charles may do any thing.'

'I am afraid it is too late, cousin,' said Miss Grandison; 'else it would be worth your while to try for a reputation.'

'Has Charlotte, Mr. Grandison,' said Sir Charles, 'used you ill? Ladies will do as they please with you gallant men. They look upon you as their own; and you wish them to do so. You must bear the inconvenience for the sake of the convenience.'

'Well, but, Sir Charles, I am refused to be of the Colnebrook party—absolutely refused. Will you accept of my company? Shall I attend you to Canterbury?'

'Are you in earnest, cousin Grandison? Will you oblige me with your company?'

'With all my heart and soul, Sir Charles.'

'With all mine, I accept your kind offer.'

This agreeably surprized his sisters as well as me: but why then so secret, so reserved, to them?

Mr. Grandison immediately went out to give orders to his servant for the journey.

'A good-natured man!' said Sir Charles.—'Charlotte, you are some-

times too quick upon him—not!'

'Too quick upon him!—I have hopes of him; for he is shamed: that was not always the case with him. Between your goodness and my quickness, we shall make something of him in time.'

Mr. Grandison immediately rose, and we lost something that Sir Charles was going to reply. But, by some accident, he dropped, the purport was to his sister for not sparing Mr. Grandison before company.

'I imagine, Sir Charles, that you take Mr. Grandison with you; may venture to ask a question; will you go to any family at Canterbury, that we have heard of?—It is good, I am sure.'

'Your eyes have asked me that question several times, Charlotte, not at making secrets of any thing I do. I need not on this score. Yet you, Charlotte, have your secrets.'

He looked grave.

'Have I my secrets, Sir Charles? Pray what do you mean?'

She coloured, and seemed touched.

'Too much emotion, Charlotte, a kind of confession. Take care. Then turning it off with a smile—'Mr. Grandison, I am revealing a cause. Alarming spirits love to be alarmed.'

'So, Harriet!' (whispering to me) 'am silenced. Had I told you my heart, I should have half spoiled you. How he has flattered Lady L. this is owing to your perping her behind my chair.'

'I know nothing; therefore I say nothing.—Conscience, cousin Charlotte,' re-whispered Lady L.

She sat still, and was silent for some while; Lord and Lady L. smiling, seeming to enjoy her agreeable confusion. At last—'But, Sir Charles,

'always had secrets. You got me two or three of mine without asking.—You—'

'Don't be uneasy, my Charlotte, I expected a prompt, not a delicate reply. My life is a various life; things I had better not have myself. See, Charlotte, if I am serious, you will make me so; not any motives of action; I am sure are either capricious or cunning. [Surely, Lucy, he cannot be

wrote to you about his reserves!—
 't he looked at me.' Only this
 hint, my sister: whenever you con-
 sult me, let me have
 thing before me, that shall be
 to enable me to form a judg-
 —But why so grave, Charlotte?
 all I have said, as a revenge
 Grandison's cause, in gratitude
 obliging offer of accompanying
 Canterbury.'

cannot you reward him, Sir Charles,
 by punishing me?

good question, Charlotte.—But
 you take what I have said in that

have done for the present, Sir: but
 when you return, we shall
 to an éclaircissement.'

is it one?—Will not better
 more interesting subjects have
 place by that time?—And he
 at her with an eye of particular

is he beginning to wind about
 whispered she to me, 'as I told
 at Colnebrook: were he and I
 he'd have me before I knew
 I was. Had he been a wicked
 he would have been a very wicked

was visibly uneasy; but was
 to say any more on the subject.

L. whispered—'Ah! Charlotte,
 are taken in your own toils. You
 better let me into your secret. I
 bring you off, if I could.'

quiet, Lady L.'

then talked of the time in the
 of our setting out for Colnebrook.

I thought I read Miss Emily's
 in her eyes.—'Shall we not have
 pleasure of Miss Jervois's com-
 said I to the sisters.

bowed to me, and smiled.

the very thing that Miss Jervois
 petitioning to me for,' said Sir
 'and I wished, ladies, to
 the motion come from one of

shall go with us, I think,' said
 Grandison.

thank you, Madam,' said she: 'I
 take care not to break in upon you
 continually.'

that, dost thou too think we have
 child.'

content with your usual grace,
 Charlotte: are you not too easily
 and? Sir Charles spoke this

very thing you say, Sir Charles,
 this one.

19.

'I ought then to be very careful of
 what I say. If I have given my sister
 pain, I beg her to forgive me.'

'I am afraid to go on,' whispered
 she to me. 'Were he and I only toge-
 ther, my heart would be in his hand
 in a moment.'

'I have only this to observe, Miss
 Grandison,' whispered I;—'When
 you are too hard upon me, I know to
 whom to apply for revenge.'

'Such another word, Harriet; and
 I'll blow you up!'

What could she mean by that?—
 'Blow me up!' I have locked up my
 aunt's last letters, where so much is said
 about *entangling*, and *inclination*, and so-
 forth. When any thing occurs that we
 care not to own, I see by Miss Grandi-
 son, that it is easy for the slightest hint
 to alarm us.

But Sir Charles to say so seriously as
 he did, 'That his life was a various
 life;' and that 'he had better not
 have known some things himself;
 affects me not a little. What can a
 man of his prudence have had to dis-
 turb him? But my favourite author
 says—

'Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant;
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer. E'en the best must own,
 Patience and resignation are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth.—'

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

But so young a man! so prudent! as
 I said; and so generally beloved! But
 that he is so, may be the occasion.—
 Some lady, I doubt!—What sad people
 are we women at this rate! Yet some
 women may have the worst of it. What
 are your thoughts on all these appear-
 ances, Lucy?

Miss Grandison, as I said, is uneasy.
 These are the words that disturb her:
 'Only this one hint, my sister: when-
 ever you condescend to consult me, let
 me have every thing before me that
 shall be necessary to enable me to form
 a judgment.'

And so they would me in her case.

But it seems plain from Sir Charles's
 hint, that he keeps to himself (as Miss
 Grandison once indeed said in his fa-
 vour) those intelligences which would
 disturb her, and his other friends, to
 know. The secret which he would have
 made of the wicked challenge, his self-
 invited breakfasting with Sir Hargrave,
 are proofs, among others, of this: and

if this be his considerate motive, what a forward, what a censorious creature have I been, on so many occasions, to blame him for his reserves, and particularly for his Canterbury excursions! I think I will be cautious for the future, how I take upon me to censure those actions, which in such a man I cannot account for.

Miss Grandison, on her brother's withdrawing with Dr. Bartlett, said, 'Well, now that my cousin Grandison will accompany my brother to Canterbury, we shall have that secret out in course.'

LADY L. It seems to be your fault, Charlotte, that we have not had it before.

MISS GR. Be quiet, Lady L.

MR. GR. Perhaps not. You'll find I can keep a secret, cousin; especially if I am desired to do so.

MISS GR. I shall wonder at that.

MR. GR. Why so?

MISS GR. Shall I give it you in plain English?

MR. GR. You don't use to mince it.

MISS GR. It would be strange, cousin, if a man should make a secret of an innocent piece of intelligence, who has told stories of himself, and gloried in them, that he ought, if true, to have been hanged for.—You would have it.

MR. GR. I knew I must have the plain English, whether I asked for it or not. But give me leave to say, cousin Charlotte, that you made not so superior a figure just now.

MISS GR. True, Mr. Grandison. There is but one man in the world of whom I stand in awe.

MR. GR. I believe it; and hope you never design to marry, for that reason.

MISS GR. What a wretch is my cousin! Must a woman stand in awe of her husband?—Whether, Sir, is marriage state of servitude or of freedom to a woman?

MR. GR. Of freedom, as women generally make it.—Of servitude, if they know their duty.—Pardon me, ladies.

MISS GR. Don't pardon him.—I suppose, Sir, it is owing to your consciousness, that you have only the will, and not the spirit, to awe a woman of sense, that you are a single man at this day.

LADY L. Pray, my lord, what have I done, that you treat me with so much contempt?

LORD L. *Courage!* my lord! How is that?

LADY L. You seem not to be worth your while to answer me.

MISS GR. Lord, my dear! we are mistaken in applying this to L. Lord L. is a good man, of a good man: none but rakes hold over-awing doctrines. They know they deserve; and live in our fear of meeting with their deserts, and so, if they marry, having hearts of slaves, they become tyrants. Miss Byron—

MR. GR. The devil's in it if ladies want help. I fly the pit.

LORD L. And I think, Mr. Grandison, you have fought a hard battle.

MR. GR. By my soul, I do too! I have held it out better than to do.

MISS GR. I protest I think have. We shall brighten you up, us. I am mistaken if there were two or three smart things said by your cousin.—Pray, did any body tell them? I should be glad to hear again.—Do you recollect them, your cousin?

MR. GR. You want to draw me again, cousin Charlotte. But fetch me, if you do. I'll leave off. I am well.

MISS GR. Would you have it, Lady L. My cousin has discovered as well as *smartness*.—I congratulate Sir:—a new discovery!—But 'Tis time for both to have done.

Sir Charles entered. 'Mr. Grandison, a sufferer again?' said he.

MR. GR. No, no! Pretty well this bout!—Miss Byron, I have had a better end of the staff, I believe.

HARRIET. I can't say that. But you got off, I think, in very good time.

MR. GR. And that's a ridiculous what it used to be, I can assure you. Nobody ever could awe Miss Grandison.

MISS GR. Coward!—You were to begin again, would you?—Sir Charles loves to take me down.

MR. GR. Never, Madam, but you are up. [And laughed heartily.]

MISS GR. Witty too!—A fine repartee. A verbal wit!—And half as good as a punner at this time.

SIR CH. Fight it out, cousin Grandison. You can laugh on, though laugh of every other person here against you.

Ga. And thou, Brutus?—It is to have done.

I think these conversations characteristic, I hope the recital of them be excused. Yet I am sensible, things that go well off in conversation, do not always read to equal advantage.

They would fain have engaged us to supper: but we excused ourselves. I refused to breakfast with them.

I hope not to take my maid with me. It is to be made over to me occasionally, for the time of my stay. Dr. Bartolomew desired to be excused. So our party is only the two sisters, Lord L. Jervois, and I.

Charles and Mr. Grandison are to start for their journey early in the morning.

Adieu, my Lucy. It is late: and I must promise to besfriend your

HARRIET.

LETTER VIII.

MISS SELBY, TO MISS BYRON*.

MY DEAREST CHILD,

SELBY HOUSE, SUNDAY, MAR. 5.

WE are all extremely affected with your present situation. Such violent struggles betwixt your natural feelings of heart, and the confessions of a new passion, and that so lately founded, and so visibly increased by my love, you must not affect to resist; they will sit very awkwardly on a young woman who never knew affection and concealment were. I have laid me under a difficulty in respect to Lady D. She is to be with me on Saturday next. I have not said to her, though you desired I should; since, in truth, we all think, her proposals deserve consideration; because we are afraid, that a greater intimacy will never be yours and ours. Impossible, my dear, to imagine, such a man as Sir Charles Grandison should not have seen the woman whom he could love, before he saw you; whom he had not been engaged to by his gratitude, as I may call it, to your love. Has not his sister talked of a score ladies, who would break their hearts for him, were he to marry? And may not this be the reason why she does not?

You see what an amiable openness of heart there is in the Countess of D. You see, that your own frankness is a particular recommendation of you to her. I had told her, that you were disengaged in your affections: by your own disclaiming to her the proposed relation, you have given reason to so wise a lady to think it otherwise; or that you are not so much above affectation, as she had hoped you were. And though we were grieved to read how much you were pushed by Miss Grandison, yet Lady D. will undoubtedly make the same observations and inferences that Miss Grandison did. And what would you have me to do? since you cannot give a stronger instance of your affections being engaged, than by declining such a proposal as Lady D. made, before you have conversed with, or even seen Lord D. And it becomes not your character or mine, either to equivocate, or to say the thing that is not.

Lady L. you think, (and indeed it appears) hinted to Lady D. that Sir Charles stands not in the way of Lord D.'s application. I see not, therefore, that there can be any room to hope from that quarter. Nor will your fortune, I doubt, be thought considerable enough. And as Sir Charles is not engaged by affection, and is generous and munificent, there is hardly room to imagine, but that, in prudence, fortune will have some weight with him. At least, on our side, that ought to be supposed, and to make a part of our first proposals, were a treaty to be begun.

Your grandmamma will write to you with her own hand. I refer myself wholly to her. Her wisdom, and her tenderness for you, we all know. She and I have talked of *every thing*. Your uncle will not railly you, as he has done. We still continue resolved not to prescribe to your inclinations. We are afraid therefore of advising you as to this new proposal. But your grandmamma is very much pleased that I have not written, as you would have had me, a letter of absolute refusal to the countess.

Your uncle has been enquiring into the state of Sir Charles Grandison's affairs. We have heard so many good things of him, that I have desired Mr. Selby to make no farther enquiries, un-

* This Letter, and the two that follow it, are inserted in this place, though not received, till Miss Byron was at Colnebrook, for the sake of keeping entire the subject entire upon from thence.

less we could have some hopes of calling him ours. But do you, my dear, nevertheless, omit nothing that comes to your knowledge, that may let us know in him what a good man is and should be.

His magnanimity in refusing to engage in a duel, yet acquitting himself so honourably, as to leave no doubt about his courage, is an example, of itself, of a more than human rectitude of thinking and acting. How would your grandfather have cherished such a young man! We every one of us admire and revere him at the same time; and congratulate you, my dear, and his sisters, on the happy issue of the affair between him and that vile Sir Hargrave.

You will let me know your mind as to the affair of Lord D. and that by the next post. Be not rash: be not hasty. I am afraid I pushed your delicacy too much in my former. Your uncle says, that you are at times not so frank in directly owning your passion, as from your natural openness of heart he expected you would be, when a worthy object had attracted you: and he triumphs over us, in the imagination, that he has at last detected you of affectation in some little degree. We all see, and own, your struggle between virgin modesty and openness of heart, as apparent in many passages of your letters; and we lay part of your reserve to the apprehensions you must have of his raillery: but after you have declared, 'That you had rather converse but one hour in a week with Sir Charles Grandison,' (and his sister you put in: and sisters are good convenient people sometimes to a bashful, or beginning lover, of our sex) 'than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known; and that, mean as the word *pity* sounds, you would rather have his pity than the love of any other man.'—Upon my word, my dear, you need not be backward to speak quite out. Excuse me, my child.

I have just now read the inclosed. Had I known your grandmamma could have written so long a letter, I might have spared much of mine. Hers is worthy of her. We all subscribe to it; but yet will be determined by your next, as to the steps to be taken in relation to the proposal of Lady D. But if you love, be not ashamed to own it to us. The man is Sir Charles Grandison.

With all our blessings and prayers for you, I bid you, my dear love, Adieu.

MARIANNA SELBY.

LETTER XL

MRS. CHARLEY, TO MISS SELBY.

DON'T be afraid, don't be afraid, my dear child, to tell me your whole heart to your dear sister. You know how we all don't up. It is no disgrace for a young woman to be in love with a worthy man. Love is a natural passion. As I shewn, I am sure, if ever your nature did shew, that you are no indiscreet person. Not that with all his gaiety; not that with all his adulation; not the more able Orme, with all his obsequiousness; nor yet the imploring Fowler; nor the terrifying, the shocking Sir Pollexfen; have seen the least vanity or weakness in you. How pily have you steered through difficulties, in which the love of being often involve meaner minds! And have you, with mingled dignified courtesyness, entitled yourself esteem and even veneration, of whom you refused! And why refused? Not from pride, but from principle; and because you could not love any of them, as you thought you to love the man to whom you gave hand.

And at last, when the man spoke to you, who was worthy of you, who had so powerfully protected you from the lawless attempt of a cruel pretender; a man who proved to be the best of brothers, friends, lords, masters, and the bravest of men; is it to be wondered at, if a heart, which never before should discover sensibility, and acknowledge it's fellow heart?—What then can you have for shame! As I seek my Harriet to draw a curtain between herself and her sympathizing friends? You see, my dear, that above speaking slightly, because of uncertainty, of a man that the world praises. Nor are you so weak as to be treated with such policy.

You were not educated, my dear, in artifice. Disguises never sat in any woman, as they do, in your late letters, upon you. A child in love-matters would speak out. But be it your glory, what our wishes are, or are not, that your affection is laudable; the object of it is not a man upon a standing, profligate in morals, and did in degree; but such an one

our friends are as much in love with you can be. Only, my dear love, Harriet, the support of my life, and part of my evil days, endeavour, for the sake, and for the sake of us all, to gain so far your laudable inclination as that, if it be not your happy lot to give us, as well as yourself, so great a blessing, you may not suffer your health, (a health so precious to me) and put yourself on a foot with the girls run away with by their strong passions. The more desirable object, the nobler the conquest of your passion, if it is to be overcome. Therefore, speak out, my dear, your heart to us, in order to intitle us to our best advice: and as to uncle Selby, do not let his railery hurt you. He diverts us as well as himself by it; he gains nothing over the arguments he affects to hold us; and, you must know, that his honest heart is wrapt up in his love for Harriet. Worthy man! He would not, any more than I, be able to support his spirits, were any misfortune to befall his niece.

Your aunt Selby has just now shewn me your letter to you. She repeats in it, a very strong expression in yours, 'that you had rather converse with this excellent man but one hour in a week, than be the wife of any man you have ever seen or known.' It is a strong expression; but to me, is an expression worthy to your honour; since it shews, that the mind, and not the person, is the principal object of your love.

I knew that, if ever you did love, it would be a love of the purest kind. Therefore it has not so much person in it, as most loves; suffer it not to triumph over your reason; nor, because you cannot have the man you could wish, resolve against having any other. I have not taught you, that marriage is a duty, whenever it can be entered into with prudence? What a mean, selfish mind must that person have, whether man or woman, who resolves against entering into it, because it has its cares, its fatigues, its inconveniences! Try Sir Charles Grandison, my dear, by this.

If he forbears to marry on such motives, this must be one of his greatest imperfections. Nor be afraid. No man is absolutely perfect. Sir Charles may have engagements, from which he cannot free himself. My Harriet, I hope, will not fall away to a passion, which is not

likely to be returned, if she find that to be the case. You hope, you presently said in one of your letters, 'that you shall not be undone by a good man.' After such an escape as you had from Sir Hargrave, I have no fear from a bad one: but, my child, if you are undone by a good one, it must be your own fault, while neither he nor his sisters give you encouragement.

I know, my dear, how these suppositions will hurt your delicacy: but then you must doubly guard yourself; for the reality will be worse wounding to that delicacy than the supposition ought to be. If there be but one man in the world that can undo you, will you not guard against him?

I long to fold my dearest Harriet to my fond heart; but yet, this that follows is the advice I give, as to the situation you are now in: lose no opportunity of cultivating the friendship of this amiable sisters. [By the way, if Miss Grandison guesses at your mind, she is not so generous in her railery as is consistent with the rest of her amiable character.] Never deny them your company, when they request it. Miss Grandison has promised you the history of their family. Exact the performance of that promise from her. You will thus come at farther lights, by which you may be guided in your future steps.—In particular, you will find out, whether the sister espouse the interest of any other woman; though Sir Charles's reservedness, even to them, may not let them know the secrets of his heart in this particular. And if they do not espouse any other person's interest, why may they not be made your friends, my dear?—As to fortune, could we have any hint what would be expected, we would do every thing in our power to make that matter easy; and must be content with moderate settlements in your favour.

But as I approve of your aunt's having forbore to write, as you would have had her, to Lady D. What shall we do in that affair? it will be asked.

What? Why thus: Lady D. has made it a point that you are disengaged in your affections; your aunt has signified to her that you are; you have given that lady a hint, which you say, overclouded her brow. She will be here on Saturday next. Then will she, no doubt, expect the openest dealing.—And she ought to have it. Her own frankness demands it; and the character we have hitherto supported, and I hope

hope always shall support, requires it. I would therefore let Lady D. know the whole of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's attempt, [You, my dear, was so laudably frank as to hint it to her] and of the generous protection given you by Sir Charles Grandison. Truth never leaves room for self-reproach. Let your aunt Selby then own, that you had written to her; declining, with the most respectful gratitude, the honour intended you: which she could no otherwise account for than by supposing, and indeed believing, that you would prefer Sir Charles Grandison, from motives of gratitude, to any other man; but that you knew nothing of his engagements; nor had reason to look upon any part of his behaviour to you, but as the effect of his general politeness; nor that his sisters meant more by calling you *sister* than their *brother's sister* as well as *theirs*.

All this shall be mentioned to Lady D. in *strict confidence*. Then will Lady D. know the whole truth. She will be enabled, as she *ought*, to judge for herself. You will not appear in her eye as guilty of affectation. We shall all act in character. If Lady L. and Miss Grandison did (as you suppose) acquaint Lady D. that you were not addressed by their brother, they will be found to have said the truth; and you know, my dear, that we should be as ready to do justice to others veracity as to our own. She will see, that your regard for Sir Charles (if a regard you have, that may be an obstacle to her views) is owing to a laudable gratitude for his protection given to a young woman, whose heart was *before* absolutely disengaged.

And what will be the consequence?—Why, either that her ladyship will think no more of the matter, and then you will be just where you were; or, that she will interest herself in finding out Sir Charles's engagements: and as you have communicated to Lady L. and Miss Grandison the letters that have passed between Lady D. and your aunt, together with the contents of yours, so far as relates to the proposal; and as Lady D. is acquainted with those two ladies; she will probably inform herself of *their* sentiments in relation to the one affair and the other; and the matter on every side, by this means, will sooner come to a decision than probably it can any other way.

I don't know whether I express myself clearly. I am not what I was: but

blest be God that I am what I did not think, that, in this time, I could have written to you I have. But my dear Harriet, subject; and her happiness is ever been, my only care, since the husband of my youth, the dear one divided with me that, and all who had a love for you equal to my own; and who, I think, would have given just advice. What Mr. Shirley have thought? How he, in the like case, have addressed the questions I always ask myself, before I give my opinion in any cases, especially in those which concern you.

And here let me commend a moment of yours, that is worthy of dear grandfather's pupil: 'I despise myself,' say you, 'I am not capable of keeping one man's peace, while I was balancing my vote of another.'

Good young creature, hold fast your principles, whatever befalls you: upon this world as you have been taught to look upon it. I have not to a great age: yet, to look back to the time of my youth, when I was not a stranger to the hopes and fears that now agitate you, what a blessing does it seem to be! Nothing would my wishes to be released but my own of seeing the darling of my heart, sweet orphan-girl, happy in a man's protection. O that it could be in—But shall we, my dear, go to Providence? How know we that has designed for Sir Charles Grandison? His welfare is the concern of hundreds, perhaps. He, compared to us, is as the publick to the private: hope we are good people: *Collectively*, I am sure, we are good. *Individually*, however, is not the way by which we shall be judged hereafter. But for him, we are but as that private.

Don't think, however, my dear, that I have lived too long to be affected of what most affects you. Of pleasures, your pains, I can partake. Your late harassings, I deride so lovely a blossom, cost me a pang; and still my eyes bear witness to my sensibility, as the cruel knowledge at times read to me again, or as I call them to memory. But all I need to arm you against feeling too long when it is known, the event is now hidden in the bosom of Providence: should it, as is but too likely, be unfavourable.

have a great deal of writing upon
hands. We cannot dispense with
that. But if you write to your
sister, (as the time till next Sa-
thday is short) that will be writing to

preserve, direct, and bless, my
orphan-child!—This is the hour-
of your ever affectionate grand-

HENRIETTA SHIRLEY.

LETTER X.

HARRIET BYRON, TO MRS.
SELBY.

COLNOROCK, TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

Be the favour of yours, and of
my dear grandmamma's, just
at me. The contents are so
good, that, though in full assem-
bly I may say, in this delightful
letter, I begged to be permitted to
read to them. Miss Gran-
damma saw my confusion, my puzzle,
shall I call it? To be charged so
by my dear aunt!—Such apparent
contradiction!—And were they, Madam, so
apparent?—A young, a new passion!
so visibly increasing!—Pray, Ma-
dam, if it be so, it is not at it's height—
it is not, while but in it's progress,
dearable?

Have I been guilty of *affectation*?
—If I have, my uncle has
been very merciful to the awkward girl.
—Do you think it impossible, Ma-
dam, that he has seen women whom he
loved, before he saw me? Very
likely! But was it kind to turn the
gratitude upon me in such a man-

ner to see what an amiable openness of
heart there is in Lady D. I admire her
and for her other matronly qua-

What can you do, Madam?
—Can I do? That is the question,
upon as I am, by my grand-
mamma as well as by you, to speak still
more plain as in your opinion I had
said, and indeed in my own, now I
write the free sentence, drawn out and
separated from the rest of the letter.
—Grandmamma forgives, and even
excuses me, for this sentence. She en-
courages me to speak still plainer. It
is disgrace, she says, for a woman to
be in love with a worthy man.
—It is a natural passion, she tells me:
—It cautions me against suffering it to
triumph over my reason; in short, not
till there shall be a certainty of
success. And so I can love as I will,

when I will, nay, when I will; for if he
won't have me, I am desired not to re-
solve against marrying some other;
Lord D. for example, if he will be so
good as to have me.

Well, but upon a full examination
of my heart, how do I find it, now I
am called upon by my two most vena-
rable friends, to *undraw the curtain*, and
to *put off the disguises* through which
every child in love-matters finds me out?
—shall I speak my whole heart?—To such
sympathizing friends surely I ought.
Well then, I own to you, my honoured
grandmamma and aunt, that I cannot
think of encouraging any other address.
Yet have I no hope. I look upon my-
self as presumptuous; upon him as too
excellent, and too considerable; for he
has a great estate, and still greater ex-
pectations; and as to personal and in-
tellectual merit, what woman can de-
serve him!—Even in the article of for-
tune only, you think that, in prudence,
a man so munificent should look higher.

Be pleased, therefore, Madam, in
conformity to my grandmamma's ad-
vice, to tell Lady D. from me, That
I think her laudable openness deserves
like openness.—That your Harriet was
disengaged in her affections, absolutely
disengaged, when you told her that she
was:—Tell her what afterwards hap-
pened:—Tell her how my *gratitude* en-
gaged me!—That, at first, it was no
more; but that now, being called up-
on, on this occasion, I have owned my
gratitude exalted, [it may not, I hope,
be said *debased*, the object so worthy]
into—Love—Yes, say *Love*—since I act
too *awkwardly* in the *disguises* I have as-
sumed:—That, therefore, I can no
more in *justice*, than by *inclination*, think
of any other man:—And own to her,
that her ladyship has, however, engaged
my respectful love, even to reverence,
by her goodness to me in the visit she
honoured me with; and that, for her
sake, had I seen nothing objectable in
Lord D. upon an interview, and farther
acquaintance, I could have given ear to
this proposal, preferably to any other
that had yet been made me, were my
heart as free as it was when she made
her first proposal. And yet I own to
you, my venerable friends, that I al-
ways think of Mr. Orme with grateful
pity, for his humble, for his modest
perseverance. What would I give to
see Mr. Orme married to some very
worthy woman, with whom he could
be happy!

Finally, bespeak for me her lady-
ship's

ship's favour and friendship; but not to be renewed till my lord is married—And may his nuptials be as happy as wished to be by a mother so worthy! But tell her, at the same time, that I would not, for twelve times my lord's reward a year, give my hand to him, or to any man, while another had a place in my heart; however unlikely it is, that I may be called by the name of the man I prefer.

But tell Lady D. all this in confidence, in the strictest confidence; among more general reasons regarding the delicacy of our sex, for fear the family I am with, who now love, should hate, and, what would be still worse, despise, your Harriet for her presumption!—I think I could not bear that!—Don't mind this great blot—forgive it—it would fall—my pen found it before I saw it.

As to myself; whatever be my lot, I will endeavour to reap consolation from these and other passages in the two precious letters before me:

'If you love, be not ashamed to own it to us—The man is Sir Charles Grandison.'

'My affection is laudable: the object of it is a man not mean in understanding; nor profligate in morals; nor sordid in degree. All my friends are in love with him as well as I.'

'My love is a love of the purest kind.'

'And I ought to acquiesce, because Sir Charles, compared to us, is as the publick to the private. Private considerations, therefore, should be as nothing to me.'

Noble instructions! my dearest two mammas! to which I will endeavour to give their full weight.

And now let me take it a little unkindly, that you call me your *orphan-girl*! You two, and my honoured uncle, have supplied all wanting relations to me: My father then, my grand-mamma, and my other mamma, continue to pray for, and to bless, not your orphan, but your real daughter, in all love and reverence,

HARRIET BYRON-SHINLEY-SELBY.

LETTER XI.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

COLNEBROOK, TUESDAY, MARCH 7.

HERE I am, my dear Lucy, returned to this happy abode: but

with what different feelings! first time I entered it, my heart fluttered, when one of the servants, who attended in the back, pointed out to us a command of the ladies, the very first the two chariots met, and the began! The recollection may yet do I not owe to that coincident the friendship I am adorned with so amiable a family!

Miss Grandison, ever obliging, indulged me in my choice of room to myself. I shall have leisure for writing to you, my friends.

Both she and Lady L. are diligent with me to shew them their letters in our correspondence; and Grandison says, if that will oblige me to oblige them, they will be some of their brother's—Who not be tempted by such an excuse am now more than half-afflicted, surely, in such a heap of business written, there is something that read to them. Shall I be permitted you think, to have my letter read to them for this purpose? The rest these ladies on what I shall think shew them, will be of great use in settling my judgment. I have thrown out many things of dom; and being a young creature, not passed the age of fancy, have those sentiments which are not heard, been very superficial. How be otherwise!

The conversation in the coach upon their own family, (for I claim to Miss Grandison's promise on that head;) from which gathered the following particulars.

Sir Thomas Grandison was one of the handsomest men of his time; had a great notion of magnificence; living; and went deep into all the reasonable diversions, except gaming, cards and dice; though he ran as expensive, but which he called blarney; valuing himself upon breed of race-horses and hounds upon his kennel; in both which he was extravagant to perfection.

His father, Sir Charles, was as gay as Sir Thomas was profane; was a purchaser all his life; and his son, besides an estate of ten year in England, and near as much in Ireland, rich in money.

His lady was of a noble family; to Lord W. She was, as you have ready been told, the most excellent

I was delighted to see her daughters bear testimony to her merits, and to their own worth, by tears. It was impossible, in the case of so good a woman, not to love my own mamma; and I could not, on the remembrance, joining in with theirs.

Jervois also wept: not only from effects of nature and sympathy; but, owned, from regret, that she had the same reason to rejoice in a living mother, as we had to remember affectionately the departed.

I have written, and shall farther, to the disadvantage of Sir Thomas Grandison, I gathered from what dropt by one lady, and by the other at different times; for it was not to observe with what hesitating reluctance they mentioned any qualities, with what pleasure his faults; heightening the one, and denigrating the other. O my Lucy, could their hearts have overflowed with praises, had they had such a father, and excellent man, as Sir Thomas! Sweet is the remembrance of good parents to good children! Grandison brought a great fortune to Sir Thomas. He had a fine position, which he was fond of cultivating. Though his fortune was so great, it was his person and his verses that won the lady from several competitors. He had not, however, her talents. He was a poet; and I have often heard my grandfather say, that to be a poet requires a heated imagination, which often runs away with the judgment. The lady took the consent of all her friends for her choice; but there seemed to drop from Lady L. that she was dissatisfied, because it was her choice; and Sir Thomas, from the day he entered upon his estate, set out in a way that every body concluded would diminish.

He was, however, a kind husband, and a good father. His good sense and his good nature, and the pride he took to be one of the best-bred men in England, secured her complaisant treatment. Grandison had qualities that were one of the best and tenderest of his eye and her ear had certain-ly her. I believe a woman, who loves a man whom every body admires, the man be not good, must be that he will have calls and invitations that will make him think the life of a domestic man beneath

She endeavoured, at setting out, to engage his—*companionableness*—shall I call it? She was fond of her husband. He had reason to be, and was, proud of his wife; but when he had shewed her every where, and she began to find herself in circumstances which ought to domesticate a wife of a much gayer turn than Lady Grandison pretended to have, he gave way to his predominant bias, and after a while, leaving the whole family care to her, for her excellence in every branch of which he was continually praising her, (he did her that justice) he was but little at home in the summer; and, in the winter, was generally engaged four months in the diversions of this great town; and was the common patron of all the performers, whether at plays, operas, or concerts.

At first setting out in this way, he was solicitous to carry his lady with him to town. She always cheerfully accepted of his invitation, when she saw he was urgent with her to go. She would not give a pretence for so gay a man to throw off that regard to appearances, which pride made him willing to keep up. But afterwards his invitations growing fainter and fainter, and she finding that her presence lengthened the time of his stay in town, and added greatly to his expences, (for he never would abate, when they were together, of that magnificence in which he delighted to live in the country) she declined going up: and having by this time her three children, she found it was as agreeable to Sir Thomas as to herself, that she should turn her thoughts wholly to the domestic duties. Lady Grandison, when she found that she could not bring Sir Thomas to lessen his great expences, supposed it to be wisdom to endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to enable him to support them without discredit to himself, or visible hurt to his family. The children were young, and were not likely to make demands upon him for many years to come.

Here was a mother, my dear! Who will say, that mothers may not be the most useful persons in the family, when they do their duty, and their husbands are defective in theirs? Sir Thomas Grandison's delights centered in himself: Lady Grandison's in her husband and children. What a superiority! what an inferiority!

Yet had this lady, with the best economy, no narrowness in her heart. She

was beloved for her generosity and benevolence. Her poor neighbours adored her. Her table was plenteous. She was hospitable, as well from the largeness of her own heart, as to give credit to her husband; and so far to accommodate herself to his taste, as that too great a difference might not be between his absence and presence. As occasions offered, she would confer benefits in the name of a husband, whom, perhaps, she had not seen of months, and knew not whether she might see for months to come. She was satisfied, though hers was the *first* merit, with the *second* merit reflected from that she gave him: 'I am but Sir Thomas's almoner; I know I shall please Sir Thomas by doing this: Sir Thomas would have done thus. Perhaps he would have been more bountiful had he been present sent.'

He had been once absent from this admirable wife six whole months, when he left her but for one; he designed only an excursion to Paris, when he set out; but when in company as gay as himself, while he was there, he extended his tour; and, what was still more inexcusable, he let his lady hear from him by second-hand only. He never wrote one line to her with his own; yet, on his return, affected to surprise her by a sudden appearance, when she knew not that he was in England.

Was not this intolerably vain in him? The moment he appeared, so secure was he of his lady's unmerited love, that he supposed the joy she would break out into, would banish from her thoughts all memory of his past unkindness.

He asked her, however, after the first emotions, (for she received him with real joy) if she could easily forgive him?—'Forgive you, Sir?—Yes, if you can forgive yourself.'

This he called severe. Well he might; for it was just. Lady Grandison's goodness was founded in principle; not in tameness or servility.

'Be not serious, Sir Thomas,' said my lady; and flung her arms about him. 'You know by your question, you were unkind. Not one line from your own hand neither—But the seeing you now safe and well, compensates me for all the anxieties you have given me in the past six tedious months.—Can I say they were not anxious ones? But I pity you, Sir, for the pleasure you have lost by so long an absence. Let me lead you to the nursery; or, let the dear prattlers come

down to receive their father's blessing. How delightful is their dancing-son! Their improvements exceed hopes: of what pleasure do you deprive yourself by these long absences.'

'My dear Miss Grandison, write on. I am upon a sweet jest. Why will you tear me from Who, Lucy, would not almost be the wife, the half-sighted wife of gay Sir Thomas, to be a Lady Grandison?'

'One reflection, my dear Miss Grandison, let me make, before I say you, lest I should lose it: What who now, at one view, takes in the whole gay, fluttering life of Sir Thomas Grandison, though young, and fluttering, himself, can propose more happy than Sir Thomas to himself? What woman, who in manner, can take in the whole, prudent, serene, benevolent, Lady Grandison, whatever her pleasure, less solid, and more airy may have, sees not, from this sketch, all that they should be; and the transitory vanity of one, and the solid happiness that attend the other, as well here as after!'

'Dear lady!—had you not been so, how much better should I have expressed myself! I come. I come.'

LETTER XII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison has been making me read aloud some of the letter I had just writ to you. 'We know,' said she, 'it is about but we shall think what you have said, ten, greatly to our disadvantage; we cannot hear some of it.' She insisted (she is an arbitrary creature on my giving the company [it is tea, and Lord L. present] such stories as she should call for of my family. 'On this condition,' said she, 'will we consent to be fully known, as I find we shall do not steal away your pen and to our grandmother Shirley, my Selby, and even to our Lucy.'

Do not you think, Lucy, I was with pleasure in describing the temper and tempers of my father and mother, and relating their fortunes, loves, and difficulties; as my grandmother's aunt had enabled me to do, from

used to recount in many a long day, and in many a wintering, as we girls sat at work—Happier times!—Aye, but do you believe she did not question me about later times? She did, indeed, call upon me for other histories.

And of whom? methinks you

won't tell you, Lucy: but if my mother should be solicitous to know, and I guess that my uncle's and hers (entertaining and instructive) was the history of a young lady, discretion got the better of her, and who cannot be dearer to her than she is to me, is the other—perhaps, neither my aunt, nor my dear, may be much mistaken.

Thinks I would fain rise now and to my former *serene pertness*: [All of the words so connected?] My heart is heavy.

They were delighted with a certain man's humorous character and his lady's prudence and goodness, in the one story: and in the other, with the young lady's discretion. They wish to be better acquainted with each, and my grandmamma. All the worthies of the world, my dear, are not in the Byron family!

Now I resume the continuation of my family-history, let me ask; you think, my dear, that God blessed these happy children, for the sake of their excellent mother? And I know, but for their duty to their deserving father? It is my notion, the person's remissness in duty, there is a reciprocal one, does involve the other party from the assistance of his. It is difficult, indeed, to love so well a faulty or remiss person as a kind and good one. But duty is indispensable; and where it is, a blessing may the rather be expected, as the parent has not done his duty. *You do well, and suffer it,* says the apostle, *ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*—Not to mention consideration, which, however, ought not to be left out of the account; a good child will be no less benefited by the warning, as Sir Charles no less by the example, as he is from his excellent mother.

L. referred to the paper given by the short-hand writer, for the

occasion (as mentioned by Sir Charles) to which these three worthy children owed the loss of such a mother. And this drew her into a melancholy relation of some very affecting particulars. Among other things, she said, her mother regretted, in her last hours, that she had no opportunity, that she could think just and honourable, to lay by any thing considerable for her daughters. Her jewels, and some valuable trinkets, she hoped, would be theirs: but that would be at their father's pleasure. 'I wish,' said she, 'that my dear girls were to have between them the tenth part of what I have saved—' But I have done but my duty.'

'I have told you, Charlotte,' said the countess, 'what my mother said to me, a few hours before she died; and I will repeat it to Miss Byron.—After having, upon general principles, recommended filial duty, and brotherly and sisterly love, to us all; and after my brother and sister had withdrawn; "My dear Caroline," said she, "let me add to the general arguments of the duty I have been enforcing upon you all, one respecting your interest, and let your sister know it. I am afraid there will be but a slender provision made for my dear girls. Your papa has the notion rivetted in him, which is common to men of ancient families, that daughters are but incumbrances, and that the son is to be every thing. He loves his girls; he loves you dearly; but he has often declared, that, were he to have entire all the fortune that descended to him from his father, he would not give to his daughters, marry whom they would, more than 5,000*l.* a piece. Your brother loves you; he loves me. It will be in his power, should he survive your father, to be a friend to you.—Love your brother."

'To my brother afterwards she said something: I believe, recommending his sisters to him; for we coming in, boy as he was in years, but man in behaviour and understanding, he took each of our hands.—You remember it, Charlotte?' [both sisters wept;] 'and kneeling down, and putting them in my mother's held-out dying hands, and bowing his face upon all three—"All, Madam—All, my dearest, best of mamma's, that you have enjoined—"

'He could say no more; and our arms were wet with his tears.—'

"Enough, enough, my son; I distress you!"—And she kissed her own arm.—"These are precious tears—You embalm me, my son, with your tears—O how precious the balm!"—And she lifted up her head to kiss his cheek, and to repeat her blessings to the darling of her heart.

Who could refrain tears, my Lucy, on the representation of such a scene? Miss Jervois and I wept, as if we had been present on the solemn occasion.

But, my Charlotte, give Miss Byron some brief account of the parting scene between my father and mother.—She is affected as a sister should be. Tears, when time has matured a pungent grief into a sweet melancholy, are not hurtful: they are as the dew of the morning to the green herbage.

"I cannot," said Miss Grandison—
Do you, Lady L.

Lady L. proceeded—"My father had long kept his chamber, from the unhappy adventure which cost him and us all so dear. My mother, till she was forced to take to her bed, was constantly his attendant: and then was grieved she could not attend him still.

At last, the moment, happy to her, long dreaded by us, the revealing moment, approached. One last long farewell she wished to take of the man who had been ever dear to her, and who had cost her so dear. He was told of her desire to be lifted to his bed-side in her bed; for one of his wounds (too soon skinned over) was broken out, and he was confined to his bed. He ordered himself to be carried, in a great chair, to hers. But then followed such a scene—

All we three children were in the room, kneeling by the bed-side—praying—weeping—O how ineffectually!—Not even hope remaining—"Best beloved of my soul!" in faltering accents, said my mother, her head raised by pillows, so as that she sat upright—"Forgive the desire of my heart once more to see you!—They would not bring me to you!—O how I distress you!" for my father sobbed; every feature of his face seemed swelled almost to bursting, and working as if in mortal agonies.—Charlotte, relieve me."

The sweet lady's eyes were drowned in tears.

"I cannot," said Miss Grandison; her handkerchief spread over her face.

Miss Emily sobbed. She held her

hand before her eyes: her tears ran through her fingers.

I was affected beyond measure, besought her to proceed. She on.

"I have endeavoured," said my mother, in broken sentences, "it will—
"wifh—it was my pride; indeed, my chiefest pride—to be a good wife."
"O my dear!—You have been my father could not say what."

"Forgive my imperfections, Sir Thomas."
"O my dearest life! you had no imperfections: I, I, was all imperfect."
He could not speak out the words of his tears.

"Bless your children in my father's name."
"God hitherto has blessed them."
"I will continue to bless them."
"continue to deserve their father's blessing. Dear Sir Thomas, do love them, bless them in my father's name."
"I doubt not your goodness to do so."
"but the blessing of a dying man joined with that of a surviving man—must have efficacy!"

"My father looked earnestly to me."
He could not speak.

"My brother, following my father's dying eye, which was cast upon me, arose from his knees, and, approaching my father's chair, caught me in his arms about his neck. "God bless my son," said he, "make him a better man than I am." My mother, demanding the cheek of her beloved son, said, "bless my dearest child, and make him an honour to your father's name, and to your mother's memory."

"We girls followed my brother's example."

"God bless my daughters!" said my father, "bless you, sweet loves!" said my mother; first kissing one, then the other, as we knelt.—"God make you good women as your mother is, then, will you deserve to be blessed."
"God bless you, my dear girls!" said my mother, "bless you both," said my father, kissing each, "as you are dear to your father, and as you are dear to your mother."
"another—I hope I have given you a bad example."

"My father began to accuse me."
"My brother, with the piety of the arch's two best sons, retired, and might not hear his father's confession."
We followed him to the farther end of the room. The manly youth sat between us, and held a hand

seen his: his noble heart was panted; he two or three times lifted hand of each to his lips. But he only once speak, his heart seemed ready to burst; and that was, as I remember, "O my sisters!—comfort yourselves!—But who can say comfort—These tears are equally our and our relief."

My mother retained to the last that profusion of mind which had ever distinguished her. She would not permit either to proceed with his self-accusation. "Let us look forward, my dear, my only love," said she. "I have a blessed hope before me: I will as well as pray for, survivors. You are a man of sense, Sir, and of enlarged sentiments: God direct you according to them, and comfort you! My fear was (and that more particularly for some of the last past months) that I should have been the last survivor. In a very few moments all my sufferings will be over; and God give you, when you come to this unavoidable period of human vanity, the same happy prospects that are now opening to me." O Sir! believe me, all worldly things are now nothing; *less* than nothing: even my love of you, and of those dear pledges of our mutual love, holds not *now* my wishes after a happier state. There may we meet, never be separated!—Forgive me, my beloved husband, if I have made you for one hour unhappy—*easy*—forgive the petulances of a dying wife!"

"Who can bear this goodness?" said another. "I have not deserved—" "Dear Sir, no more—Were you not my husband of my choice?—And now grief affects me—Leave me, Sir. Bring me back again to earth—Preserve you, watch over you, support you. Your hand, Thomas Grandison, the name that is ever so pleasant in my ears! your dear Sir! your heart was my treasure: I have now, and only now, a dear treasure, a diviner love, in my dear Adieu! and in this world for ever adieu, my husband, my friend, my Grandison!"

She turned her head from him, sunk on her pillow, and fainted; and so she had not the grief to see, the tender heart of my father overcome; he fainted away, and was carried in his chair by the servants who brought him in. He was in a strong

convulsion fit, between his not half-cured wounds and his grief: and recovered not till all was over with my blessed mother.

"After my father was carried out, she came to herself. Her chaplain was once more admitted. The fatal moment approached. She was asked, if she would see her children again. "No," she said; but bid her last blessing be repeated to them, and her charge, of *loving one another*, in the words of our Saviour, as *she had loved us*: and when the chaplain came to read a text which she had imperfectly pointed to, but so as to be understood, she repeated, in faltering accents, but with more strength of voice than she had had for an hour before, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith—There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and then, her voice failing, she gave signs of satisfaction, in the hope of being entitled to that crown; and expired in an ejaculation that her ebbing life could not support."

O my Lucy! may my latter end, and the latter end of all I love, be like hers! The two ladies were in speechless tears; so was Miss Jervois, so was I, for some minutes. And for an hour or two, all the joys of life were as nothing to me. Even the regard I had entertained for the excellent son of a lady so excellent, my protector, my deliverer, had, for some hours, subsided, and was as nothing to me. Even now that I have concluded this moving recapitulation, it seems as nothing; and the whole world, my dear, is as a bit of dirt under my feet.

LETTER XIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE son was inconsolable upon his mother's death. He loved his father, but next to adored his mother. His father, though he had given so little attention to his education, was excessively fond of him: and, no doubt, but he the more easily satisfied himself on this head, as he knew his remissness was so well supplied by his lady's care, which mingled with the cares of the masters of the several sciences, who came home to him, at her desire.

A deep melancholy having seized the young gentleman on a loss so irreparable, his father, who himself was greatly grieved, and the more, as he could not but

but reproach himself as having at least hastened that loss, was alarmed for his son; and yielded to the entreaties of General W. brother of Lord W. to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to the young gentleman, an officer under him, who had been wounded, and obliged to quit the military service. Sir Thomas allowed his son 800*l.* a year, from the day of his setting out on his travels, which he augmented afterwards to 1000*l.* Sir Charles was about seventeen when his mother died.

The two daughters were taken by Lady W. But she dying in about twelve months after Lady Grandison, they returned to their father; who, by that time, had pretty well got over his grief for the loss of his lady, and was quite recovered of the wounds which he received in the duel that cost her her life.

He placed over his daughters, as governors, (though they both took exceptions at that title, supposing themselves of age to manage for themselves) the widow of one of his gay friends, Oldham by name, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thomas's had done. Men of strong health, I have heard my grandfather say, and of a riotous turn, should not, in mere *compassion*, keep company with men of feebler constitutions, and make them the companions of their riots. So may one say, I believe, that extravagant men, of great and small fortunes, are equally ill suited; since the expences which will but shake the one, will quite demolish the other.

Mrs. Oldham had fine qualities, and was an economist. She deserved a better husband, than had fallen to her lot; and the young ladies having had a foundation laid by a still more excellent manager, received no small advantage from her skill in family affairs. But it was related to me with reluctance, and as what I must know on a farther acquaintance with their family, if they did not tell it to me, that Sir Thomas was grateful to this lady in a way that cost her her reputation. She was obliged, in short, in little more than a twelvemonth, to quit the country, and to come up to town. She had an indisposition, which kept her from going abroad for a month or two.

Lady L. being then about nineteen, and Miss Grandison about sixteen, they had spirit enough to oppose the return of this lady to her charge. They under-

took themselves to manage every thing at the capital seat in Hampshire.

Sir Thomas had another fear. Thither, on the reluctance of the ladies to receive again Mrs. Oldham, he carried her; and they, as well as any body else, for some time, apprehended they were actually married. Sir Thomas was handsome; well defended; and she became so unhappily sensible of his favours and presents by which Sir Thomas made way to her heart, that an untainted character when he was as a governess to the young ladies.

Was not Sir Thomas very, very kind with regard to this poor woman? She had already suffered enough from her husband, to whom the remarkable she performed her duty—Poor woman! The example to his own daughters was an abominable one. She was the friend of his friend; she was under his protection: thrown into it by her own circumstances.—Were not these considerations to his crime?—Happy for parents who live not to see such examples as attended this child! Thinking, it seems; not undeservedly from whom they thought they had not happily married to Mr. Oldham—he, poor man! thought himself very happy in Sir Thomas Grandison's acquaintance; though it ended in emulating him in his expences, much less estate; in the ruin of his fortune, which, indeed, was his own; and in the ruin of his wife's reputation, which was more Sir Thomas's than hers.—May I say so?—If I may (since women, whose glory is their purity, must not yield to temptation) not the husband, however, seemed to answer for, who, with his eyes lived at such a rate, against his dutiful remonstrances, and became ample, as reduced her (after his death) to the necessity of dependence on another's favour, and *such another*!

Sir Thomas was greatly displeased with his daughters, for resisting the return of their governess. He thought the reason of her withdrawing a secret, because he wished it to be so, and yet her disgrace was, at the time every where talked of, but in disguise.

This woman is still living. She has two children by Sir Thomas, who are also living; and one by Mr. Oldham. I shall be told more of her history, when the ladies come to give me some account of their brother's.

Thomas went on in the same gay way that he had done all his life. The love of *pleasure*, as it is called, was wrought into his habit. He gave to it, and to what he called

He was deemed one of the best of his generation among men, and one of the best men among women. His address of person and mind were snares

Mrs. Oldham was not the only woman of her sex with whom he was intimate. He had another mistress in town, and a taste for all its gaieties, and he assumed his name.

He would now and then, by way of sport, and to surprize the young Miss Grandison Hall; but though he once the seat he most delighted in, he gave, nor seemed to receive, pleasure there; hurrying away on his errands, as if he had escaped from it; never father had more reason to be angry with the conduct and duty of his children: and this he often decried, boasting of them in their absence, but snubbing, chiding, and finding fault with them, when

what equally surprized and ashamed them, was, that his son had not been a year abroad, when he prohibited him to write to, or correspond with, and, by their brother's discontinue to write to them, from about the same time, they supposed that he was under the same prohibition: and so, it was.

They presumed, their father's reason for this unkind prohibition was, his dislike to his gaieties would have been the subjects of the correspondence; and the rather, as those gaieties were likely to affect all three in their

young ladies, however, for some time continued writing to their brother. Miss Grandison, in mentioning this, in her usual sprightly manner, never had any notion of obeying unreasonable commands; commands as to be unreasonably and the called upon me to conform in her notion. The countess directed me to speak my mind on this

am apprehensive,' said I, 'of your partiality in this respect: they make themselves their own guides in the performance or nonperformance of a duty, inclination, I am sure, will too often be their guide, rather than right reason. They will not, perhaps, to call those com-

mands unnatural, which are not so unnatural as this seems to be.'

'But, Harriet,' said Miss Grandison, 'would not you have written on, in the like circumstances?'

'I believe not,' replied I; 'and partly for this reason; because I should have had no doubt but my brother would have the same prohibition; and I should only have shewn my brother, as well as my father, (were my father to know it) an instance of my refractoriness, without obtaining the desired end; or, if my brother had written, I should have made him a partaker in my fault.'

'Your answer regards the policy of the thing, Harriet,' said Miss Grandison: 'But ought an unnatural command—'

There she stopped: yet by her looks expected me to speak.

'I should have thought it hard; but that it was more meritorious to submit, than the contrary. I believe I should have supposed, that my father might have reasons which might not appear to me.—But pray, ladies, how did your brother—'

'O, he was implicit—'

'Will you forgive me, ladies?—I should have been concerned, I think, that my brother, in a point of duty, though it were one that might be disputable, should be more nice, more delicate, than his sister.'

Miss Emily looked as if she were pleased with me.

'Well, you are a good girl, a very good girl,' said Miss Grandison: 'that, whether your doctrine be just or not, is out of dispute.'

This prohibition gave the sisters the more sensible concern, as they were afraid it would lay a foundation for distance and indifference in their brother to them; on whom, as their mother had presaged, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have a too great dependence; but more particularly at that time, as their brother had promised, at his taking leave of them, to write a regular account of all that befel him, and of all that was curious, and worthy of notice, in the courts and places he visited; and had actually begun to do so; and as he had asked their advice in relation to his governor, who proved not so proper a person for that employment, as was expected: and to which they had answered, without knowing, for some time, what was the resolution he took.

They asked their father, from time to

to time, after the welfare of their brother. He would answer them with pleasure, and sometimes with tears in his eyes, 'He is all that is *dutiful, brave, pious, worthy!*' And would sometimes add, '*God reward him! I cannot.*' But when he mentioned the word *dutiful*, he would look at them, as if he had in his thoughts their resisting him in his intention of reinstating their governors; the only time, they could recollect, that they had given him the shadow of displeasure.

The ladies went on, and said, That Sir Thomas, in all companies, gloried in his son. And once Lord W. who himself, on his lady's death, openly indulged himself in liberties which before he was only suspected to take, [O my Lucy! how rare a character, in this age, is that of a virtuous man!] told some gentlemen, who wondered that Sir Thomas Grandison could permit a son so beloved to be absent from him so many years, that the reason Sir Thomas gave, was, that his son's morals and his own were so different, that he should not be able to bear his own consciousness, if he consented to his return to England. The unhappy man was so habituated to vice, that he could talk familiarly of his gaieties to his intimates, seeming to think them too well known for him to endeavour to conceal them; but, however, would add sometimes, 'I intend to set about altering my course of life; and then will I send for my son.' But, alas! Sir Thomas went on from year to year, only *intending*: He lived not to begin the promised *alteration*, nor to see his son!

Yet one awakener he had, that made him talk of beginning the alteration of his way of living out of hand, and of sending for his son; which last act was to be the fore-runner of his reformation.

It happened, that Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with when in town, was struck with the small-pox, in the height of her gaiety and pleasure; for she was taken ill at the opera, on seeing a lady of her acquaintance there, whose face bore too strongly the marks of the distemper, and who, it seems, had made her first visit to that place, rather than to a better. The malady, aided by her terror, proved mortal; and Sir Thomas was so much affected with the warning, that he left town; and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, went down to his daughters; talked of sending for his

son; and, for some few months, like the man of sense and understanding, he was known to be.

LETTER XIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. returned from his journey about the time that Mrs. Farnborough was taken ill. He had received some presents to Sir Thomas Grandison, who took all opportunities to shew him over curiosities, some of considerable value; which served at the time to shew his economy, and his gratitude. He forgot not, in his way, his letters, though his accompanying letters were short, and merely polite, and such as required no other answer than that only they could discover by them, that he had warm wishes to be allowed to return to England; but such a concession to his father's pleasure, was to give up his own.

Sir Thomas seemed fond of London, and setting out, on Mrs. Farnborough's death, for Grandison Hall, gave an invitation to visit him there; but he would listen with pleasure to her together, to him, or to any one, who would talk, and give him some account of his son. How predominant were those passions, those habits in his heart, which could take place of a so laudably paternal!

In pursuance of this invitation, Lord L. attended him at the Hall; and there, in love with the eldest of the young ladies. He revealed his passion to her. She referred herself wholly to her father. Sir Thomas could not be blind to the mutual affection. Every body saw it. Lord L's passion was of the ardent kind, and he was too honest to wish to conceal it. But yet Sir Thomas would not give it. He behaved, however, with freedom and civility to my lord; and the heart of the young lady was sensibly engaged; but Sir Thomas seized several opportunities, which the lady had lain in wait for, to open his eyes, and make proposals.

At last, my lord desired an audience of Sir Thomas, as upon a subject of the last importance. The baronet, after some little delays, and not without inauspicious reluctance, granted him, and then my lord revealed his passion.

Sir Thomas asked him, if he had made it known to his daughter; but yet must have seen, on an hour

at breakfast, at dinner, at supper, how matters stood with the lovers; if Miss Grandison's account of the matter may be depended upon.

L. owned he had; and that he had her leave to make proposals to her, to whom she wholly refused.

Thomas seemed uneasy; and answered, he was sorry for it: and his lordship had not put such in the girl's head. Both his daughters would now be set a romancing, he supposed. They were, till modest young creatures, he said. Women should not too soon break out of themselves for happiness. He had known many quiet and girls set a madding by the women. He did not know what young fellows had to find out in other men's daughters; parents of those daughters had in themselves leisure to discover a daughter of his, he hoped, had encouraged such discoveries. It was out as yesterday, when they were in the arms of their nurses; and he supposed, they would be set a romancing after wedlock.

an odd father was Sir Thomas Lacy! His own life, it is said, had passed away very plea-

and he could hardly bear to think, of either of his daughters marriageable yet. 'They have not nursed in the town hot-beds, my lord. They are sober country and good housewives. I love that girls should marry before they have done growing. A young man makes a vapourish mother. I was their age—But twenty-six, or twenty-eight, is time enough for a man, either for the sake of modesty or discretion, to marry.'

may like gay men for husbands, some of us do; but, at this rate, daughters must be very good girls, to make their best surties to mothers, and thank them for their care; or the fathers must be attentive to their growth than Sir Thomas was to that of his daughters. — I said I—I am here afraid of

was surprized; and well he might. Sir Thomas had forgot, as L. observed, that he himself was not too young at heart to be Lady Grandison's

My lord was a modest man, he was begging (as it may be called) the young woman, whom of all the women in the world he loved best, of her father, who was a man that knew the world, and had long made a considerable figure in it; and who, for reasons which would have held with him had he lived to see her forty, had no mind to part with her. Yet my lord planted his passion, her great and good qualities, as acknowledged by himself; and modestly hinted at the unexceptionable character of his own character, and the favour he stood in with his son; not saying the least word of his birth and alliances, which some lovers of his rank would not have forgot; and, it seems, he was right in forbearing to make those accidents a plea; for Sir Thomas valued himself upon his ancestry; and used to say, that his progenitor, in James the First's time, disraced it by accepting of the title of Baronet.

Sir Thomas allowed something to the plea of his standing well with his son: 'Let me tell you, my lord,' said he, 'that I shall take no step in a family affair of this consequence, without consulting with my son; and the rather, as he is far from expecting so much of my consideration for him. He is the pride of my life.'

My lord desired, that his suit might be put upon the issue of his son's approbation.

'But pray, my lord, what fortune do you expect with my girl? Well as you love her, I suppose the return of her love for yours, which you seem not to doubt, will not be enough. Can the poor girl be a countess without a confounded parcel of dross fastened to her petticoat, to make her weight in the other scale?'

'My circumstances,' said my lord, 'permit me not, in discretion, to make that compliment to my love, which my heart would with transport make, were they better: but I will lay them faithfully before you, and be determined by your generosity.'

'I could not but expect from a young man of your lordship's good sense such an answer as this: and yet I must tell you, that we fathers, who know the world, expect to make some advantage of a knowledge that has cost us so much. I should not dislike a little more romancing in love, from a man that aspires for my daughter, though I care not how little of it is shown in my son to another man's. Every father

"*Wishes thus; my lord; but is not for himself as to see it.*"

"I am sure, Sir Thomas, that you would not think a man worthy of your daughter, who had no regard to any thing but the gratification of his own wishes; who could think, for the sake of that, of involving a young lady in difficulties, which she never knew in her father's house."

"Why, this, my lord, is well said. You and I may afford to make handsome compliments to one another, while compliments are only expected. I have a good share of health: I have not quitted the world so entirely, nor think I ought, as to look upon myself as the necessary tool of my children, to promote their happiness at the expence of my own. My lord, I have still a string relish for the pleasures of this world. My daughters may be women grown: your lordship seems to have found out, that they are; and has persuaded one of them, that she is; and the other will be ready to think she is not three years behind her. This is an inconvenience which you have brought upon me. And as I would be glad to live a little longer for myself, I wish you to withdraw your suit; and leave me to do as well as I can with my daughters. I propose to carry them to town next winter. They shall there look about them, and see whom they could like, and who could like them, that they may not be liable to after-repentance, for having taken the first man that offered."

My lord told Sir Thomas, that he hoped there could not be reason to imagine, that any thing could possibly arise from his address that should be incompatible with the happiness of a father. And was going on in the same reasonable strain; but Sir Thomas interrupted him—

"You must not, my lord, suppose I can be a stranger to whatever may be urged by a young man on this subject. You say you are in love: Caroline is a girl that any body may love; but I have not a mind she should marry so soon. I know the inconvenience of early marriages. A man's children treading upon his heels, and *shouldering* him with their shoulders: in short, my lord, I have an aversion to be called a grandfather, before I am a *grey* father." [Sir Thomas was not put to it to try to overcome this aversion.] "Girls will start up, and look up, and pe-

rests cannot help but be in the way of their education. It is the way of their education, that I am sure I am not in partnership in. I should I divide my former vices, when, making no allowances to themselves, is not too much for them. I should be their example. In a year or so of my old his future alliances I shall to add by them to the *all my family.*" [Ah, Lady] said to be former women men. Let us for that day their discretion, as well as —Let them say—

And here Sir Thomas broke off the conversation for that the great distress of Lord L. reason to regret, that he had wit, rather than a man of contended with.

Sir Thomas went directly closet, and sent for his two and, though not ill-natured, them both so much on their course, as he wickedly persisted on admitting Lord L. that neither of them could his head, for two or three days of fence; but, out of it, his Grandison found that he was and the more for Lord L. attachment, and Sir Thomas generous discouragement.

My lord wrote again to Grandison, to favour his lady L. permitted me to copy his answer to his application.

"MY LORD,

"I HAVE the honour of your ship's letter of the 10th. I shall love his sister better mine. As the natural object of love, I receive with pleasure the mention of your great and elder sister. As to myself, I have one objection; but this case! She is wholly my I also on his. The objection given me in this instance, I think me to him duty. It would look like the advantage of it, were I to offer my humble opinion, were pleased to consent to it. If he does, assure yourself that (my sister's inclination) lordship's former proposal will be warmly pursued."

"Forgive me, Sir Thomas: your son
"is right—And had not your other child
"died—"

"No, my lord: they were girls—
"And as to them, had I increased my
"fortune by parsimoniousness, instead of
"being like a man, I was determined as
"to their fortune—"

"But, as I was saying, when Lady
"Grandison died, I think (though
"every father does not; nor should I,
"were he not the best of sons, and
"did he expect it) the produce of her
"jointure, which is very considerable,
"should have been my son's. As to
"what I anxiously allowed him, that it
"was my duty to allow him, as my son,
"and for my own credit, had his mo-
"ther not brought me a shilling.—Then,
"my lord, I have been obliged to take
"up money upon my Irish estate; which
"being a family-estate, my son ought to
"have had come clear to him. You see,
"my lord, how I expose myself."

"You have a generous way of think-
"ing, Sir Thomas, as to your son: but
"a man of your spirit would despise me,
"if I did not say, that—"

"I have not so generous a way of think-
"ing for my daughters—I will save your
"lordship the trouble of speaking out,
"because it is more agreeable from my-
"self than it would be for any other man
"to do it. But to this answer, that the
"late Earl of L. your lordship's father
"had one son and three daughters—I
"have one son and two. He was an earl
"—I am but a simple baronet—If good
"a piece is enough for an earl's daugh-
"ters, half the sum ought to do for a
"baronet's."

"Your fortune, Sir Thomas—And
"in England, where estates—"

"And where living, my lord, will
"be five-times more expensive to you
"than it need to be, if you can con-
"tent yourself to live where your estate
"lies.—As for me, I have lived nobly
"—But had I been as rich as my father
"left me, good. should have done with
"a daughter, I assure you. You, my
"lord, have your notions: I have mine.
"Money and a girl you expect from
"me: I ask nothing of you. As mat-
"ters stand, if my girls will keep, (and
"I hope they will) I intend to make as
"good a bargain for them, and with
"them, as I can. Not near good, a
"piece must they expect from me. I
"will not rob my son more than I have
"done.—See, here is a letter from him.
"It is an answer to one I had written,
"on the refusal of a wretch to lend me,

"upon my debt, when I
"wanted to defray a debt
"which I had contracted in
"let, unless my son (though
"estate in fee) would join in
"ty. Does not such a man
"serve every thing?"

"I obtained a sight of this letter
"here is a copy."

"HONOURABLE SIR,

"I COULD almost say I
"that so superior a spirit as you
"ronchiate to comply with
"disagreeable and unnecessary
"But, at least let me ask, when
"you condescend to write to me
"occasion, as if for my comfort
"did you not send me the debt
"to sign? Let me beg of you, my
"and ever honoured Sir, that you
"not suffer any difficulties, that
"join to remove, to oppress me
"with doubts for one moment
"you not my father?—And did I
"give me a mother, whose name
"my glory? That I am, under
"owing to you. That I am due
"to your indulgence. Let me
"any thing! You have given me
"education, and I derive from
"spirit, that, by God's blessing,
"duty to you, will enable me
"my own fortune: and, in doing
"the foundation of it will be paid
"you will be intitled, for the
"tion, to my warmest gratitude
"mit me, Sir, to add, that, how
"come ever so small, I am ready
"live within it. And let me
"you to remit me but one half
"present bounty. My name
"established; and I will endeavour
"discredit my father. All I have
"aimed at; is, to be in condition
"to lay, than to receive as debt
"That your goodness has always
"me to do; and I am rich, by
"your munificence; richer, than
"your."

"Have you any thoughts, Sir,
"minding me to attend you at
"at the Hague; according to what
"you gave me in your last letter—
"if you do me this honour, please
"return with you to my native
"but I long to throw myself at
"and, wherever the opportunity
"that happiness shall be given me
"assure you personally of the
"duty of your

"CHARLES GRANVILLE

not such a letter as this, Lucy, to the heart a man of Sir Thomas Grandison's pride? Is not his pride?—Sir Thomas had an education as his son: yet not live within the compass of some of upwards of 7000*l.* a year. He called himself rich with 800*l.* a year; and though abroad, foreign countries, desired but half allowance, that he might contrive by the other half, to lessen the duties in which his father had indulged himself by his extravagance.

His father, Lady L. says, was affected with it. He w^{as}pt he blessed his and resolved, for his sake, to be more cautious in his wagerings than he hitherto been. Policy, therefore, had justified the young gentleman's cheerful compliance, had he not been guided by superior motives. Sir Thomas would not, I think one may be sure, have sacrificed to the unreasonable even of a father, the fortune to which he had an unquestionable right: but of generosity, amiable indeed, but as contrary to the justice every man owes to himself, and to whom one may hereafter depend upon, and what I have often heard my father lament in the instance of the worthy Mr. M. whose family has suffered from an acquiescence with a father's extravagance, for which *that* was only the more wretched.

Charles's is the true, the reasonable, the virtue, that keeps clear of every error.—O my dear! the Christian religion is a blessed religion! How does it all policy, as well as true greatness of mind, recommend that noble doctrine of returning good for evil!

LETTER XV.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MY lord repeated his request, that he might have Sir Thomas's consent to his nuptials, upon his own terms; and promised never to expect a single thing in dowry, but to leave the whole to time, and to his own convenience and pleasure.

'We know,' said Sir Thomas, 'what this means. You talk, my lord, of a young man. You ought not to speak (you once said it yourself) of solving a young woman you love, as well as yourself, in difficulties. I know the world, and what is best to be done, and you will think no more of my daugh-

ter. I have the best discretion. *First* love is generally *selfish*. It is seldom fit to be encouraged. Your quality, my lord, to say nothing of your merit, will procure you a rich wife from the city. And the city now is as genteel, as polite, as the court was formerly. The wives and daughters of citizens, poor fellows! are open as a gentry; and succeed pretty well, as to outward appearance, in the mimicry. You will, by this means, shake off all your father's sin. I speak in the language of young fellows, who expect a father to live entirely for them, and not for himself. Some sober young men of quality and fortune, abridged at the gaiety and extravagance of the modern women, will find out my girls; who, I hope, will have patience. If they have not, let them pursue their inclinations: let them take their *fill* of love, as Solomon says; and if they run their heads into a hedge, let them stick there by the horns, with all my heart!

See, my dear, what a man a rakish father is!—O, my good Lady Grandison, how might your choice have punished your children!

'I pray to God, Sir Thomas,' said my lord, bowing, but angry, 'I pray to God, to continue me in a different way of thinking from yours, if this be yours. Give me leave to say, you are too young a gentleman to be a father of grown-up children. But I must love Miss Grandison; and still, if possible, poor young lady! more than ever, for what has passed in this conversation.' And saying this, he withdrew.

Sir Thomas was very angry at this spirited speech. He sent for his daughter, and forbade her to receive my lord's addresses. He ordered her never to think of him: and directing Miss Charlotte to be called in, repeated his commands before her; and threatened to turn them both out of his house, if they presumed to encourage any address, but with his knowledge. 'And don't think,' said he, 'of going on to engage your affections, as a sensual forwardness is called, and then hope to take advantage of my weakness, to countenance your own. I know the world: I know your sex.—Your sister, I see, Charlotte, is a whining fool: see how she whimpers!—Be gone from my presence, Caroline!—and remember, Charlotte, (for I suppose this impatient lord's address to your sister will

go near to set you ago) that I expect, whether absent or present, to know of any application that may be made to you, before your liking has taken root in love, as it is called, and while my advice may have the weight that the permission or dissent of a father ought to have.

They both wept, curst, and withdrew.

At dinner, Miss Caroline begged to be excused attending her gay and arbitrary father; being excessively grieved, and unfit, as she desired her sister to say, to be seen. But he commanded her attendance.

Miss Charlotte Grandison told me what this wicked man [Shall I call Sir Charles Grandison's father so?] said on the occasion. 'Women's tears are but, as the poet says, the sweat of eyes. Caroline's eyes will not misbecome them. The more she is ashamed of herself, the less reason will she give me to be ashamed of her. Let me see how the fool looks, now she is conscious of her folly. Her bashful behaviour will be a half confession; and this is the first step to amendment. Tell her, that a woman's grief for not having been able to carry her point, has always been a pleasure to me. I will not be robbed of my pleasure. She owes it me for the pain she has given me.'

Lord L. and she had parted. He had, on his knees, implored her hand. He would not, he said, either ask or expect a shilling of her father: his estate would and should work itself clear, without injury to his sisters, or postponing their marriage. Her prudence and generosity he built upon: they would enable him to be just to every one, and to preserve his own credit. He would not, he generously said, for the beloved daughter's sake, utter one reflecting word upon her father, after he had laid naked facts before her. Those, however, would too well justify him, if he did. And he again urged for her hand, and for a private marriage. 'Can I bear to think with patience, my dearest Miss Grandison,' added he, 'that you and your sister, according to Sir Thomas's scheme, shall be carried to town, with minds nobler than the minds of any women in it, as adventurers, as female fortune-hunters, to take the chance of attracting the eyes and hearts of men, whether worthy or unworthy, purely to save your father's pocket? No, Madam: believe me, I love you

not for my own sake merely; Heaven knows you are dearer to me than my life, but for yours as well, and my whole future comfort. Convince you that I do. My Madam, has friendship for its own sake, and your worthy brother, once in argument, convinced me, that might be selfish; that friendship could not be disunited; and where were, that love was a cover only for baseness of heart, which might pretend to it to seek to gratify its own passion, at the expense of the pines or duty of the object presumed to be beloved.'

See, my Lucy!—Did we give you think of this nice but just distinction? And is not friendship a nobler band than love?—But is not Lord L. a good man? Don't you love Lucy?—Why have I not met with these notions before in the men I have known?

But Miss Caroline was not less generous than my Lord L. 'No scheme of my father's shall make me forget, she, the merits of Lord L. Your sister's affairs will be made easier in time. I will not embarrass you. Think not yourself under any obligation to me. Whenever any opportunity offers to make you easy all at once (for a mind so generous ought not to be laid under difficulties) embrace it; only let me look upon you as my friend, till envy to a happier woman, or unworthiness in Caroline Grandison, make me forfeit your good opinion. 'Generous creature!' said my Lord L. 'Never will I think of any other while you are single. Yet will I fetter her, who would leave me free.—May I, Madam, hope, if you not bless me with your hand now, my letters will be received?—My father, in forbidding my address to you, has forbidden me his house. Is, and ought to be, master in the May I hope, Madam, a correspondence—'

'I am unhappy,' said she, 'thinking such a brother as Sir Thomas. I cannot consult him. The dear Charlotte is too partial to me, and to think of what may be her own. But, my lord, I depend upon your honour, which you have never given me reason to doubt, that you will put me upon doing a wrong, either with regard to my duty to my father, or to my own character.'

not with a view to see the power have over me. That would be merciful. I own you have some, a great deal."

LETTER XVI.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

YOU may guess what were my lord's assurances on this generous confidence in him. They agreed upon a correspondence by letters—"Ah," said L. was this quite right, though it came out happily in the event? Does concealment always imply something wrong? Ought you not to have your duty, whether your father did or not? Were you not called upon, as I say, to a trial of yours? and is not to be proved by trial? Remember you not who says, "For what is it, if, when ye be buffeted by your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, yet take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."—But you, my L. lost your excellent mother early."

The worthy young lady would not, however, be prevailed upon to consent to private marriage; and my lord took of her. Their parting was extremely tender; and the amiable Caroline, in the softness of heart, overcome by my lord's protestations of everlasting love for her in preference to all the world, voluntarily assured him, she never would receive any other husband, while he was living and

Thomas shewed himself so much attached with Lord L. for the freedom of his last speech, that my lord chose not to shew another audience of him; and being unwilling to widen the distance, he took polite leave of the anthonet in a letter, which was put into his hands just before he had commanded Miss Caroline to attend him at London, which she had begged to be excused from doing.

Don't you pity the young lady, L. in this situation? Lord L. having a little before taken leave of her, and set out for London?

Miss Charlotte told her sister, that, in the, she should hardly have suffered Lord L. to go away by himself—but to avoid an interview with her who seemed to have been too useful to women's tears to be

moved by them; and who had such a satirical vein, and such odd notions of love.

I was very earnest to know what passed at this dinner-time.

Miss Grandison said, "It is best for me to answer Miss Byron's curiosity; I believe; as I was a stander-by, and only my father and sister were the players."

"Players!" repeated Lady L.—"It was a cruel scene.—And I believe, Miss Byron, it will make you wonder, that I liked Lord L. much the better for being rather a man of understanding than a man of wit."

Miss Grandison began as follows.

"I went up with my father's peremptory, as I may call it, to my sister."

"O, my dear mamma!" said Caroline, when she found she must go down, "on what a new occasion do I want your sweet mediation!—But, Charlotte, I can neither walk nor stand!"

"You must then lean upon me, my dear, and creep: love will creep, they say, where it cannot go."

"Wicked girl!" interrupted Lady L. "I remember that was what she said."

"I said it to make you smile, if I could, and take courage; but you know I was in tears for you notwithstanding."

"You thought of what might befall yourself, Charlotte."

"So I did. We never, I believe, properly feel for others, what does not touch ourselves."

"A compassionate heart," said I, "is a blessing, though a painful one: and yet there would be no supporting life, if we felt quite as poignantly for others as we do for ourselves. How happy was it for my Charlotte, that she could smile, when the father's apprehended lecture was intended for the use of both!"

"I thank you for this, Harriet. You will not be long my creditor.—But I will proceed."

"Caroline took my advice. She leaned upon me; and creep, creep, creep, down she crept. A fresh stream of tears fell from her eyes, when she came to the dining-room door: her tremblings were increased; and down she dropped upon a window-seat in the passage. "I can go no farther," said she."

"Instantly a voice, that we knew must be observed, alarmed our ears. "Where

"Where are you, Caroline?—Charlotte!—Girls!—where are you!" The housekeeper was in hearing, and ran to us. "Ladies! ladies! your papa calls!" And we, in spite of the weakness of the one, and the unwillingness of the other, recovered our feet; and after half a dozen creeping motions more, found ourselves within the door, and in our father's sight, my sister leaning upon my arm.

"What devil's in the wind now! What tragedy-movements are here!—What measured steps!—In some cases all women are natural actresses."—"But come, Caroline, the play is over, and you mistake your cue."—"Good Sir!"—Her hands held up—"I wept for her—and for my own remoter case, if you will, Miss Byron."

"The prologue is yours, Caroline. Charlotte, I doubt not, is ready with her epilogue. But come, come, it is time to close this farce—Take your places, girls! and don't be fools."—"A pretty caution," thought I, said Miss Charlotte, "when you make us both such!"

However, the servants entering with the dinner, we hemmed, handkerchiefed, twinkled, took up our knives and forks, laid them down, and took them up again, when our father's eye was upon us; piddled, sipped; but were more busy with our elbows than with our teeth. As for poor sister Caroline, love stuck in her throat. She tried to swallow, as one in a quinsy; a wry face, and a strained neck, denoting her difficulty to get down but a lark's morsel—And what made her more awkward (I am sure it did me) was a pair of the sharpest eyes that ever were seen in a man's head, and the man a father, (the poor things having no mother, no aunt, to support their spirits) cast first on the one, then on the other; and now and then an overclouded brow, adding to our awkwardness: yet still more apprehensive of dinner-time being over, and the withdrawing of the servants.

The servants loved their young ladies. They attended with very serious faces; and seemed glad when they were dismissed.

Then it was that Caroline arose from her seat, made her curtsy awkwardly enough; with the air of a boarding-school miss, her hands before her.

"My father let her make her honours,

and go to the door, I ridged her; but then called her back, say, on purpose, to enjoy her wardness, and to punish her."

"Who bid you go? While you going, Caroline!—Charlotte. —But it will be thus: A father's company is when a girl gets a lover into Fine encouragement for a false countenance a passion that himself but a second or third who once had a first in his affections! But I shall have think myself fortunate, my children do not look upon their enemy.—Come back when you."

"We crept back more ashamed than we went from table."

"Sit down."—We crossed hands, and stood like a couple of fools.

"Sit down, when I bid you, are confoundedly humble. I will talk with you."

"Down sat the two simpletons the edge of their chairs, their heads and necks averted."

Miss Grandison then gave the following dialogue. She hummed by her voice, (an humble one by sister, a less meek one for her imperious one for Sir Thomas) the speakers. I will prefix names.

SIR THOMAS. What sort of has Lord L. taken of you, Caroline? He has sent me a letter. Has he one? I hope he did not think a leave due to the daughter; and to the father.

CHARLOTTE. He thought we were angry with him, Sir, [Poor Caroline's answer was ready.]

SIR THO. And supposed that sister was not.—Very well! What did he take of you, girl? woman do you call yourself?

CHARLOTTE. Sir, my Lord dare say, intended no disrespect. I might as well have said Harriet.

SIR THO. I like not your girl, interrupted he.—Tell me you dare say. I spoke to your Come, sit upright. None of your ed faces, and wry necks. A little innocence in your hearts, and your less shame in your countenances. what a league there is between promising prospect before us,

But tell me, Caroline, do you love Lord L.? Have you given him your heart? That you will be his, when you can cross father to change his mind; that is still better, out of your power ever! All fathers are plaguily married, when they do not think of their girls fellows, as their foolish girls of them!—Answer me, Caroline?

CAROLINE (weeping, at his severe look). What can I say, Sir, and please you?

SIR THO. What!—Why, that you are obedient to your father. Can you say that? Sure you can say

I hope, Sir—

SIR THO. And I hope too. But it is not for you to be certain. Can't you say for your own heart?

CAROLINE. I believe you think, Sir, that Lord L. is not an unworthy man.

SIR THO. A man is not more worthy of making my daughter forget to love, and behave like a fool to her

father. I may behave like a fool, Sir, but I am undutifully. You frighten me, and am unable to hold up my head before you, when you are angry with

SIR THO. Tell me that you have fallen in love with Lord L. as I have commanded you. Tell me, that you will not see him more, if you can avoid it. Tell me that you will not write to

him. Pardon me, Sir, for saying that Lord L.'s behaviour to me has been uniformly respectful; he reveres me too; how can I treat him with respect?

SIR THO. So! I shall have it all out of you. Go on, girl—And do you, my dear, attend to the lesson set you by your elder sister.

CAROLINE. Indeed, Sir, I can answer for the goodness of my sister's heart, and her duty to you.

SIR THO. Well said!—Now, Caroline, do you speak up for Charlotte's sake: one good turn deserves another. Tell me what you will for each other, I will be my own judge of both your words: and facts shall be the test. Do you know, Caroline, whether Charlotte has any lover that is to keep you from your maintenance with yours?

CAROLINE. I dare say, Sir, that my sister Charlotte will not disoblige you.

SIR THO. I hope, Caroline, you will say as much for Charlotte's sister.

CAROLINE. I hope I can, Sir.

SIR THO. So.

SIR THO. Then you know my will.

CAROLINE. I presume, Sir, it is your pleasure, that I should always remain single.

SIR THO. Hey-day!—But why, pray, does your ladyship suppose so?—Speak out.

CAROLINE. Because I think, forgive me to say it, that my Lord L.'s character and his quality are such, that a more creditable proposal cannot be expected.—Pray, Sir, forgive me.—And she held up her hands, pray-pray-fashion, thus—

'Well said, Caroline!' thought I—'Pull up courage, my dear!—What a deuce—'

SIR THO. His quality!—Gaw-gaw!—What is a Scottish peerage?—And does your silly heart beat after a coronet? You want to be a countess, do you?—But let me tell you, that if you have a true value for Lord L. you will not, incumbered as he is with sisters' fortunes, with him to marry you.

CAROLINE. As to title, Sir, that is of very little account with me, without the good character.—As to prudence, my Lord L. cannot see any thing in me to forfeit his prudence for.

'Well answered, Caroline!' thought I, again said Miss Grandison. 'In such a laudable choice, all should not be left upon the poor *lover*!'

SIR THO. So the difficulty lies not with you, I find. You have no objection to Lord L. if he has none to you. You are an humbled and mortified girl, then. The woman must be indeed in love, who, once thinking well of herself, can give a preference against herself to her lover.

What business had Sir Thomas to say this, my Lucy?

SIR THO. Let me know, Caroline, what hopes you have given to Lord L.—Or rather, perhaps, what hopes he has given you?—Why are you silent? Answer me, girl.

CAROLINE. I hope, Sir, I shall not disgrace my father, in thinking well of Lord L.

SIR THO. Nor will he disgrace himself, proud as are the Scottish beggars of their ancestry, in thinking well of a daughter of mine.

CAROLINE. Lord L. though not a beggar, Sir, would think it an honour, Sir—

SIR THO. Well said! Go on: go on. Why stops the girl?—And so he ought. But if Lord L. is not a beggar

Cc

for

for my daughter, let not my daughter be a beggar for Lord L. But Lord L. would think it an honour, you say—To be what? Your husband, I suppose. Answer my question; How stand matters between you and Lord L.?

CAR. I cannot, such is my unhappiness! say any thing that will please my father.

SIR THO. How the girl evades my question!—Don't let me repeat it.

CAR. It is not disgraceful, I hope, to own, that I had rather be—

'There she stopt, and half-hid her face in her bosom. And I thought,' said Miss Grandison, 'that she never looked prettier in her life.'

SIR THO. Rather be Lord L.'s wife than my daughter.—Well, Charlotte, tell me, when are you to begin to estrange me from your affections? When are you to begin to think your father stands in the way of your happiness? When do you cast your purveying eyes upon a mere stranger, and prefer him to your father?—I have done my part, I suppose; I have nothing to do but to allot you the fortunes that your lovers, as they are called, will tell you are necessary to their affairs, and then to lie me down and die. Your fellows, then, with you, will dance over my grave; and I shall be no more remembered, than if I had never been—except by your brother.

'I could not help speaking here,' said Miss Grandison—"O Sir! how you wound me!—Do all fathers—For—give me, Sir—"

'I saw his brow begin to lour.'

SIR THO. I bear not impertinence. I bear not—(there he stopt in wrath.)—But why, Caroline, do you evade my question? You know it. Answer it.

CAR. I should be unworthy of the affection of such a man as Lord L. is, if I disown my esteem for him. Indeed, Sir, I have an esteem for Lord L. above any man I ever saw. You, Sir, did not *always* disesteem him—My brother—

SIR THO. So! Now all is out!—You have the forwardness—What shall I call it!—But I did, and I do, esteem Lord L.—But as what?—Not as a son-in-law. He came to me as my son's friend. I invited him down in that character: he, at that time, knew nothing of you. But no sooner came a single man into a single woman's company, but you both wanted to make a match of it. You were dutiful; and he was prudent: prudent for himself. I think you talk-

ed of his prudence while ago. His application to you, or to him, I know not which—('Thou poor Caroline wept! And Miss Charlotte, could hardly be saying "Barbarians!"') And who found himself sure of you, then, fool of the father to be confounded for what? Only to know what he do for two people, who had left the option in the case. And this trick of you all: and the poor father to be passive, or else to be accounted tyrant.

CAR. Sir, I admitted not Lord L.'s address, but conditionally, as you approve of it. Lord L. desired my approbation upon other terms.

SIR THO. What nonsense is this! Have you left me any way to help myself?—Come, Caroline, let me try. I intend to carry you up to the young man of quality has madetures to me. I believe I shall of his proposals. I am sure you if you are not prepossessed. Tell me, Are you, have you left yourself liberty to give way to my recommendation?—Why don't you answer me? You know, that you received Lord L.'s address *but conditionally*, as I have proved of them. And your spark does not your approbation upon other terms. Come, what say you to this?—Are you confounded?—Well you if you cannot answer me as I would you can, why don't you?—You put you but to your own test.

CAR. Sir, it is not for me to quarrel with my father. Surely, I have intended to be undutiful. Surely, I have not disgraced my family by accepting Lord L.'s conditional—

SIR THO. Conditional!—Foolish conditional!—Is it not absolute, the exclusion of me, or of my son? But I have ever found, that the man who condescends to argue with a woman, especially on certain points, which *nature*, and not *reason*, is concerned, must follow her through a sand windings, and find himself lost off when he imagines himself to be at the end of the thread, and at last must content himself, for breath, to sit down and set out; while the gambols about is ready to lead him a new course.

CAR. I hope—

SIR THO. None of your hopes will have certainty. May I—I'll bring you to a point, if I can, woman as you are.—May I propose proposals for you from any other

me, Yes or no. Don't deal
as girls do with common fa-
—Don't be disobedient, and then
upon my weakness to forgive
I am no common father. I know
world. I know your sex. I have
more fools in it than I have
—Indeed, no man makes, or needs
ate, you fools. You have folly
rooted within you. That weed is
of the foil. A very little wa-
will make it sprout, and choak
ble flowers that education has
I never knew a woman in my
was wise by the experience of
people. But answer me: Say—
you receive a new proposal? or can
not?

Caroline answered only by her tears.
THO. Damnably constant, I sup-
—So you give up real virtue, give
to a father, for fidelity, for
fancy, for a fictitious virtue, to a
Come hither to me, girl—Why
you come to me when I bid you?—

LETTER XVII.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Caroline arose: four creep-
ing steps, her handkerchief
eyes, brought her within her
reach. He snatched her hand,
steered her pace, and brought her
to his knees. "Poor sister Caro-
" thought I: "O the ty—" and I
like, at the time, to have added
syllable "*rant*" to myself.—He
and the other hand from her eye.
handkerchief dropt: he might
that it was wet and heavy with her
tears. Fain would she have turned
her blubbered eyes from him. He
both her hands, and burst out
a laugh—

and what cries the girl for?—Why,
Caroline, you *shall* have a husband,
and you. I will hasten with you to
London market. Will you be of-
fended at Ranelagh market first? the
concert or breakfasting?—Or shall I
bring you at the opera, or at the play?
—Ha, ha!—Hold up your head,
amorous girl! You shall stick some
of your mother's jewels in your hair,
in your bosom, to draw the eyes
of the fellows. You must strike at once,
before your face is new; or you will
be mingled with the herd of women
who prostitute their faces at every
place. Sweet impatient soul!
Look at me, Caroline." Then he
laughed again.

CAR. Indeed, Sir, if you were not
my father—

"Well said, Caroline," thought I
'and trod on her toe.

SIR THO. Hey-day! But what
then?

CAR. I would say you are very
cruel.

SIR THO. And is that all you
would say, poor soft thing! in such cir-
cumstances, to any other man?—Well,
but, all this time, you don't tell me
(still holding her hands) whether any
other man will not do as well as your
Scotchman?

CAR. I am not kindly used. In-
deed, Sir, you don't use me kindly.
I hope I am not an *amorous* creature as
you call me. I am not in haste to be
married. I am willing to wait your
time, your pleasure: but, as I pre-
sume, that there can be no objection to
Lord L. I wish not to be carried to any
London market.

SIR THO. (Gravely.) If I am dis-
posed to rally you, Caroline; if I am
willing to pass off, in a pleasant man-
ner, a forwardness that I did not ex-
pect in my daughter; and for which,
in my heart, I have despised the daugh-
ters of other men, though I have not
told the wenches so; I will not be an-
swered perty. I will not have you for-
get yourself.

CAR. (Curtseying.) Good Sir, per-
mit me to withdraw. I will recollect
myself, and be sorry—

SIR THO. And is it necessary for
you to withdraw, to recollect your *duty*?
—But you shall answer my question—
How stand you and Lord L.? Are you
resolved to have him, and none other?—
Will you wait for him, will he wait for
you, till death has numbered me with
my ancestors?

CAR. O Sir! [And she looked down
after her dropt handkerchief. She
wanted it, and would have withdrawn
one of her hands to reach it; and when
she could not, the big tears running
down her cheeks, (yet she looked pretty)
down the dropt on her knees:—] For-
give me, Sir—I dread your displeasure
—But must say, that I am not an *amorous*
girl: and, to convince you that I am
not, I never will marry any man living,
if it be not Lord L.

'I all this time was in agitations for
'my poor sister. I tired three chairs;
'and now looked at her; now from
'her; then at my fingers ends, with-
'ing them claws, and the man a *Auf-*
'band, instead of a father.—Indeed,

“Miss Byron, I could not but make Caroline’s treatment my own—and, in fancy, not so very remote as you imagined, Lady L. Once I said to myself, “If some Lord L. tenders himself to me, and I like him, I will not stand all this. The first moon-light night, if he urge me heartily, and if I am sure the parson is ready, I will be under another protection, despicably as I have always thought of running away daughters!”—Should I have done right, Miss Byron?”

“The example, Miss Grandison,” replied I—“Such a mother as you were blessed with! The world that would have sat in judgment upon the flight of the daughter, would not have known the cruel treatment of the father. I believe, my dear, you are glad you had not the trial: and you see how Lady L. is rewarded for her patient duty.”

“That’s my good Harriet!” said Lady L. “I love you for your answer.—But, sister, you leave me in too much distress. You must release me from my knees, and send me up to my chamber, as fast as you can.”

“A little patience, Lady L.—But what say my minutes!—Miss Byron seems all attention. This is a new subject to her. She never had any body to controul her.”

“I think I could have borne any thing from a father or mother,” said I, “had it pleased God to continue to me so dear a blessing.”

“Fine talking, Harriet!” said Miss Grandison. “But let me say, that a witty father is not a desirable character.—By the way, ours was as cruel [Shall I say it, Lady L.? You are upon your knees, you know] to two very worthy sisters of his own: one of them ran away from him to a relation in Yorkshire, where she lives still, and as worthy an old maid she is as any in the county; the other died before she could get her fortune paid, or she would have been married to a man she loved, and who loved her; but she left every shilling of her fortune to her maiden sister, and nothing to my father.”

“It is well my brother is not in hearing,” said Lady L. “He would not have borne the hundredth part of what we have said. But sufferers will complain.—Remember, however, Charlotte, that I am still upon my knees.”

See, my Lucy! Rakish men make not

either good husbands, or good nor yet good brothers.—But, consider! The narrow-hearted center all their delight in themselves. Finely do women chuse, who, by their specious airs, vows, professions, become the abject property of such wretches! Yet, a reformer they say, makes the best husband. Against general experience this—but by whom? By the vulgar—the inconsiderate only, surely!

Miss Grandison proceeded.

Sir Tho. You will never know other man living!—And this is said, in order to convince me that we are not amorous!—Quibbling!—Had you not been amorous, you not put yourself into a situation should give you courage to say so to me. Bold fool! Be gone!

She arose.

“Yet you shall not go,” holding her hands. “And dare you declare yourself?—What option, I ask you, is left me?—And yet—L. and you, as you pretended now, were determined only on conditional courtship, as I should not, approve of it! This was, and ever will be, the case. blind god sets you out, where you the best, on a pacing beast; you prance, parade, till your giddy turn round; and then you gallop hedge and ditch; leap fence duty, decency, and discretion trodden under foot.”

“Poor Miss Caroline!” said I, “to them both—I expected this retort.”

“I foresaw it,” replied Lady L. “this kept me off so long from declaring my preference of Lord L. to men in the world; as, in justice to merit, my heart several times had do without scruple.”

“Be gone from my presence,” Sir Thomas, proceeded Miss Grandison—“Yet he still held her hand. That little witch!—I have been watching her eyes, and every muscle of her saucy face.” [“Singing poor me,” said Miss Grandison.] “She takes part with you in all distresses.—You are sorely distressed, are you not? Am I not a comfort to you both?—You want to be both of you: then shall I be the jeet of your free discourses, and resentment, that now you endeavor to confine, will then burst out, shall be intitled to no more of

than is consistent with your narrow interest; Lord L. will be content in preference to me, and have the whole confidence of my daughters left me. I am now, from this time, to be looked upon as your enemy, and not your father. But I will spare you both; and permit my brother, the joy of my life, and hope of my better days, to come and he shall renounce you, as I shall renounce him; and, in case, I shall be a father without a son, yet three living by the best of men. How would she—

"I broke out here," said Miss Grandison, with an emotion that I could not express. "O my dear mamma! how much do we miss you! Were you to have become angel when we were infants, should we have missed you now?—O my dear mamma! This, this, is the time that girls want a mother!"

"I was about to fly for it. I trembled at the sternness of my father's look on this apostrophe to my mother. He arose. "Caroline, don't say that. "I have something to say to you. — Come hither, Charlotte!" and held out both his hands. "You have burst out at last. Your assurance swelling to your throat—"

"I threw myself at his feet, and begged him to forgive me!

"I took both my hands in one of his, and held them up folded—"Curse I do!" said he. "I was willing you should be present, in hopes to give you take warning by your sister's conduct and inconsistency. Lord L. has been a thief in my house. He has stolen my elder daughter's affections from me: yet has drawn her in, as if he were a friend that he desired not her ruin, but as I approved of his advice. I do not approve of them. I may be allowed to be my own master in this case. She however deserves, she will have nobody else."

"I have brought up my children these years that they should be of comfort to me; and continuing a widower myself for their sakes," my father was pleased to say, "Miss Grandison;"] "and all for a word I approve not?—And do you, Charlotte, call your blessed mother to her peaceful tomb, to relieve her and your sister against a tyrant father?—What comfort have I in profiting before me, from such daughters?"

"—But leave me: leave my house. Seek your fortunes where you will. Take your cloaths; take all that belongs to you: but nothing that was your mother's. I will give you each a draft on my banker for good. When that is gone, according to what I shall hear of your behaviour, you shall, or shall not, have more."

"Dear Sir," said Caroline, flinging herself on her knees by me, "forgive my sister!—Dear, good Sir! what ever become of me, forgive your Charlotte!"

"You are fearless of your destiny," said Caroline. You will throw yourself into the arms of Lord L. I doubt not. —I will send for your brother. But you shall both leave this house. I will shut it up the moment you are gone. It shall never again be opened while I live. When my ashes are mingled with those of your mother, then may you keep open house in it, and trample under foot the ashes of both."

"I sobbed out, "Dear Sir, forgive me! I meant not to reflect upon my father, when I wished for my mother. I wished for her, for your sake, Sir, as well as for ours. She would have mediated— She would have softened—"

SIR THO. My hard heart—I know what you mean, Charlotte!

"And flung from us a few paces, walking about in wrath, leaving us kneeling at his vacant chair."

"He then, ringing the bell, the door in his hand, ordered in the house-keeper. She entered. A very good woman she was. She trembled for her kneeling ladies."

SIR THO. Beckford, do you assist these girls in getting up every thing that belongs to them. Give me an inventory of what they take. Their father's authority is grievous to them. They want to shake it off. They find themselves women grown. They want husbands—

"Indeed, indeed, Beckford, we don't," said Caroline; interrupted by my father—

"Do you give me the lye, bold face?"

"Pray, your honour—Good your honour!" intreated honest Beckford: "Never were modest young ladies. They are noted all over the county for their modesty and goodness—"

"Woman, woman, argue not with me. Modesty never forgets duty."

"Caroline

"Caroline loves not her father. Lord L. has stolen away her affections from me. Charlotte is of her party: and so are you, I find. But take my commands in silence—A week longer they stay not in this house—"

"Beckford throwing herself on her knees, repeated—"Good your honour—"

"We both arose and threw ourselves at his feet—"

"Forgive us! I beseech you, forgive us!—For my mamma's sake, forgive us!" said Caroline—

"For my mamma's sake, for my brother's sake, dear Sir, forgive your daughters!" cried I, in as rueful an accent.

"And we each of us took hold of his opened coat, both in tears; and Beckford keeping us company.

"Unmoved he went on—"I intend you a *pleasure*, girls. I know you want to be freed from my authority. You are women grown. The man who has daughters knows not discomfort with them, till busy fellows bid them look out of their father's house for that happiness, which they hardly ever find but in it."

"We are yours, my papa!" said I,—"We are nobody's else—Do not, do not expose your children to the censures of the world. Hitherto our reputations are unfulfilled—"

"Dear Sir," cried Caroline, "throw us not upon the world, the wide world! Dear Sir, continue us in your protection. We want not to be in any other."

"You shall try the experiment, girls—I am not *fit* to be your counsellor. Lord L. has distanced me with the one: the other calls upon her departed mother to appear, to shield her from the cruelty of an unnatural father. And Lord L. has the insolence to tell me to my face, that I am too young a father to take upon me the management of women-grown daughters. And so I find it.—Blubber not, Beckford; assist your young ladies for their departure. A week is the longest time they have to stay in this house. I want to shut it up: never more to enter it's gates."

"We continued our pleadings.

"O Sir," said Caroline, "turn not your children out of doors. We are *daughters*. We never more wanted a father's protection than now."

"What have we done, Sir," cried I, "to deserve being turned out of your

"doors?—For every offensive we beg your pardon. You shall have dutiful children of us. I will write to my brother—"

"So, so! You mean the money we want to interest your brother in favour—You want to appeal to do you? and to make a judgment upon his father!—not, girls! Entreat not!—Get to be gone. I will shut up my house—"

"Wherever you are, Sir," cried I, "there let us be—Remember your children, your penitent children."

"He proceeded—"I suppose Lord L. will as soon find out your party, Caroline, as he has your inclination so contrary to my liking.—And Charlotte, you may go down to old aunt *Prue* in Yorkshire!"

calls their aunt Eleanor so for short word *Prude*—Yet we have seen, it was owing to him that this lady married:] "She will be able to instruct you, that patience is a virtue that you ought not to be in haste to take a first offer, for fear you will not have a second."

"Poor sister Caroline! He looked painfully at her.

"You are my father, Sir," said I,—"All is welcome from you: but I shall have no cause to reproach you. I will not be in haste. And by my knees I promise, that I will be Lord L.'s, without your consent. I only beg of you, Sir, not to expose to me any other man."

"My father partly relented, [Harriet:] "I take you at your word, girl," said he: "And I insist that you shall not correspond with him—see him—You answer not my will. But you know my will. And more, answer or not, I require obedience.—Beckford, you may go—"

"—Rise, Caroline." "And am I forgiven, Sir?" "I—" "Dear Sir, forgive your daughter!" [Yet, Miss Byron, "lotte—" "Yes, Miss Byron, "was my crime?"]

"Make the best use of the time before you, Charlotte: not to waste Caroline, in engaging her affections unknown to me—remember that. She has her plague, and it is fit she should have her plague. It is fit she should have her plague. Where you cannot in duty follow, for example, take the warning."

"Beckford was withdrawn. He slowly saluted each girl: and then

pleasantly made them express for-
 —Do you know for what, Har-

with,' thought I to myself, Lucy,
 these boisterous spirits, either fa-
 vor husbands, were not generally
 observed.

was Miss Grandison's spirits so
 subdued?' thought I.

you smile, Harriet. What do you
 say?"

Will you forgive me, if I tell

don't know."

depend on your good nature—I
 do think, Lady L. how finely
 Grandison has got up since that

Ga. O the silly girl!—Remem-
 ber not, that I was *before* your

good hit, I protest!" said Lady
 Yet Charlotte was always a pert
 of her father's presence. But
 add a word or two to my sister's
 advice.

My father kept us with him till he
 Lord L.'s letter, which he open-
 ed till then, and plainly, as I saw,
 some new fault with him and
 the occasion: but I came off
 than I apprehended I should at
 time; for I had not seen it. Here
 copy of it."

L. allowed me, Lucy, to take
 with me, when we parted for the

ERMIT me, Sir, by pen and ink,
 rather than in person, as I think it
 be most acceptable to you, to
 thank you, as I most cordially do, for
 kind and generous treatment I
 received at your hands, during
 whole month's residence at Grandi-
 Hall, whither I came with intent
 stay but three days.

I am afraid I suffered myself to be
 drawn into an undue warmth
 of expression, when I last went from
 your presence. I ask your pardon,

You have a right in your own
 God forbid that I should ever
 attempt to invade it! But what a hap-
 man should I be, if my love for
 Grandison, and that right, could
 be made to coincide! I may have ap-
 peared to have acted wrong in your ap-
 prehension, in applying myself first to
 Grandison: I beg, Sir, your
 pardon for that also.

perhaps I have a still greater
 to atone for. I need not indeed

"acquaint you with it; but I had rather
 "intitle myself by my ingenuitiness
 "to your forgiveness, than to wish to
 "conceal any thing from you in an ar-
 "ticle of this high importance, whether
 "you grant it me or not. I own then,
 "that when I last departed from your
 "angry presence, I directly went to
 "Miss Grandison, and on my knees
 "implored her hand. I presumed that
 "an alliance with me was not a disgrace-
 "ful one to her; and assured her, that
 "my estate should work itself clear
 "without any expectation from you; as
 "it will, I hope, in a few years, by
 "good management, to which I was
 "sure she would contribute. But she
 "refused me; and resolved to await the
 "good pleasure of her father; yet giv-
 "ing me, I must honestly add, conde-
 "scending hopes of her favour, could
 "your consent be obtained:

"Thus is the important affair circum-
 "stanced.

"I will never marry any other wo-
 "man, while there is the least shadow
 "of hope that she can be mine. The
 "conversation of the best of young men,
 "your son, for two months, in Italy,
 "and one before *that* in some of the
 "German courts, has made me ambi-
 "tious of following such an example in
 "every duty of life: and if I might ob-
 "tain, by your favour, so dear a wife,
 "and so worthy a brother, the hap-
 "piest man in the world would then
 "be, Sir, your obliged and faithful ser-
 "vant,
 "L."

"Yet my father," said Lady L. called
 "it an artful letter; and observed, that
 "Lord L. was very sure of me, or he
 "had not offered to make a proposal to
 "me that deserved not to be excused.
 "You were aiming at prudence, girl,
 "in your refusal, I see that," said my
 "father. "You had no reason to doubt
 "but Lord L. would hereafter like you
 "the better for declining marriage in
 "that clandestine manner, because the
 "refusal would give him an opportuni-
 "ty to make things more convenient to
 "himself. One half of a woman's vir-
 "tue is pride," continued he [I hope
 "not truly," said Lady L.;] "the other
 "half, policy. If they were sure the
 "man would not think the worse of
 "them for it, they would not wait for a
 "second question. Had you an inde-
 "pendent fortune, Caroline, what
 "would you have done?—But go;
 "you are a weak, and yet a cunning
 "girl. Cunning is the wisdom of
 "women."

"women. Women's weakness is man's strength. I am sorry that my daughters are not compounded of less brittle materials. I wonder that any man who knows the sex, marries."

Thus spoke the *rakish*, the *keeping* father, Lucy, endeavouring to justify his private vices by general reflections on the sex. And thus are wickedness and libertinism called a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of human nature. Swift, for often painting a dunghill, and for his abominable Yahoo story, was complimented with this knowledge: but I hope, that the character of human nature, the character of creatures made in the image of the Deity, is not to be taken from the overflowings of such dirty imaginations.

What company, my dear, must these men be supposed to have generally kept? How are we authorized to wish (only that good is often produced out of evil, as is instanced in two such daughters, and such a son) that a man of this cast had never had the honour to call a Lady Grandison by his name! And yet Sir Thomas's vices called forth, if they did not establish, her virtues. What shall we say?—

- Whatever is, is in it's causes just:
- ——— But purblind man
- Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest link;
- His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,
- That poises all above.

DRYDEN.

I thought, my Lucy, that the conversation I have attempted to give, would not, though long, appear tedious to you; being upon a new subject, the behaviour of a free-liver of a father to his grown-up daughters, when they came to have expectations upon him, which he was not disposed to answer; and the rather, as it might serve to strengthen us, who have had in our family none but good men (though we have neighbours of a different character, who have wanted to be acquainted with us) in our resolution to reject the suits of libertine men by a stronger motive even than for *our own sakes*: and I therefore was glad of the opportunity of procuring it for you, and for our Nancy, now her recovered health will allow her to look abroad more than she had of late been used to do. I am sure, my grandmamma, and my aunt Selby, will be pleased with it; because it will be a good supplement to the lessons they

have constantly inculcated against that narrow-hearted race who live only for the gratification of their own lawless appetites, and deride all the rest of the world as themselves, the worst and most reptiles in it.

LETTER XVIII

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION

THUS far had the ladies perused in their interesting story, the letters of my grandmamma, which were brought me by a man from London. By my answer you see how much I was affected by the contents. The ladies saw my name and were curious to know the contents, and told them from whence the letters came, and what the subject was; and my aunt was to give from me, next day, an answer to Lady D. in person.

I then retired to write. When I dispatched the messenger, I wished to know the resolution he came to. I told them I had come to my negative.

Miss Grandison, with archness, up her hands and eyes. I was she did—Then, Charlotte, spitefully, 'you would not have needed accepting his proposal.'

She looked earnestly at me, and her head. 'Ah, Harriet!' said you are an unaccountable girl; 'will tell the truth; but not the truth.'

I blushed, as I felt; and believed silly.

'Ah, Harriet!' repeated she, as if she would look me through.

'Dear Miss Grandison!' said

'There is some Northampton gentleman, of whom we have heard.'

I was a little easier then. But my lady mean any thing particular, cannot be so ungenerous, surely, to play upon a poor girl, if she thought her entangled. All I am afraid of, is my temper will be utterly ruined; not so happy in myself, as I am. Don't you think, Lucy, that this thing with another, I am in a better that is very teasing!—But let us have a better subject.

THE ladies, at my request, read their FAMILY-HISTORY.

Lord L. and Miss Caroline were hoping for a change in Sir T.

He would no doubt, they said, be overcome by the young lady, and my Lord L.'s generosity, did not made it inconvenient to him to part with money.

He went to town, and carried his letters with him; and it is thought he had not have been sorry, had the letter carried without his consent; for he was prohibited anew, on their coming to my lord's visits; so that they were obliged to their sister, as she pleased, and told Lady L. for contriving to end their interviews.

In time, my lord's affairs grew weighty by reason of his two sisters; and he gave way to the offers of a common friend of his and Lord W.'s, a nobleman, who approached the match, to talk to Sir Thomas on the subject.

Lord W. and the baronet met. My lord was earnest in the cause of the lady; Sir Thomas was not pleased with interfering in his family affairs. And a more improper man could hardly have been applied to on the occasion: Lord W. who is immensely rich, was despised by Sir Thomas for his wealth; and he as much disliked Sir Thomas for what he called his pro-

words passed between them. He started in passion; and Sir Thomas rejected Lord L.'s appeal to Lord W. The sisters were in a worse situation than ever; for now, besides having incurred the indignation of their father, their mother who was always afraid that Sir Thomas's extravagance would reduce the children to the necessity of hoping for assistance, made a pretence of their ill-treatment to disclaim all kindness and relation to them.

It concerned the sisters still more, that my lord's declared antipathy to his brother; and that for no other reason, but because his father (who was sure, he said, could neither love or hate in a right place) doated

on his sad situation were these lovers, and overtures were made to Sir Thomas for his younger daughter: but Miss Charlotte gave him no more to accuse her of beginning a fair unknown to him; yet those offers never came to her knowledge, though they did from others. Would you have wondered, Harry, said she, 'with such treatment on my eyes as Caroline met with, I had been provoked to take some

'No provocation,' replied I, 'from a father, can justify a rash step in a child. I am glad, and so I dare say, are you, that your prudence was your safeguard, when you were deprived of that which so good a child might have expected from a father's indulgence, especially when a mother was not in being.'

Miss Grandison coloured, and bit her lip. Why did she colour?

At last Sir Thomas took a resolution to look into and regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give to his beloved son to come over. From his duty, discretion, and good management, he was sure, he said, he should be the happiest of men. But he was at a loss what to do with Mrs. Oldham and her two children. He doubted not but his son had heard of his guilty commerce with her: yet he cared not, that the young gentleman should find her living in a kind of wife-like state in one of the family-seats. And yet she had made too great a sacrifice to him, to be unhandsomely used: and he thought he ought to provide for his children by her.

While he was meditating this change of measures, that he might stand well with a son, whose character for virtue and prudence made his father half afraid of him, a proposal of marriage was made to him for his son by one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter, accompanying her brother and his wife, in a tour to France and Italy, fell in love with the young gentleman at Florence: and her brother gave way to his sister's regard for him, for the sake of the character he bore among the people of prime consideration in Italy.

Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother and the earl his father; and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and making over the whole of his estate to his son, in favour of this match; and once he said, he should by this means do as Victor Amadeus of Savoy did, rid himself of many incumbrances; and being not a king, was sure of his son's duty to him.

The ladies found a letter of their brother's among Sir Thomas's loose papers, which shewed that this offer had been actually made to him. This is a copy of it—

'DEAR AND EVER-HONOURED SIR,
'I AM astonished at the contents of your last favour. If the proposal Dd mad,

'made in it arose from the natural greatness of your mind, and an indulgence which I have so often experienced, what shall I say to it?—I cannot bear it. If it proceed from proposals made to you, God forbid that I should give your name to a woman, how illustrious soever in her descent, and how high soever the circumstances of her family, whose friends could propose such conditions to my father.

'I receive with inexpressible joy so near a hope of the long wished-for leave to throw myself at your feet in my native country. When I have this happiness granted me, I will unboisom my whole heart to my father. The credit of your name, and the knowledge every one has of your goodness to me, will be my recommendation whenever you shall wish me to enlarge the family connexions.

'Till I have this honour, I beseech you, Sir, to discontinue the treaty already begun.

'You are pleased to ask my opinion of the lady, and whether I have any objection to her person. I remember I thought her a very agreeable woman.

'You mention, Sir, the high sense the lady, as well as Lord and Lady N. have of the civilities they received from me. My long residence abroad gives me the power of doing little offices for those of my country, who visit France and Italy. The little services I did to my lord and the ladies with him, are too gratefully remembered by them.

'I am extremely concerned that you have reason to be displeased with any part of the conduct of my sisters. Can the daughters of such a mother as you had the happiness to give them, forget themselves? Their want of consideration shall receive no countenance from me. I shall let them know, that my love, my esteem, if it be of consequence with them, is not founded on relation, but merit: and that, where duty to a parent is wanting, all other good qualities are to be suspected.

'You ask my opinion of Lord L. and whether he has sought to engage me to favour his addresses to Caroline. He wrote to me on that subject: I inclose his letter, and a copy of my answer. As to my opinion of him, I must say, that I have not met with any British man abroad, of whose discretion, sobriety, and good nature, I think more highly than I do of Lord L.'s.

'Justice requires of me this return. But as to the affair between my sister, I shall be extremely sensible of Lord L.'s first impropriety of her were to you; and if my sister suffered her heart to be engaged to her duty.

'You have the goodness to say my return will be a strengthening of your hands. May my own be increased; may I ever want the power to do good to myself, or to those I when I forget, or depart from duty owing to the most indulgent fathers, by his

CHARLES GRANDISON

What an excellent young man!—But observe, Lucy; he says he on his return to England unbosom his whole heart to his father; and till he desires him to discontinue the treaty with Lord N.—Ah, my dear What has any new acquaintance in prospect, were she to be entangled in a *leis passion*? But let us consider—Charles been actually married, his being so, have enabled a *weak reason* to triumph over her passion. If so, passion is surely conquerable. Did I know any body that would do it to be so in the *one* case, and in the *other*, I would bid her take to herself, and, with deep humility, mourn her ungovernable folly.

The above letter came not in the hands of the young ladies till after father's death, which happened a month of his receiving it, and he had actually given permission to the young gentleman's return. You suppose they were excessively affected with the bad impressions their father sought to make in their brother's of their conduct; and, when he were the more apprehensive of force.

He had suspended the treaty of marriage for his son till the young gentleman should arrive. He had possessed himself about his private affairs, by long neglect, became very ignorant, and of consequence must be very some for such a man to look into. was resolved, therefore, to leave each steward, (having persuaded self, against appearances, to have an opinion of both) to examine the accounts of the other; not only as this would give the least trouble to himself, but they had several items to charge, he had no mind should be explained to his son. Nor were those gentlemen

to obtain discharges from him ;
 being apprized of his reason for
 going into his affairs, they were afraid
 of the inspection of so good a manager
 by a young master was known to

Filmer, the steward for the Irish
 came over, on this occasion, with
 accounts : the two stewards acted in
 concert ; and on the report of each, Sir
 Thomas examined totals only, and or-
 dered releases to be drawn for his sign-

at a degrader even of *high* spi-
 rit ! What meanness was there
 in Thomas's pride ! to be afraid of
 the report of a son, of whose duty he was
 so boasting !

who shall answer for the refor-
 mation of an habitual libertine, when
 the situation offers ! Observe what fol-

Filmer, knowing Sir Thomas's
 had brought over with him, and
 new to enslave the unhappy man,
 young creature, not more than
 on pretence of visiting her aunt,
 lived in Pall Mall, and who was a
 daughter of his wife. She was innocent
 and crime : but her parents had no
 and had not made it a part of
 young woman's education ; but on
 contrary, had brought her up with
 in that her beauty would make
 fortune ; and she knew it was all the
 they had to give her.

Filmer, in his attendance on Sir
 Thomas, was always praising the beau-
 tiful Miss Obrien ; her genteel descent,
 as figure ! her innocence ; [in-
 deed ! the attractive equally to the
 of rakes and devils !] but the
 intent upon pursuing his bet-
 ter, for some time, only gave
 full man the hearing. At last,
 (for curiosity-sake) he was
 called upon to make the aunt a visit.
 The niece was not absent. She more
 answered all that Filmer had said
 in praise, as to the beauty of her
 Sir Thomas repeated his visits.

The girl was well tutored ; behaved
 with reserve rather ; and,
 made such an impression on his
 that he declared to Filmer that
 he did not live without her.

His advantage was endeavoured to be ta-
 ken in this infatuation. He offered high
 but for some time the aunt in-
 sisted upon his marrying her niece.

Sir Thomas had been too long a *leader*
 in the free world, to be so *taken in*, as

it is called. But at last, a proposal was
 made him, from no part of which the
 aunt declared she would recede, though
 the poor girl (who, it was pretended,
 loved him above all the men she had
 ever seen) were to break her heart for
 him. A fine piece of flattery, Lucy, to
 a man who numbered near three times
 her years ; and who was still fond of
 making conquests !

The terms were : that he should settle
 upon the young woman *good*. a year for
 her life ; and on her father and mother,
 if they could be brought to consent to
 the (infamous) bargain, *good*. a year
 for their joint and separate lives : that
 Miss Obrien should live at one of Sir
 Thomas's seats in England ; be allow-
 ed genteel equipages, his livery ; and
 even (for her credit-sake in the eye of
 her own relations, who were of figure)
 to be connived at in taking his name.
 The aunt left it to his generosity to re-
 ward *her* for the part she had taken, and
 was to take, to bring all this about with
 the parents and girl.

Sir Thomas thought these demands
 much too high : he stood out for some
 time ; but artifice being used on all
 sides to draw him on, *love*, as it is called,
 (prostituted word !) obliged him to
 comply.

His whole concern was now, how to
 provide for this new expence, without
robbing, as he called it, his son, [daugh-
 ters were but daughters, and no part of
 the question with him ;] and to find ex-
 cuses for continuing the young gentle-
 man abroad.

Mrs. Oldham had for some time been
 uneasy herself, and made him so, by
 her compunction on their guilty com-
 merce ; and, on Sir Thomas's commu-
 nicating his intention to recal his son,
 hinted her wishes to be allowed to quit
 the house in Essex, and to retire both
 from that and him ; for fear of making
 the young gentleman as much her ene-
 my, as the two sisters avowedly were.

Sir Thomas, now that he was ac-
 quainted with Miss Obrien, better re-
 lished Mrs. Oldham's proposal than
 otherwise he would have done : and
 before he actually signed and sealed
 with Miss Obrien's aunt, for her niece,
 he thought it best to sound that unhappy
 woman, whether she in earnest desired
 to retire ; and if so, what were her ex-
 pectations from him : resolving, in or-
 der to provide for both expences, to cut
 down timber, that, he said, groaned
 for the axe ; but which hitherto he had

let stand as a resource for his son, and to enable him to clear incumbrances that he had laid upon a part of his estate.

Accordingly, he set out for his seat in Essex.

THERE, while he was planning future schemes of living, and reckoning upon his savings in several articles, in order the better to support an expence so guiltily to be incurred; and had actually began to treat with Mrs. Oldham; who agreed, at the first word, to retire; not knowing but his motive, (poor man!) as well as hers, was reformation—There was he attacked by a violent fever; which in three days deprived him of the use of the reason he had so much abused.

Mr. Bever, his English steward, posted down, on the first news he had of his being taken ill, hoping to get him to sign the ready-drawn-up leases. But the eagerness he shewed to have this done, giving cause of suspicion to Mrs. Oldham, she would not let him see his master, though he arrived on the second day of Sir Thomas's illness, which was before the fever had seized his brain.

Mr. Filmer had been to meet, and conduct to London, Mrs. O'Brien, the mother of the girl, who came over to see the sale of the poor victim's honour compleated; [could you have thought, Lucy, there was such a mother in the world?] and it was not till the fifth day of the unhappy man's illness that he got to him, with his releases also already drawn up, as well as the articles between him and the O'Briens, in hopes to find him well enough to sign both. He was in a visible consternation when he found his master so ill. He would have staid in the house to watch the event; but Mrs. Oldham not permitting him to do so, he put up at the next village, in hopes of a favourable turn of the distemper.

On the sixth day, the physicians giving no hopes of Sir Thomas's recovery, Mrs. Oldham sent to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger, and they instantly set out to attend their father.

They could not be supposed to love Mrs. Oldham; and, taking Mr. Grandson's advice, who accompanied them, they let the unhappy woman know, that there was no farther occasion for her attendance on their father. She had prudently, before, that she might give the less offence to the two ladies, removed her son by her former hus-

band, and her two children by him; but insisted on continuing with him, and in the house, as well motives of tenderness, as for her security, lest she should be charged with embezzlements; for she expected mercy from the family, if Sir Thomas died.

Poor woman! what a tenure was by which she held!

Miss Caroline consented, and her sister to consent that she should absolutely against Mr. Grandson's advice; who, libertine as he was, was very zealous to punish a poor wretch, who, though faulty, was not so faulty as himself. Wicked people, believe, my dear, are the severest punishers of those wicked people, who administer not to their own particular satisfactions. Can mercy be expected from such? Mercy is a virtue.

It was shocking to the last degree the worthy daughters to hear their father call upon nobody so fit upon Miss O'Brien; though they knew nothing of the girl, nor of the treaty on foot for her; nor could Mrs. Oldham inform them, who or she was. Sometimes, when the poor man was quietest, he would call on his son, in words generally of piety and love; once in particular saying out—'O save me! save me! Grandson, by thy presence!—I shall be consumed by the fire that is kindled up in my boiling blood!'

On the ninth day, no hope being and the physicians declaring him a dying man, they dispatched a messenger to hasten over to him, who (having left his wife, Emily Jervois, at Florence, in the protection of the worthy Dr. Barden) came to Paris, as he had written, in expectation of receiving there his permission to return to England.

On the eleventh day of his illness Sir Thomas came a little to himself. He knew his daughters. He wept to see them. He wished he had been nearer to them. He was sensible of his weakness. Several times he lifted up feeble hands, and dying eyes, saying, 'God is just. I am, I have been very wicked!—Repentance!—I am a sinner! how hard a task!' said he to the minister who attended him, whose prayers he desired. And Mrs. Oldham once coming in his sight, 'Mrs. Oldham!' said he, 'what a world now? What would I give to repent, repent—Put your good'

in practice, lest I have more souls
my own to answer for?

after this his delirium re-
; and he expired about eleven
in dreadful agonies. Unhap-
—Join a tear with mine, my
on the awful exit of Sir Thomas
son, though we knew him not.
man! in the pursuit—Poor
—He lived not to see his beloved

two daughters, and Mr. Gran-
and Mrs. Oldham, (for her own
) put their respective seals on
place, at that house, where pa-
any thing of value, were sup-
to be deposited: and Mr. Gran-
assuming that part of the manage-
dismissed Mrs. Oldham from the
and would not permit her to
with her more than one suit of
besides those she had on. She
utterly, and complained of harsh-
ment: but was not pitied; and
ferred by Mr. Grandison to his
cousin for still more rigorous

appealed to the ladies; but they
ed her with having lived a life
e, against better knowledge; and
at now she must take the conse-
Her punishment was but be-
g: their brother would do her
justice, they doubted not; but a
of his virtue, they were sure,
abhor her. She had misled their
they said. It was not in *his* tem-
be cruel to his children. She had
upon their fortune; and now they
nothing but their brother's favour
end upon.
ughters so dutiful, my Lucy, did
to excuse their father all they
; but Mrs. Oldham suffered for

so much interested in this impor-
tatory, that I have not the heart to
into it, to tell you how very agree-
pass my time with these ladies,
ard L. in those parts of the day
are all assembled. Miss Emily
me mind; gentle, delicate, inno-
childish beyond her stature and
ly appearance, but not her years.
two ladies are very good to her.
L. is an excellent man.
is Friday morning: and no Sir
es! *Canterbury* is surely a charm-
ce. Was you ever at *Canterbury*,

tomorrow, Lady D. is to visit my
My letter to my aunt will be in

time, I hope. I long to know.—Yet
why should I?—But Lady D. is so good
a woman! I hope she will take kindly
my denial; and look upon it as an abso-
lute one.

I have a great deal more of the fa-
mily-history to give you: I wish I could
write as fast as we can talk. But, Lucy,
concerning the lady, with whose father
Sir Thomas was in treaty for his son?
Don't you want to know something
more about her?—But, ah! my dear,
be this as it may, there is a lady in
whose favour both sisters interest them-
selves. I have found that out. Nor
will it be long, I suppose, before I shall
be informed who she is; and whether
or not Sir Charles encourages the pro-
posal.

Adieu, my Lucy! You will soon have
another letter from your

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XIX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

YOU see, my dear, how many im-
portant matters depended on the
conduct and determination of the young
baronet.

Lord L. was at this time in Scotland,
where he had seen married two of his
three sisters; and was busying himself in
putting his affairs in such a way, as
should enable him to depend the less
either on the justice or generosity of
Sir Thomas Grandison, whose beloved
daughter he was impatient to call his.

Miss Charlotte was absolutely depen-
dent upon her brother's generosity; and
both sisters had reason to be the more
uneasy, as it was now, in the worldly-
wise way of thinking, become his *interest*
to keep up the distance which their un-
happy father had been solicitous to
create between them, from a policy low,
and entirely unworthy of him.

The unhappy Mrs. Oldham had al-
ready received a severe instance of the
change of her fortune; and had no rea-
son to doubt, but that the sisters, who
had always from the time she was set
over them as their governess, looked
upon her with an evil eye; and after-
wards had but too just a pretence for
their aversion; would incense against
her a brother, whose fortune had been
lessened by his father's profusion: the
few relations she had living, were peo-
ple of honour, who had renounced all
correspondence with her, from the time
she had thrown herself so absolutely
into

into the power of Sir Thomas Grandison; and she had three sons to take care of.

Bever and Filmer, the English and Irish stewards, were attending Sir Charles's arrival with great impatience, in hopes he would sign those accounts of theirs, to which they had no reason to question but his father would have set his hand, had he not been taken so suddenly ill, and remained delirious almost to the end of his life.

Miss Obrien, her mother, and aunt, I shall mention in another place.

Lord W. had a great dislike to his nephew, for no other reason, as I have said, than because he was his father's favourite. Yet were not his nieces likely to find their uncle more their friend for that. He was indeed almost entirely under the management of a woman, who had not either the birth, the education, the sense, or moderation, of Mrs. Oldham, to put in the contrary scale against her lost virtue; but abounded, it seems, in a low selfish cunning, by which she never failed to carry every point she set her heart upon: for, as is usual, they say, with these keeping men, Lord W. would yield up, to avoid her teasing, what he would not have done to a wife of fortune and family, who might have been a credit to his own: but the *real slave* imagined himself master of his *liberty*; and sat down satisfied with the sound of the word.

The suspended treaty of marriage with Lord N.'s sister was also to be taken into consideration, either to be proceeded with, or broken off, as should be concluded by both parties.

This was the situation of affairs in the family, when Sir Charles arrived.

He returned not an answer to his sister's notification of his father's danger; but immediately set out for Calais, embarked, and the same day arrived at the house of his late father in St. James's Square. His sisters concluded, that he would be in town nearly as soon as a letter could come; they therefore every hour, for two days together, expected him.

Judge, my dear, from the foregoing circumstances, (sisterly love out of the question, which yet it could not be) how awful must be to them, after eight or nine years absence, the first appearance of a brother, on whom the whole of their fortunes depended; and to whom they had been accused by a father, now so lately departed, of want of duty; their brother's duty unquestionable!

In the *same* moment he alighted from his post-chaise, the door was opened; entered; and his two sisters met him in the hall.

The graceful youth of seven with fine curling auburn locks upon his shoulders; delicate in complexion; intelligence sparkling in his free eyes; and good-humour shining in his lively features; they remained: and, forgetting the womanly ties into which their own features ripened in the same space of time, seemed not to expect that manly haughtiness and air, and that equal vivacity and trepidity, which every one who his brother, admires in his noble aspect then appearing more than usual; an unburied and beloved father in his thoughts.

'O my brother,' said Caroline, open arms: but, shrinking from embrace; 'May I say, my brother and was just fainting. He clasped in his arms, to support her—'

Charlotte, surprized at her emotion, and affected with his presence ran back into the room they had just quitted, and threw herself upon the settee.

Her brother followed her into the room, his arm round Miss Caroline's waist, soothing her; and with eyes of expectation, 'My Charlotte!' said he, his inviting hand held out, and bade her towards the settee. She then found feet; and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both sisters to his bosom: 'Receive, my dearest sisters, receive your brother, your friend, assure yourselves of my unabated love.'

That assurance, they said, was new to their hearts; and when each was seated, he, sitting over-against the other, looked first on one, then on the other, and, taking each by the hand, 'Charles!' said he: 'how I adore my sisters! You must have minds answerable to your persons. What is sure, what pride, shall I take in my sisters!'

'My dear Charlotte!' said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, 'not our brother, now we see him in all the brother in his aspect: His person only looks stronger, and more perfect: what was I afraid of?'

'My heart also sunk,' said Charlotte: 'I know not why. But we feared—deed, Sir, we both feared—O my brother!'—Tears trickling down the cheeks of each—'We meant not to be undutiful—'

love your brother, my sisters, as I will endeavour to deserve your love. Another's daughters could not be so pitiful! Mistake only!—Unhappy apprehension! We have all some—Shades as well as lights there be!—A kind, a dutiful veil—’

He pressed the hand of each with his robe, went to the window, and put his handkerchief.

What must he have had in his eyes? No doubt, but his father's every turn, and recent departure! Wonder, that such a son could not, in pious emotion, bear the reflection must crowd into his mind at instant!

On turning towards them, ‘Perdita, my dear sisters,’ said he, to you for a few moments.’ He turned to them from them. ‘My father,’ said he, demands this tribute. I will not excuse, my sisters.’

He joined in the payment of it; and on him to his apartment, with respect. ‘No ceremony, I hope, Caroline—my Charlotte. We true sisters and brother a few days ago. See your Charles as you see him then. Let not absence, which has increased my love, lessen

My sister took a hand, and would kissed it. He clasped his arms round them both, and saluted them. He cast his eye on his father's and mother's pictures with some emotion; and then, and again saluted each.

He withdrew. He waited on them at the stairs head. ‘Sweet obliging—Amiable sisters! In a quarter of an hour I seek your presence.’

A flood of joy trickled down their cheeks. In half an hour he joined them in their dress, and re-saluted his sisters with an air of tenderness, that banished fear, and left room for nothing but love.

Grandison came in soon after. A gentleman, who (as I believe I before mentioned) had affected, in the use of his own free way of life, to seem he would laugh at his cousin's turn, when he came to England, on his turn, as he called it: and even that he would enter him into the same diversions, and make a man of himself as struck with the dignity of his behaviour, and yet charmed with the freedom of his behaviour. ‘Good God!’ said he to the ladies afterwards, ‘what a young man is your brother!’—

‘What a self-denier was your father!’—

The ladies retiring, Mr. Grandison entered upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness and death; which, he told his sisters, he touched *tenderly*: as tenderly, I suppose, as a man of his unfeeling heart could touch such a subject. He inveighed against Mrs. Oldham; and with some exultation over her, told his cousin what they had done as to her: and exclaimed against her for the state she had lived in; and the difficulty she made to resign Sir Thomas to his daughters care in his illness; and particularly for presuming to insist upon putting her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closet, where they supposed were any valuables.

Sir Charles heard all this without saying one word, either of approbation or otherwise.

‘Are you not pleased with what we have done, as to this vile woman, Sir Charles?’

‘I have no doubt, cousin,’ replied Sir Charles, ‘that every thing was done signed for the best.’

And then Mr. Grandison, as he told the sisters, ridiculed the unhappy woman on her grief, and mortified behaviour, when she was obliged to quit the house, where, he said, she had reigned so long Lady Paramount!

Sir Charles asked, if they had searched for or found a will?

Mr. Grandison said, they had looked in every probable place; but found none.

‘What I think to do, cousin,’ said Sir Charles, ‘is, to inter the venerable remains (I must always speak in this dialect, Sir) with those of my mother. This, I know, was his desire. I will have an elegant, but not sumptuous, monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious. The difference in the expence shall be privately applied to relieve or assist distressed housekeepers, or some of my father's poor tenants, who have large families, and have not been wanting in their honest endeavours to maintain them. My sisters, I hope, will not think themselves neglected, if I spare them the pain of conferring with them on a subject that must afflict them.’

These sentiments were new to Mr. Grandison.

Grandison. He told the sisters what Sir Charles had said. 'I did not contradict him,' said he: 'but as Sir Thomas had so magnificent a mind, and always lived up to it, I should have thought he ought to have been honoured with a magnificent funeral. But I cannot but own, however, that what your brother said, had something great and noble in it.'

The two ladies, on their brother's hinting his intentions to them, acquiesced with all he proposed; and all was performed according to his directions which he himself wrote down. He allowed of his sisters compliance with the fashion: but he in person saw performed, with equal piety and decorum, the last offices.

Sir Charles is noted for his great dexterity in business. Were I to express myself in the language of Miss Grandison, I should say, that 'a funbeam is not more penetrating.' He goes to the bottom of an affair at once, and wants but to hear both sides of a question to determine; and when he determines, his execution can only be staid by perverse accidents, that lie out of the reach of human foresight: and when he finds that to be the case, yet the thing right to be done, he changes his methods of proceeding; as a man would do, who finding himself unable to pursue his journey by one road, because of a sudden inundation, takes another, which, though a little about, carries him home in safety.

As soon as the solemnity was over, Sir Charles, leaving every thing at Grandison Hall as he found it, and the seals unbroken, came to town, and, in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals that had been affixed to the cabinets and escritores in the house there.

The ladies told him, that their bills were ready for his inspection; and that they had a balance in their hands. His answer was, 'I hope, my sisters, we shall have but one interest. It is for you to make demands upon me, and for me to answer them as I shall be able.'

He made memorandums of the contents of many papers, with surprizing expedition; and then locked them up. He found a bank-note of 350l. in the private drawer of one of the bureaux in the apartment that was his father's. 'Be pleased, my sister,' said he, presenting it to Miss Caroline, 'to add that to the money in your hands, to answer family calls.'

He then went with his sisters to the house in Essex. When there, he told

them, it was necessary for Mrs. (who had lodgings at a neighbouring farm-house) to be present at the breaking of the seals, as she had hers affixed accordingly sent for her.

They desired to be excused her.

'It will be a concern to me,' said she, 'to see her: but what ought to be must be done.'

The poor woman came with feet trembling.

You will not, Lucy, be disappointed with an account of what passed on this occasion. I was very attentive to what was given by Miss Grandison, whose memory was aided by the recollection of her sister. And, as I am used to aim at affecting scenes in the very words of the persons, as near as I can, to make them appear lively and natural, you expect that I should attempt to do this case.

Sir Charles, not expecting Mr. Ham would be there so soon, was stud with his groom and coach looking upon his horses: for they were most of the hunters and some of the finest beasts in the kingdom.

By the mistake of Miss Caroline, the poor woman was shown to the room where the two ladies were. She was in great confusion; and wept; and stood, as well as she could stand; but leaned against the tapestry hung wall.

'How came this?' said Miss Caroline to her maid. 'She was not to be in to us.'

'I beg pardon,' said Miss Caroline, 'for withdrawing; but stoop on Charlotte's speech to her—' My brother for you, Madam—Not we, I say, you.—He says it is necessary, and thought fit to put your seal with to the locked-up places, that should be present at the breaking. Yet he will see you with as much as you give us. Prepare yourself to see him. You seem mighty unwonder!'

You have heard, Lucy, that Charlotte attributes a great deal of attention for the better in her temper even in her heart, to the example of her brother.

'Indeed, I am unfit, very unfit, the poor woman. Let me, ladies, speak your generosity: a little of pity; a little of your countenance; am, indeed, an unhappy woman. And so you deserve to be.'

am sure we are the sufferers," said
line.

ard L. as the owned, was then in
head, as well as heart.

If I may withdraw without seeing
Charles, I should take it for a fa-
r. I find I cannot bear to see him.
I sit not upon being present at the
locking the seals. I throw myself
in your mercy, ladies, and upon

mel girls! shall I call them, Lucy?
I will—Cruel girls! They asked
not to sit down, though they saw
error he was in: and that she had
modesty to forbear sitting in their
place.

But an humbling thing is the con-
sciousness of having lived faulty, when
it seizes upon the heart!—But
not virtue be appeased, when the
of God is acknowledged in the
countenance, and behaviour, of
the offender! Yet, perhaps, it is hard
on sufferers—Let me consider—Have I
my heart, forgiven Sir Hargrave
when I will examine into that
other time.

And so you have put yourself into
mourning, Madam?

Will I say, that Caroline said this,
what follows? Yet I am glad it was
Charlotte, methinks; for Caroline
sight herself a sufferer by her, in an
equal manner—However, I am sorry
for either

pretty deep too! Your weeds, I sup-
pose, are at your lodgings—

You have been told, Lucy, that Mrs.
Ham by many was called Lady
Edison; and that her birth, her edu-
cation, good sense, though all was not
sufficient to support her virtue against
luxury and temptation, (poor wo-
man!) might have given her a claim to
the name.

Indeed, ladies, I am a *real* mourn-
er, but I never myself assumed a char-
acter, to which it was never in my
power to solicit a right.

Then Madam, the world does you
justice, Madam," said Charlotte.

These, ladies, are the keys of the
treasures; of the confessional; of the
vaults: you demanded them not,
you dismissed me from this
place. I thought to send them: but
the time I could provide myself
with a lodging, you were gone; and
only two common servants; be-
sides the groom and helpers: and I
thought it was best to keep the keys,
I could deliver them to your order,
Be.

or Sir Charles's. I have not been a
bad manager, ladies, considered as a
housekeeper. All I have in the world
is under the seals. I am at yours and
your brother's mercy.

The sisters ordered their woman to
take the keys, and bring them to the
foot of their thrones.—Dear ladies, for-
give me, if you should, by surprise, see
this. I know that you think and act in
a different manner now!

Here comes my brother!" said Ca-
roline.

You'll soon know, Madam, what
you have to trust to from him," said
Charlotte.

The poor woman trembled, and
turned pale. O how her heart must
throb!

LETTER XX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

SIR Charles entered. She was near
the door. His sisters were at the
other end of the room.

He bowed to her—"Mrs. Oldham,
I presume," said he—"Pray, Madam,
be seated. I sent to you, that you
might see the seals—Pray, Madam, sit
down."

He took her hand, and led her to a
chair not far distant from them; and sat
down in one between them and her.

His sisters owned, they were startled
at his complaisance to her. Dear la-
dies; they forgot, at that moment, that
mercy and justice are sister-graces, and
cannot be separated in a virtuous bo-
som.

"Pray, Madam, compose yourself;"
looking upon her with eyes of anguish
and pity mingled, as the ladies said,
they afterwards recollected with more
approbation than at the time. What,
my Lucy, must be the reflections of
this humane man, respecting his father,
and her, at that moment!

He turned to his sisters, as if to give
Mrs. Oldham time to recover herself.
A flood of tears relieved her. She
tried to suppress her audible sobs; and,
most considerately, he would not hear
them. Her emotions attracting the
eyes of the ladies, he took them off, by
asking them something about a picture
that hung on the other side of the
room.

He then drew his chair nearer to her,
and again taking her trembling hand
—"I am not a stranger to your me-
lancholy story, Mrs. Oldham—Be not
discomposed—"

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He

He stooped to give her a few moments time to recover herself—Resuming;
 ‘See in me a friend, ready to thank you
 for all your past good offices, and to
 forget all mistaken ones.’

She could not bear this. She threw herself at his feet. He raised her to her chair.

‘Poor Mr. Oldham,’ said he, ‘was
 ‘unhappily careless! Yet I have been
 ‘told he loved you, and that you merit-
 ‘ed his love—Your misfortune threw
 ‘you into the knowledge of our family.
 ‘You have been a faithful manager of
 ‘the affairs of this house—By written
 ‘evidences I can justify you; evidences
 ‘that no one here will, I am sure, dis-
 ‘pute.’

It was plain that his father had writ-
 ten in her praise, as an economist; the
 only light in which this pious son was
 then willing to consider her.

‘Indeed, I have—And I would still
 ‘have been—’

‘No more of that, Madam. Mr.
 ‘Grandison, who is a good-natured
 ‘man, but a little hasty, has told me
 ‘that he treated you with unkindness.
 ‘He owns you were patient under it.
 ‘Patience never yet was a solitary vir-
 ‘tue. He thought you wrong for in-
 ‘sisting to put your seal; but he was
 ‘mistaken: you did right, as to the
 ‘thing; and I dare say, a woman of
 ‘your prudence did not wrong in the
 ‘manner. No one can judge prop-
 ‘erly of another, that cannot be that very
 ‘other in imagination, when he takes
 ‘the judgment-seat.’

‘O my brother! O my brother!’—
 said both ladies at one time—half in ad-
 miration, though half-concerned, at a
 goodness so eclipsing.

‘Bear with me, my sisters. We
 ‘have all something to be forgiven
 ‘for.’

They knew not how far they were
 concerned, in his opinion, in the ad-
 monition, from what their father had
 written of them. They owned, that
 they were mortified: yet knew not how
 to be angry with a brother, who, though
 more than an equal sufferer with them,
 could preserve his charity.

He then made a motion, dinner-time,
 as he said, not being near, for choco-
 late: and referred to Mrs. Oldham to
 direct it, as knowing best where every
 thing was. She referred to the deliver-
 ed-up keys. Caroline called in her
 servant, and gave them to her. Sir
 Charles desired Mrs. Oldham to be so
 good as to direct the maid.

The ladies easily saw, that he in-
 ded by this, to relieve the poor
 by some little employment; and to
 the opportunity of her absence, to
 deavoured to reconcile them to his
 actions, as well as manner of behav-
 ing.

The moment she was gone out of
 room, he thus addressed himself to
 ladies:

‘My dear sisters, let me beg of
 ‘to think favourably of me on this
 ‘occasion. I would not disoblige you
 ‘the world. I consider not the
 ‘this poor woman, on the foot of
 ‘own merits, with regard to us.
 ‘father’s memory, is concerned—
 ‘be accountable to us, was for, for
 ‘each did it—Neither of them was
 ‘is intitled to justice, for it’s own
 ‘to generosity, for ours; to kind-
 ‘for my father’s. Mr. Grandison
 ‘cused her of living in too much
 ‘as he called it. Can that be said
 ‘her fault? With regard to us,
 ‘any-body’s? My father’s magis-
 ‘spirit is well known. He was of
 ‘this house. Wherever he was,
 ‘lived in the same taste. He praised
 ‘me Mrs. Oldham’s economy in
 ‘ral of his letters. He had a right
 ‘do what he would with his own
 ‘tune. It was not ours till now. Yet
 ‘ever he has left us, he might have
 ‘lessened it. That economy is all
 ‘concerns us in interest; and that
 ‘her favour. If any act of kind-
 ‘my sisters was wanting from the
 ‘rent, they will rejoice, that they
 ‘ved what they hoped to meet
 ‘from him: and where the parents
 ‘an option, they will be glad, that
 ‘acquiesced under it. He could
 ‘given Mrs. Oldham a title to a
 ‘that would have commanded re-
 ‘spect, if not our reverence. My
 ‘ters have enlarged minds; the
 ‘daughters of the most charitable
 ‘most forgiving of women. Mr. Grandison
 ‘dison (it could not be you) has
 ‘too severe a hand towards her.
 ‘he meant service to us all. I was
 ‘ing, before I commended this
 ‘woman to your mercy, (since it was
 ‘cessary to see her) to judge of her
 ‘haviour. Is she not humbled enough?
 ‘From my soul I pity her. She
 ‘my father; and I have no doubt
 ‘mourns for him in secret; yet
 ‘not own, dares not plead, her
 ‘I am willing to consider her
 ‘one who has executed a principle
 ‘in this house: if becomes us to

to her, as that the world should consider her in that light only. To the living proofs, (unhappy innocents!) I am concerned, that what the delight of other parents, are disgraced of this. But let us not, resentments, publish faults that did not be hers only.—Need I say it?—It would pain me to be obliged to it. With pain have I said thus.—The circumstances of the case such, that I cannot give it its full weight. I ask it of you as a favour, not right, (I should hate myself, were capable of exerting to the utmost any power that may be devolved upon me) you will be so good as to leave the subject of this affair to me. You will only oblige me, if you can give me cheerful acquiescence.' They could answer by tears. They could weep.

At this time Mrs. Oldham returned; in an humble manner, offered tribute to each young lady. They kissed their necks, not their bodies, with civility, as they owned; each extending her flately hand, as if she knew whether she should put it out or

think I see them. How could such young girls be so ungracious, after Sir Charles had said!

Their brother, they saw, seemed distressed. He took the salver from Mrs. Oldham. 'Pray, Madam, sit down,' he said, offering her a dish, which she accepted; and held the toasted bread to the others, who then were ready enough to each some.—And when they had their chocolate; 'Now, Mrs. Oldham,' said he, 'I will attend you sisters, you will give me your commands.'

They arose to follow him. The poor man curtsied, I warrant, and stood while they passed: and methinks I see the dear girls bridle, and walk as if, and as upright, as Duchesses supposed to do in a coronation procession.

Grandison acknowledged, that he thought her brother's extraordinary assistance to Mrs. Oldham; and to her sister, as arm in arm they went, 'Politeness is a charming quality, Caroline!'

'I don't quite understand it,' replied

she. 'I did not intend their brother to hear what they said: but he did; he turned back to them, (Mrs. Oldham being at distance, and, on his speak-

ing low, dropping still farther behind them:)' 'Don't you, my sisters, do too little, and I will not do too much.' 'She is a gentlewoman. She is unhappy from within. Thank God, yet are not. And she is not now, nor ever was, your servant.'

They reddened, and looked upon each other in some confusion.

He pressed each of their hands, as in love. 'Don't let me give you concern,' said he; 'only permit me to remind you, while it is yet in time, that you have an opportunity given you to shew yourselves Grandisons.'

When they came to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, and which was his usual apartment, Mrs. Oldham turned pale, and begged to be excused attending them in it. She wept. 'You will find every thing there, Sir,' said she, 'to be as it ought. I am ready to answer all questions. Permit me to wait in the adjoining drawing-room.'

Sir Charles allowed her request.

'Poor woman!' said he: 'How unhappily circumstanced is she, that she dares not, in this company, shew the tenderness, which is the glory, not only of the female, but of the human nature!'

In one of the cabinets in that chamber they found a beautiful little casket, and a paper wafered upon the back of it; with these words written in Sir Thomas's hand, '*My wife's jewels*,' &c.

The key was tied to one of the silver handles.

'Had you not my mother's jewels divided between you?' asked he.

'My father once shewed us this casket at Grandison Hall,' answered Caroline. 'We thought it was still there.'

'My dear sisters, let me ask you: Did my father forbear presenting these to you, from any declared misapprehension of your want of duty to him?'

'No,' replied Miss Caroline. 'But he told us they should be ours when we married. You have heard, I dare say, that he was not fond of seeing us dressed.'

'It must have been misapprehension only, had it been so. You could not be undutiful to a father.'

He would not permit it to be opened before him: but, presenting it to them, 'Receive your right, my sisters. It is heavy. I hope there is more than jewels in it. I know that my mother used to deposit in it her little hoard.'

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'I am sure there can be no dispute between such affectionate sisters, on the partition of the contents of this casket.'

While their brother was taking minutes of papers, the ladies retired to open this casket.

They found three purses in it; in one of which was an India bond of 500*l.* inclosed in a paper, thus inscribed by Lady Grandison—'*From my maiden money.*' 120 Carolus's were also in this purse in two papers; the one inscribed, '*From my aunt Molly,*' the other, '*From my aunt Kitty.*'

In the second purse were 115 Jacobus's, in a paper, thus inscribed by the same lady, '*Prisings made at different times by my honoured Mamma, Lady W.*' three Bank-notes, and an India-bond, to the amount of 300*l.*

The third purse was thus labelled, as Lady L. shewed me by a copy she had of it in her memorandum book.

"*For my beloved son: in acknowledgment of his duty to his father and me from infancy to this hour*
 "Jan. 1, 17 . . . —Of his love to his sisters—Of the generosity of his temper; never once having taken advantage of the indulgence shewn him by parents so fond of him, that, as the only son of an ancient family, he might have done what he pleased with them—Of his love of truth: and of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility, and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of making A GOOD MAN—GOD grant it.
 "Amen!"

The ladies immediately carried this purse, thus labelled, to their brother. He took it; read the label, turning his face from his sisters, as he read;—'Excellent woman!' said he, when he had read it, '*Being dead, she speaks*—May her pious prayer be answered!' looking up. Then opening the purse, he found five coronation medals of different princes in it, and several others of value; a gold snuff-box, in which, wrapt in cotton, were three diamond rings; one signified to be his grandfather's; the two others, an uncle's and brother's of Lady Grandison: but what was more value to him than all the rest, the ladies said, was a miniature picture of his mother, set in gold; an admirable

likeness, they told me; and they get their brother to let me see it.

Neglecting all the rest, he engaged it out of the shagreen case; opened in silence; kissed it; a tear falling from his eye. He then put it to his breast, and withdrew for a few moments; and returned with a cheerful aspect.

The ladies told him what was in the other two purses. They said they had no scruple of accepting the jewels, the bonds, the notes, and the money offered to him.

He asked, if there were no particular direction upon either? They answered, 'No.'

He took them; and emptying them upon the table, mingled the contents both together. 'There may be a difference in the value of each; but mingled, you, my sisters, will divide them between you. The picture (putting his hand on his breast, where it yet was) is of infinite value than all the three purses contained besides.'

You will excuse these particulars to my dear friends; but if you do, I can't help it. We are all apt to lieve, to pursue the subjects that delight us. Don't grudge me my share. Perhaps I shall pay for it. I admire this man more than I can express.

Saturday night—And so Sir Charles Grandison. With all my heart!

LETTER XXI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

WHEN Sir Charles and his wife had looked over every place in his father's apartment, they followed Mrs. Oldham to hers.

'A very handsome apartment,' said she, 'my word!'

How could Miss Grandison know the situation the unhappy woman had been in; mistress of that house?

Her brother looked at her.

Mrs. Oldham shewed them what the furniture and pictures (some of the latter valuable ones) she had brought into the house, saved, as she said, from the wreck of her husband's fortune. 'But,' said she, 'with the consent of my creditors, I, for my part, did not wro g any body.'

'In that closet, Sir,' continued she, pointing to it, 'is all that I consider myself worth in the world.'

Grandison was pleased to put his seal on the door. I besought him to let me take gold out of it; having but a little money about me; but he would not; his refusal, besides the displeasure, has put me to some shifts. But, saying, I throw myself upon your mercy, Sir.

The sisters frankly owned, that they blamed each other by fault-finding. I whispered, that she expected nothing from them, it was plain. O what belongs to goodness, as well in influences, as in itself! Not even two amiable sisters, as Miss Charlotte acknowledged, were so noble themselves before their brother's arrival, as they are now.

Assure yourself of justice, Madam, said Sir Charles. Mr. Grandison is just; but he would have done you justice, I dare say. He thought he was acting for a trifling sum.—You may have seen, you may have things, here in my closet, that we have no business with. Then, breaking the seal; I showed it to you, to shew us any thing proper for us to take account of. The will will not do for me.

My ladies, Sir—They will be pleased.

At Mrs. Oldham, said Caroline: she was putting herself before her brother, and so was her sister, while Sir Charles was withdrawing from the closet, but he took each by her hand, in supporting Caroline.

NO, Mrs. Oldham.—Do you lay out as you please: we will step into the next apartment.

Accordingly led them both out.

You are very generous, Sir, said Grandison.

It would be so, Charlotte. Ought not private drawers of women to be sacred?

But such a creature, Sir—said Miss Caroline.

Every creature is intitled to justice. Can ladies forget decorum? You see I was surprized by Mr. Grandison. He has suffered disgrace: has been exposed to difficulties.

Well, Sir, if she will do justice—

Remember, (with looks of meaning) whose housekeeper she was.

They owned they were daunted, and so, dear ladies, you ought to have been! but not convinced at that point.

It is generous to own this, because the behaviour makes amends for your honour.

Mrs. Oldham, with tears in her eyes,

came curtsying to the ladies and their brother, offering to conduct them into her closet. They found, that she had spread on her table in it, and in the two windows, and in the chairs, letters, papers, laces, fine linen, &c.

These papers, Sir, said she, be long to you. I was bid to keep them safe. [Poor woman! she knew not how to say, by whom bid.] You will see, Sir, the seals are whole.

Perhaps a will, said he.

No, Sir, I believe not. I was told they belonged to the Irish estate. Alas! and she wiped her eyes, I have reason to think, there was not time for a will.

I suppose, Mrs. Oldham, you urged for a will—said Miss Charlotte.

Indeed, ladies, I often did; I own it.

I don't doubt it, said Miss Caroline.

And very prudently, said Sir Charles.

I myself have always had a will by me.

I should think it a kind of presumption to be a week without one.

In this drawer, Sir, are the money, and notes, and securities, that I have been getting together; I do assure you, Sir, very honestly:—pulling out a drawer in the cabinet.

To what amount, Mrs. Oldham, if I may be so bold? asked Caroline.

No matter, sister Caroline, to what amount, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly got together. I dare say, that my father's bounty enabled even his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one that I thought did not.—I make no comparisons, Mrs. Oldham: you are a gentlewoman.

The two ladies only whispered to each other, as they owned, So we think!—Were there ever such perverse girls? I am afraid my uncle will think himself justified by them on this occasion, when he asserts, that it is one of the most difficult things in the world to put a woman right, when she sets out wrong. If it be generally so with us, I am sure we ought to be very careful of prepossession.—And has he not said, Lucy, that the best women, when wrong, are most tenacious? It may be so: but then, I hope, he will allow, that at the time they think themselves right.

I believe there is near 12000, said Mrs. Oldham; and looked, the ladies observed, as if she was afraid of their censures.

Near

'Near 1200*l*. Mrs. Oldham!' said Miss Charlotte.—'Lord, sister, how glad would we have been sometimes of as many shillings between us!'

'And what, Caroline—what, Charlotte, young ladies as you were, only growing up into women, and in your father's house, would you have done with more than current money? Now you have a claim to independency, I hope that 1200*l*. will not be the sum of either of your stores!'

They curtsied, they said; but yet thought 1200*l*. a great saving.—Dear ladies! how could you forget, and what a pain would it have been for your brother to have reminded you, that Mrs. Oldham had *two* children; to say nothing of a third!

Trembling, as they owned, 'Here,' said she, 'in this private drawer, are some presents.—I disclaim them. If you believe me, ladies, I never wished for them. I never was seen in them but once. I never shall wear them.'—Offering to pull out the drawer.

'Forbear, Mrs. Oldham. Presents are yours. The money in that drawer is yours. Never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleased. Have not we, to do as we please? Had he made a will, would they not have been yours?—If you, Mrs. Oldham—if you, my sisters, can tell me of any thing he but intended or inclined to do by any one of his people, that intention will I execute with as much exactness, as if he had made a will, and it was part of it. Shall we do nothing but *legal* justice?—The law was not made for a man of conscience.'

Lord bless me, my Lucy! what shall I do about this man?

HERE (would you believe it?) I laid down my pen; pondered, and wept for joy; I think, it was for joy, that there is such a young man in the world; for what else could it be?—And now, with a watry eye, twinkle, twinkle, do I resume it.

His sisters owned, they were confounded; but that still the time was to come when they were to approve, from their hearts, of what he said and did.

Mrs. Oldham wept at his goodness. She wept, I make no doubt also, as a penitent.—'If my ladies,' said she, 'will be pleased to—' And seemed to be about making *something* an offer to them of the jewels, as I suppose.

'My sisters, Mrs. Oldham,' said Sir

Charles, interrupting her, 'you dissona. Pray, Madam—' holding her hand, which was extended to the drawer—

She took out of another drawer and some silver. 'This, Sir, is that belongs to you. I received Sir Thomas's illness. I have some monies; and my accounts wanted a few hours of being perfected. I was dismissed. They shall be pleaded, and laid before you.'

'Let this money, Mrs. Oldham, part of those accounts.' Declined then, to take it.

'There are letters, Sir,' said she, 'would wish to hold nothing from you know not, if, among some things, I wish not *any-body* to see, there not concerns, that you ought to be made acquainted with, relating persons and things, particularly Mr. Bever and Mr. Filmer, and accounts. I hope they are good. —You must see these letters, I believe.'

'Let me desire you, Mrs. Oldham, to make such extracts from those letters, or any others, as you think concern me; and as soon as you for those gentlemen have written me to sign their accounts; which, I hint, had my father's approbation.'

She then told Sir Charles (as I already related) how earnest Mr. Bever was to get to the speech of Sir Thomas and how mortified Mr. Filmer was to find him incapable of writing name; which both said was all that was wanted.

'An honest man,' said Sir Charles, 'fears not inspection. They shall have no favour from me. I hope not but justice from them.'

She then shewed him some other papers; and, while he was turning over, the ladies and she withdrew to another apartment, in which, in mahogany chests, was her wardrobe. They owned they were curious to inspect it, as she had always made a figure. She was intending to open them; and had actually opened one of the chests, and, though reluctantly taken on a gown, when Sir Charles entered.

He seemed displeased; and told his sisters aside, 'Tell me,' said he, 'can what this poor woman's secret about, proceed from her own mouth? I beg of you to say, you put her on it. I would not have reason to give, that any woman, in such a condition—'

stances, could make a display of apparel.

'Why, the motion is partly mine, suit needs say,' answered Char-

'Wholly, I hope; and the compliance to the poor woman's mortified nation.—You are young women—may not have considered this mat-

Do you imagine, that your curiosity will yield you pleasure? Don't know what to expect from the magnificent and bountiful spirit of, to whose memory you owe

they recollected themselves, blush—and desired Mrs. Oldham to lock the chest. She did; and seemed to be excused from the the morning talk.

My Lucy, one thing I am afraid and that is, that Sir Charles Gran- politely, as he behaves to us all, as women in general very con- siderable creatures. I wish I knew he did; and that for two reasons: I might have something to think blameable for: and to have the of assuring myself, that he would of that fault, were he to acquainted with my grandmanma,

do you wonder, that the sisters, minds were thus opened and en- by the example of such a bro- blazing upon them all at once, may say, in manly goodness, on his from abroad, whither he set out pling, should, on all occasions, out into raptures, whenever they on their brother?—Well may Grandison despise her lovers, he thinks of him and of them at same time.

day. Sir Charles is in town we came thither but last night.— for that matter, his sisters are vexed at him than I am.—But pretence have I to be disturbed? say of him, as I do of Lady D. do good, that one would be will- stand well with him.—Then is brother, you know.

LETTER XXII.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TER Sir Charles had inspected into every thing in this house, and minutes of papers, letters, writ- etc. and locked up the plate, and valuables, in one room, he order-

ed his servants to carry into Mrs. Oldham's apartment all that belonged to her; and gave her the key of that; and directed the housekeeper to be assisting to her in the removal of them, at her own time and pleasure, and to suffer her to come and go, at all times, with freedom and civility, as if she had never left the house, were his words.

How the poor women curtsied and wept! The dear girls, I am afraid, then envied her—and perhaps expressed a grudging spirit; for they said, this was their brother's address to them at the time:

'You may look upon the justice I aim at doing to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest, that I will do more than justice to my beloved sisters: and you should have been the first to have found the fruits of the love I bear you, had I not been afraid, that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. The moment I know what I can do, I will do it; and I request you to hope largely: if I have ability, I will exceed your hopes.

'My dear sisters,' continued he, and took one hand of each, 'I am sorry, for your spirits sake, that you are left in my power. The best of women was always afraid it would be so. But the moment I can, I will give you an absolute independence on your brother, that your actions and conduct may be all your own.'

'Surely, Sir,' said Caroline, (and they both wept) 'we must think it the highest felicity, that we are in the power of such a brother. As to our spirits, Sir—'

She would have said more, but could not; and Charlotte took it up where her sister left off: 'Best of brothers,' said she, 'our spirits shall, as much as possible, (I can answer for both) be guided hereafter by yours. Forgive what you have seen amiss in us.—But we desire to depend upon our good behaviour. We cannot, we will not, be independent of you.'

'We will talk of these matters,' replied he, 'when we can do more than talk. I will ask you, Caroline, after your inclinations—and you, Charlotte, after yours—in the same hour that I know what I can do for you both, in the way of promoting them. Enter, mean time, upon your measures; reckon upon my best assistance; banish suspense. One of my first pleasures will be, to see you both happily married.'

They did not say, when they related this

this to me, that they threw themselves at his feet, as to their better father, as well as brother: but I fancy they did.

He afterwards, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, said, 'I would be glad to know, Madam, how you dispose of yourself: every unhappy person has a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrassed. When you are settled, pray let me know the manner: and if you acquaint me with the state of your affairs, and, what you propose to do for and with those who are intitled to your first care, your confidence in me will not be misplaced.'

'And pray, and pray,' asked I of the ladies, 'what said Mrs. Oldham? How did she behave upon this?'

'Our Harriet is strangely taken with Mrs. Oldham's story,' said Miss Grandison.—'Why, she wept plentifully, you may be sure. She clasped her hands, and kneeled to pray to God to bless him, and all that.—She could not do otherwise.'

'See Lucy!—But am I, my grand-mamma—am I, my aunt, to blame? Is it inconsistent with the strictest virtue to be charmed with such a story?—May not virtue itself pity the lapses?—O yes, it may! I am sure, you, and Sir Charles Grandison, will say it may. A while ago, I thought myself a poor creature, compared to these two ladies: but now I believe I am as good as they in some things.—But they had not such a grand-mamma and aunt as I am blessed with: they lost their excellent mother while they were young; and their brother is but lately come over; and his superior excellence, like sun-shine, breaking out on a sudden, finds out, and brings to light, those spots and freckles, that were hardly before discoverable.'

Sir Charles desired Mrs. Oldham would give in writing what she proposed to do for herself, and for those who were under her care. She did, at her first opportunity. It was, That she purposed going to London, for the sake of the young people's education; of turning into money what jewels, cloaths, and plate, she should think above her then situation in life; of living retired in a little genteel house; and she gave in an estimate of her worth; to what amount the ladies knew not; but this they know, that their brother allows to her an annuity, for the sake of her sons by his father; and they doubt not but he will be

still kinder to them, when they are enough to be put into the world. This the ladies think an encouragement to a guilty life.—I will not pronounce upon it, because I am thought partial to the generous; but should be glad of my uncle's opinion. This, however, may be said: Sir Charles Grandison has no need of his own to cover by the extension of his charity and beneficence; and is not goodness in him to do this, is greatness; and this, if it be praise-worthy, is the first instance I have known goodness and greatness of soul separable.

The brother and sisters went after this, to Grandison Hall; and Charles had reason to be pleased in the good order in which he found things there.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE next thing the ladies mentioned was, Sir Charles's management with the two stewards.

I will not aim at being very particular in this part of the family-history.

When Sir Charles found that they had left the inspection of each other's account to the other, he entered into the examination of the whole self; and though he allowed them several disputable and unproved charges, brought them to acknowledge a greater balance in his favour, than had made themselves debtors for. He was the use he made of detecting to his sisters.—'You see, sister, that father was not so profuse as some people thought him. He had parted his estate; and I have reason to think that he often paid interest for his money.'

On his settling with Filmer, the steward, with Miss O'Brien came out. Mr. Filmer had, by surprise, brought a beautiful girl into Sir Charles's presence, and he owned to his sisters, that she was a very lovely creature.

But when the mother and aunt saw that he only admired her as a picture, they insisted that he should have more. Sir Thomas had promised to give Miss O'Brien privately; and upon two of his letters to her, that he should give ground for such an expectation. Sir Charles was grieved, for the sake of his father's memory, at this transaction, and much more, on finding that the

man went down to his seat in his head and heart full of this, when he was struck with his mis-
 self.

meeting was proposed by Filmer, Sir Charles, the mother, the and himself, at the aunt's house in Mall. Sir Charles was very desirous to conceal his father's frailty from the world. He met them : but he entered into discourse, made request to be allowed half an hour's conversation with Miss Obrien by herself at the same time, praising, as it were, her beauty.

They were in hopes, that she would be to make an impression on the mind of so young and so lively a man ; and complied. Under pretence of preparing her for so unexpected a visit, he gave her her cue : but, instead of inspiring him, he brought her to confessions, as sufficiently let him see the baseness of their views.

He returned to company, the young man in his hand. He represented to the mother the wickedness of the part she had come over to act, in such terms that she fell into a fit. The young man was terrified. The young creature was terrified ; and vowed that she would never more.

Sir Charles told them, that if they would give him up his father's two letters, and make a solemn promise never to mention their lips on the affair ; and to procure for her an honest husband, he would give her 1000l. on the day of marriage ; and, if she made a wife, would be farther kind to her.

She was very desirous to clear himself, having no hand in the blacker part of this plot. Sir Charles did not wish to detect and expose him : but he laid the whole upon his conscience.

Having made before several objections to his account, which could not be obviated in England, he went to Ireland with Filmer ; and there he speedily settled every thing to his satisfaction ; and, dismissing him more gently than he deserved, took himself the management of that part, directing several obvious improvements to be made ; which are now to turn to great account.

On his return, he heard that Miss Obrien was ill of the small-pox. He was, for her own sake, sorry for it. He considered in her face, but still was not so much affected : and she is now the same gentle and happy wife of a tradesman.

near Golden Square ; who is very fond of her. Sir Charles gave with her the promised sum, and 100l. more for her wedding-cloaths.

One part of her happiness and her husband's is, that her aunt, supposing she had disgraced herself by this match, never comes near her : and her mother is returned to Ireland to her husband, greatly dissatisfied with her daughter on the same account.

While these matters were agitating, Sir Charles forgot not to enquire what steps had been taken with regard to the alliance proposed between himself and Lady Frances N.

He paid his first visit to the father and brother of that lady.

All that the sisters know of the matter, is, that the treaty was, on this first visit, entirely broken off. Their brother, however, speaks of the lady, and of the whole family, with great respect. The lady is known to esteem him highly. Her father, her brother, speak of him every where with great regard : Lord N. calls him the finest young gentleman in England. And so, I believe he is. ' Sir Charles Grandison,' Lord N. once said, ' knows better by non-compliance, how to create friendships, than most men do by compliance.'

Lady L. and Miss Grandison, who, as I have before intimated, favour another lady, once said to him, that the earl and his son Lord N. were so constantly speaking in his praise, that they could not but think that it would at last be a match between him and Lady Frances. His answer was, ' The lady is infinitely deserving : but it cannot be.'

I am ready to wish, he would say, what *can* be, that we need not—Ah, Lucy ! I know not what I would say : but so it will always be with silly girls, that distinguish not between the *would* and the *should* ; one of which, is *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

I Will proceed with the family history.

Sir Charles forgot not, on his arrival in England, to pay an early visit to Lord W. his mother's brother, who was then at his house near Windsor.

I have told you, that my lord had conceived a dislike to him ; and that for no other reason than because his father loved him. Lord W. was laid up with

the gout when he came: but he was instantly admitted into his stately presence. The first salutations, on one side, were respectful; on the other, coldly civil. My lord often surveyed his kinsman from head to foot, as he sat; as if he were loth to like him, I suppose; yet knew not how to help it. He found fault with Sir Thomas. Sir Charles told him, that it was a very ingrateful thing to him to hear his father spoken slightly of. He desired his lordship to forbear reflections of that sort. 'My father,' said he, 'is no more. I desire not to be made a party in any disputes that may have happened between him and your lordship. I come to attend you as a duty which I owe to my mother's memory; and I hope this may be done, without wounding that of my father.'

'You say well,' said my lord; 'but I am afraid, kinsman, by your air and manner, and speech too, that you want not your father's proud spirit.'

'I revere my father for his spirit, my lord. It might not always be exerted as your lordship, and his other relations, might wish: but he had a manly one. As to myself, I will help your lordship to my character at once. I am, indeed, a very proud man. I cannot sloop to flatter, and least of all men, the great and the rich: finding it difficult to restrain this fault, it is my whole study to direct it to laudable ends; and I hope, that I am too proud to do any thing unworthy of my father's name, or my mother's virtue.'

'Why, Sir,' (and looked at him again from head to foot) 'your father never in his whole life said so good a thing.'

'Your lordship knew not my father as he deserved to be known. Where there are misunderstandings between two persons, though relations, the character of either is not to be taken from the other. But, my lord, this is, as I said before, a visit of duty: I have nothing to ask of your lordship but your good opinion; and no longer than I deserve it.'

My lord was displeased. 'You have nothing to ask of me!'—repeated he. 'Let me tell you, independent Sir, that I like not your speech. You may leave me, if you please: and when I want to see you again, I will send for you.'

'Your servant, my lord. And let me say, that I will not again attend you, till you do. But when you do,

'the summons of my mother's house, be cheerfully obeyed, notwithstanding this unkind treatment of her.'

The very next day, my lord, he was still at Windsor, viewing the curiosities of the place, sent to him directly went. My lord expressed himself highly pleased with his ready come, and apologized to him for his behaviour of the day before. He called him nephew, and swore, that he was just such a young man as he had been to see. 'Your mother used to say,' proceeded he, 'that you could do what you would with her, should you choose; and I beg of you, to do me no favour but what is fit for me to grant, for I fear I should grow after I had granted it; and I am in question, what no man is willing to do of my own discretion.'

He then asked him about the way he intended to take with regard to his way of life. Sir Charles answered, that he was resolved to dispose of his hunters, and dogs, as soon as he could; that he would take a survey of his estate upon his estate, and sell that which would be the worse for standing; that he doubted not but that a part of Hampshire would turn to good use; but that he would plant an oak every oak he cut down, for the posterity. He was determined, to let the house in Essex; and to sell the estate there, if it were not to clear incumbrances; and to the mortgage upon the Irish estate, which he had a notion was proveable.

What did he propose to do with his sisters? who were, he found, still in his power?

'Marry them, my lord, as I can. I have a good opinion of L. My elder sister loves him; and enquire what will make him easy I will make him. I will endeavour to make his marriage with her, if it be to his power. I will endeavour to make his younger happy too. And what two points are settled, but because I will not deceive the world, with which I may engage, I am of myself.'

'Bravo! bravo!' said my lord, his eyes, that were brimful of merriment before, then ran over. 'To be saved, I had a good mind to—' And there he slept.

'I only ask for your approbation, my lord, or correction, if wrong. There has been very regard to

He knew my heart, or he perhaps have been more solicitous for his daughters. I don't find my circumstances will be very good; and if they are, I will live in my compass, and even lay up. I endeavour to make a virtue of my necessity in this respect: I cannot live without obligation. I will endeavour to be just; and then, if I can, I will be generous. That is another species of pride. I told your lordship, if I could not conquer it, I would endeavour to make it innocent of me.

"Bravo! bravo!" again cried my lord, "threw his arms about his neck, kissed his cheek, though he screamed at the same time, having hurt his knee with the effort."

"And then, and then—" said my lord, "will marry yourself. And if you do with discretion, good Lord, what a man will you be!—And how I love you!—Have you any objection of marriage, kinsman?—Let me be consulted, in your match—and—and—you will vastly oblige me."

"I believe, I shall begin to think of it," said Grandison, "has a very agreeable sound with it. What a fine thing, for a young man to be able to set up his mother's prudence so many years after she is gone, and lessen father's follies! Your father did love me well; and I must be allowed sometimes to speak my mind of

my lord, is the only point on which your lordship and I can differ."

"Well, well, we won't differ—Only this, my dear kinsman: if you give me the preference. Your father told me, that he would mortgage to any man upon God's earth more than to me. I took that very seriously."

"There was a misunderstanding between you, my lord. My father had a different spirit. He might think, that I would be a selfishness in the application, had he asked of your lordship a favour. Little-spirited men sometimes chuse to be obliged to relations, in hopes that payment will be more rigorously exacted, than by a stranger."

"Kinsman! kinsman!—That's the side of the business."

"And, my lord, that would be a great favour with me to avoid troubling your lordship in an exigence, were it

to happen. For mistrust will arise from possibilities of being ungrateful, when perhaps there is no room, were the heart to be known, for the suspicion."

"Well said, however. You are a young man that one need not be afraid to be acquainted with. But what would you do as a lender? Would you think hardly of a man that wanted to be obliged to you?"

"O no!—But in this case I would be determined by prudence. If my friend regarded *himself* as the first person in the friendship; me but as the second, in cases that might hurt my fortune, and disable me from acting up to my spirit, to other friends; I would then let him know, that he thought as meanly of my understanding as of my justice."

Lord W. was delighted with his nephew's notions. He over and over prophesied, That he would be a great man.

Sir Charles, with wonderful dispatch, executed those designs, which he had told Lord W. he would carry into effect. And the sale of the timber he cut down in Hampshire, and which lay convenient for water carriage, for the use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum.

I have mentioned, that Sir Charles, on his setting out from Florence to Paris, to attend his father's leave for his coming to England, had left his ward, Miss Jervois, at the former place, in the protection of good Dr. Bartlett. He soon sent for them both over, and placed the young lady with a discreet widow-gentlewoman, who had three prudent daughters; sometimes indulging her with leave to visit his sisters, who are very fond of her, as you have heard. And now let me add, that she is an humble petitioner to me, to procure her the felicity, as she calls it, to be constantly resident with Miss Grandison. She will be, she says, the best girl in the world, if she may be allowed this favour: and not one word of advice, either of her guardian, or of Miss Grandison, or of Lady L. shall be lost upon her.—And besides, as good women," said she, "as Mrs. Lane and her daughters are, what protection can women give me, were my unhappy mother to be troublesome, and resolve to have me, as she is continually threatening?"

What a new world opens to me, my Lucy, from the acquaintance I am permitted to hold with this family! God grant that your poor Harriet pay not too

dearly for her knowledge!—She *would*, I believe you think, were *flue* to be *en-*
tangled in a hopeless love.

LETTER XXV.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

LORD L. came to town from Scotland within two or three months of Sir Charles's arrival in England. His first visit was to the young baronet; who, on my lord's avowing his passion for his sister, and her acknowledging her esteem for him, introduced him to her, and put their hands together, holding them between both his: "With pleasure," said he, "I join hands where hearts so worthy are united.—Do me, my lord, the honour, from this moment, to look upon me as your brother. My father, I find, was a little embarrassed in his affairs. He loved his daughters, and perhaps was loth that they should early claim *another* protection: but had he lived to make himself easy, I have no doubt, but he would have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me—and I will perform it."

His sister was unable to speak for joy. My lord's tears were ready to start.

"My father," proceeded Sir Charles, "in one of his letters to me, acquainted me with the state of your lordship's affairs. Reckon upon my best services: promise, engage, undertake. The brother, my lord, hopes to make you easy: the sister will make you happy."

Miss Charlotte was affected with this scene: and she prayed, with her hands and eyes lifted up, that God would make his power as large as his heart: the whole world would then, she said, be benefited either by his bounty, or his example.

Do you wonder now, my dear Mr. Reeves, that Miss Grandison, Lady L. and Lord L. know not how to contain their gratitude, when this beneficent-minded brother is spoken of?

"And has not my Charlotte," said he, turning towards her, and looking at Miss Caroline, "some happy man, that she can distinguish by her love?—You are *equally* dear to me, my sisters.—Make me your confident, Charlotte. Your inclinations shall be my choice."

Dear Miss Grandison, why did you mislead me by your boasts of unreservedness? What room was there for re-

serves to such a brother?—And plain, you have not let him know your *heart*; and he seems to think And now you are uneasy at a hint thrown out of that nature.

Two months before the marriage, Charles put into his sister's hands a sealed up. "Receive these, my line," said he, "as from your bounty, in compliance with what my mother would have wished, been blessed with her life. When I oblige Lord L. with one hand, I oblige him, with the other, this present intitle *yourself* to all the gratuity with which I know his worthy will overflow, on *best* occasions: done but my duty. I have performed only an article of the will, which as time was not lent to make of himself."

He saluted her, and withdrew, but she broke the seal: and when she found in it Bank-notes for 10,000

She threw herself into a chair, was unable for some time to stir, covering herself, hurried out to her brother. She was told, he was in his sister's apartment. She found him there, but Charlotte in tears. Charles had just left her. "What, my Charlotte?"

"O this brother, my Caroline! There is no bearing his generousness. See that deed! See that that lies upon it!" She took and these were the contents of paper:

"I have just now paid my sister line the sum that I think she have been intitled to expect from father's bounty, and the family circumstances, had life been lent to settle his affairs, and make a have an entire confidence in the creation of my Charlotte: and by the inclosed deed, establish her, beyond the power of revocation that independency as to fortune which, from my father's death, she intitled. And for this, acted but as an executor, I claim merit, but that of having fulfilled supposed will of either of our parents as either survived the other. Therefore, in your grateful their memory. Remember, that you marry, you change the Grandison. Yet, with all my what is name?—Let the man be thy of you: and be he who that you intitle to your vows."

embrace him as the brother of your
affection.

"CHARLES GRANDISON."

The deed was for the same sum as
 had given her sister, and to carry in-
 self.

The two sisters congratulated, and
 not over each other, as if distressed.—
 be sure they were distressed.

Caroline found out her brother; but
 when she approached him, could not
 utter one word of what she had medita-
 ted to say; but, dropping down on one
 knee, blessed him, as she owned, in
 part, both for Lord L. and herself;
 and could only express her gratitude by
 lifted-up hands and eyes.

As he had raised and seated her,
 turned to them the equally grateful
 Charlotte. He placed her next her sis-
 ter, and drawing a chair for himself,
 taking a hand of each, he thus addressed
 himself to them.

My dearest sisters, you are too sen-
 sible of these but *due* instances of my
 brotherly love. It has pleased God
 to take from us our father and mother,
 and we are more than brother and sisters;
 and must supply to each other the
 want of relations. Look upon me
 only as executor of a will, that *ought*
 to have been made, and perhaps *would*,
 if time been given. My circum-
 stances are greater than I expected;
 greater, I dare say, than my father
 thought they would be. Less than I
 have done, could not be done, by a
 brother who had *power* to do this. You
 don't know how much you will oblige
 me, if you never say one word more
 on this subject. You will act with less
 dignity than becomes my sisters, if you
 look upon what I have done in any
 other light than as your due.

My aunt! be so good, as to let the
 servants prepare my apartment at Selby-
 field. There is no living within the
 glory of this man! But, for
 comfort, he seems to have one
 more; and he owns it—And yet, does
 acknowledgment annihilate that
 pride—O not for he thinks not of cor-
 recting it. This fault is *pride*. Do you
 know what a stress he lays now and then
 on the family name? and, as above,
 'that becomes my sis-
 ter's.'—Proud mortal!—O my Lucy!
 so proud, too proud, I doubt, as well
 as considerable in his fortunes—What
 shall I say?—Yet, I know who would
 make him the happiest of men—
 my sister, spare me here, my uncle

—Or rather, skip over this passage
 Lucy.

Sir Charles, at the end of eight months
 from his father's death, gave Caroline,
 with his own hand, to Lord L.

Charlotte has two humble servants,
 Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, as
 you have seen in my former letters; but
 likes not either of them.

Lord L. carried his lady down to Scot-
 land, where she was greatly admired
 and caressed by all his relations. How
 happy for your Harriet was their criti-
 cally-proposed return, which carried
 down Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte to
 prepare every thing at Colnabrook for
 their reception!

Sir Charles accompanied my Lord and
 Lady L. as far on the way to Scotland
 as York; where he made a visit to Mrs.
 Eleanor Grandison, his father's maiden
 sister, who resides there. She, having
 heard of his goodness to his sisters, and
 to every-body else with whom he had
 concerns, longed to see him; and on
 this occasion rejoiced in the opportuni-
 ty he gave her to congratulate, to bless,
 and applaud, her nephew.

What multitudes of things have I
 farther to tell you, relating to this
strange man!—Let me call him names.

I enquired after the history of the good
 Dr. Bartlett: but the ladies said, as they
 knew not the whole of it, they would
 refer me to the doctor himself. They
 knew however enough, they said, to
 reverence him as one of the most wor-
 thy and most pious of men. They be-
 lieved, that he knew all the secrets of
 their brother's heart.

Strange, methinks, that these secrets
 lie so deep! Yet there does not seem any
 thing so very forbidding, either in Sir
 Charles or the doctor, but that one
 might ask them a few innocent ques-
 tions. And yet I did not use to be so
 very curious neither. Why should I be
 more so than his sisters?—Yet persons
 coming strangers into a family of extra-
 ordinary merit, are *apt*, I believe, to
 be more inquisitive about the affairs and
 particulars of that family, than those
 who make a part of it: and when they
 have no other motive for their curiosity,
 than a desire to applaud and imitate, I
 see not any great harm in it.

I was also very anxious to know, what,
 at so early an age, (for Sir Charles was
 not then eighteen) were the faults he
 found with the governor appointed for
 him. It seems, the man was not only
 profligate himself, but, in order to
 keep himself in countenance, laid snares
 for

for the young gentleman's virtue; which, however, he had the happiness to escape, though at an age in which youth is generally unguarded. This man was also contentious, quarrelsome, and a drinker; and yet (as Sir Charles acknowledged at the time to his sisters) it had so very indifferent an appearance, for a young man to find fault with his governor, that, as well for the appearance, as for the man's, he was very loth to complain, till it became insupportable. It was mentioned, as it ought, greatly to the honour of the young gentleman's frankness and magnanimity, that when, at last, he found himself obliged to complain of this wicked man to his father, he gave him a copy of the letter he wrote, as soon as he sent it away. 'You may make, Sir,' said he, 'what use you please of the step I have taken. You see my charge, I have not aggravated it. Only let me caution you, that, as I have not given you by my own misconduct any advantage over me, you do not make a still worse figure in my reply, if you give me occasion to justify my charge. My father loves his son. I *must* be his son. An altercation cannot end in your favour.'

But on enquiry into the behaviour of this bad man, (who might have tainted the morals of one of the finest youths on earth) which the son besought the father to make, before he paid any regard to his complaints, Sir Thomas dismissed him, and made a compliment to his son, that he should have no other governor for the future, than his own discretion. [See farther, Let. XXXVII.]

Miss Jervois's history is briefly this:

She had one of the best of fathers: her mother is one of the worst of women. A termagant, a swearer, a drinker, unchaste—Poor Mr. Jervois!—I have told you, that he (a meek man) was obliged to abandon his country, to avoid her. Yet she wants to have her daughter under her tuition—Terrible!—Sir Charles had had trouble with her. He expects to have more—Poor Miss Jervois!

Miss Emily's fortune is very great. The ladies say, not less than 50,000*l*. Her father was an Italian and Turkey merchant; and Sir Charles, by his management, has augmented it to that sum, by the recovery of some thousands of pounds, which Mr. Jervois had thought desperate.

And thus have I brought down, as

briefly as I was able, though almost night and day, (and greatly indulged in the latter by the ladies, as I saw my heart was in the task) the history of this family, to the time when I had the happiness (by means, however, most shockingly undecidable) to be first acquainted with it.

And now a word or two to preface situations.

Sir Charles is not yet come down. Lucy. And this is Monday!—Very well!—He made excuses by his cousin Grandison, who came down with his cousin Reeves on Sunday morning; and both went up together yesterday—Very busy, no doubt!—He will be here tomorrow, I think, he says. His excuses were to his sisters and Lord L. I am glad he did not give himself the importance with your Harriet, to make a visit to her on his absence.

Miss Grandison complains, that she will not open her heart to her. She says, she says, to open hers to me; but she has intricacies that I cannot but see she says I must begin: she knows not what she pretends. What her secrets may be, I presume not to guess: but I cannot tell a sister, who, with another, favours another woman, that I have a regard for her brother; and that before I can be sure he has any for me.

She will play me a trick, she just told me, if I will not let her know of the happy man in Northamptonshire, whom I prefer to all others. That is such a one *somewhere*, she says, she has no doubt: and if she find it out before I tell her, she will give me as good speaking in the military phrase; which sometimes she is apt to do. Lady smiles, and eyes me with great attention when her sister is rallying me, as if she also, wanted to find out some reason for my refusing Lord D. I told her an hour ago, that I am beset with the eyes, and Lord L.'s; for Lady L. has no one secret of her heart, nor, I believe, any body's else that she is mistress of, from her lord. Him, I think, all the men I know, (my uncle not excepted) I could soonest entrust with a secret. But have I, Lucy, any to reveal? It is, I hope, a secret to me, that never will be unfolded, even to myself, that I love a man, who has made professions of love to me. Sir Charles Grandison—But have you Harriet! Thou hast named a man, who will lead thee—Whither will it lead me?

More than I am at present myself

and will be ever, my dear Lucy,
affectionate
HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVI.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MONDAY, MAR. 13.

Will now tell you, who the lady is to whom the two sisters have given their interest.

It is Lady Anne S. the only daughter of the Earl of S. A vast fortune, it is independent of her father's; and certain of a very great one from him. She is to be here this very afternoon, on a visit to the two ladies. With all my heart I hope she is a very agreeable person. I hope she has a capacious mind. I don't know what to hope.—Why? Because I find myself out to myself a wretch, and don't wish her to be so fine and so good a woman, as I do. Is love, if I *must* own love, a power of the heart?—I don't know either, while it is in suspense, and is on one side, it be not the parent of jealousy, envy, dissimulation; making a person pretend generosity, disinterestedness, and I cannot tell what; but secretly wishing, that her rival may not be so worthy, so lovely, as she pretends with her to be.—Ah! Lucy, were I sure, one could afford to be generous: one might then look down with pity on a rival, instead of being mortified by apprehensions of being looked upon.

But I will be just to the education of me, and the examples set me. Whatever I shall be able to do or to say, while I am in *suspense*; when any woman becomes the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, I will revere her; and wish her, for his sake as well as her own, all the felicities that this world can afford; and if I cannot do this from my heart, I will disown that heart.

The two ladies set upon Mr. Grandison Sunday, to get out of him the secrets that carried Sir Charles so often to Canterbury. But though he said, that he was not enjoined secrecy, he affected to amuse them, and to engage to romance; hinting to them of a fine woman in love with him, and to be with her; yet neither of them making of marriage: Mr. Grandison said not truth, nor scrupled solemnly, though ludicrously uttered, to say the most improbable stuff perplexed and teasing; and then the wretch

laughed immoderately at the suspense he supposed he had caused.

What witless creatures, what mere nothings, are these beaux, fine fellows, and laughers, of men!—How silly must they think us women!—And how silly indeed are such of us, as can keep in countenance, at our own expence, their folly!

He was left alone with me for half an hour last night; and, in a very serious manner, besought me to receive his addresses. I was greatly displeased with the two sisters; for I thought they intended to give him this opportunity, by their manner of withdrawing. 'Surely,' thought I, 'I am not sunk so low in the eyes of the ladies of such a family as this, as to be thought by them a fit wife to the only worthless person in it, because I have not the fortune of Lady Anne S. I will hear,' thought I, 'what Miss Grandison says to this; and, although I had made excuses to my cousin Reeves's, at their request, for staying here longer than I had intended, I will get away to town as fast as I can. Proud as they are of the name of Grandison,' thought I, 'the name *only* won't do with Harriet Byron. I am as proud as they.'

I said nothing of my resentment: but told both ladies, the moment I saw them, of Mr. Grandison's declaration. They expressed themselves highly displeased with him for it; and said, they would talk to him. Miss Grandison said she wondered at his *presumption*. His fortune was indeed very considerable, she said, notwithstanding the extravagance of his youth: but it was a high degree of confidence, in a man of such free principles, to think himself intitled to countenance from—in short, from such a lady, as your Harriet, Lucy; whatever you may think of her in these days of her humiliation.

She added the goodness of my heart to her compliment. I hope it is not a bad one. Then it was that I told them of my thoughts of going to town on the occasion: and the two ladies instantly went to their cousin, and talked to him in such a manner, that he promised, if no more notice were taken of the matter, never again to give occasion for them to reprimand him on this subject. He had indeed, he owned, no very strong aspirations after matrimony; and had balanced about it a good while, before he could allow himself to declare his passion so seriously: but only, as it was probable, that he might at one time or other

other enter the *pale*, he thought he never in his life saw a woman with whom he could be so happy as with me.

But you see, Lucy, by this address of Mr. Grandison, that nothing is thought of in the family of *another* nature. What makes me a little more affected than otherwise I believe I should be, is, that all you, my dear friends, are so much in love with this really great, because good man. It is a very happy circumstance for a young woman, to look forward to a change of condition with a man, of whom every one of her relations highly approves. But what can't be, can't. I shall see what merit Lady Anne has by and bye. But if fortune—Indeed, my dear, were I the first prince on earth, I would have no other man, if I might have him. And so I say, that am but poor Harriet Byron. By this time Lady D. will have taken such measures, I hope, as will not disturb me in my resolution. It is *fixed*, my dear. I cannot help it. I *must* not, I *ought* not, I therefore *will* not, give my *hand*, whatever passed between that lady and my aunt, to any man living, and leave a preference in my *heart* against that man. Gratitude, justice, virtue, decency, all forbid it.

And yet, as I see no hope, nor trace for hope, I have began to attempt the conquest of my *hopeless*—What shall I call it?—*Passion*?—Well, if I *must* call it so, I must. A '*child in love matters*,' if I did not, would '*find me out*,' you know. Nor will I, however *hopeless*, be ashamed of owning it; if I can help it. Is not reason, is not purity, is not delicacy, with me? Is it *person* that I am in love with, if I *am* in love? No: it is virtue, it is goodness, it is generosity, it is true politeness, that I am captivated by; all centered in this one *good man*. What then have I to be ashamed of?—And yet I *am* a little ashamed now and then, for all that.

After all, that love, which is founded on fancy, or exterior advantages, is a love, I should think, that may, and oftentimes *ought* to be overcome: but that which is founded on interior worth; that blazes out when charity, beneficence, piety, fortitude, are signally exerted by the object beloved; how can such a love as that be restrained, damped, suppressed?—How can it, without damping every spark of generous goodness, in what my partial grandmamma calls a '*fellow heart*,' admiring and longing to promote and share in such glorious philanthropy?

Philanthropy!—Yes, my uncle: should women, in compliance with petulance of narrow-minded men, bear to use words that some few think above them, when no other word will equally express their feelings. It will be said, 'They need not say so.' Well, then, don't let them *read*: carry it a little farther, and they will be forbidden to *speak*. And every lady man will then be a Grand Signior and have his mute attendant.

But won't you think my heart at ease, that I can thus trifle? I will have it be at ease: and that makes give way to any cheerful idea that comes to my mind.

The ladies here have made me to them several passages out of my letters to you before I send them. They are more generous than I think I am to be, in allowing me to skip past over sentences and paragraphs please: for is not this allowing them have something to write, or have I written something, that they may think *ought* to keep from their knowledge and which they do not *desire* to know. With all my heart. I will not be so. Lucy.

Well, Lucy, Lady Anne has been here, and is gone. She is an agreeable woman. I can't say but she is very agreeable. And were she actually Grandison, I think I could respect her. I *think* I could.—But O, my friends, what a happy creature was she before I came to London!

There was a good deal of discourse about Sir Charles. She owned, she thought him the handsomest man ever saw in her life. She was in love with his great *character*, she said. He could go no-where, but he was the best. She had heard of the affair between him and Sir Hargrave; and she made me a hundred compliments on the occasion; and said, That her having heard that I was at Colnebrook, was an inducement to her to make this visit.

It seems, she told Miss Grandison that she thought me the prettiest creature she ever beheld.—'*Creature*,' her word.—We are all creatures true: but I think I never was more pleased with the sound of the word *creature*, than I was from Lady Anne.

My aunt's letter, relating to what passed between her and Lady D. brought me.

And so Lady D. was greatly

—I am sorry for it. But my aunt, you say, that she is not dissatisfied with me in the main, and commends my sincerity. That, I hope, is doing me justice. I am very glad and, that she knew not how to get at my prepossession in favour of another man. It was worthy of herself, of my Lord D.'s character. I shall always respect her. I hope this affair will settle over.

My grandmother regrets the uncertainty I am in: but did she not say herself, that Sir Charles Grandison was too considerable in his fortune; in his merit. That we were but as the private, the publick, in this particular? What is there then for regret? Why is the word uncertainty used? We may be fair—And there's an end of it. His friends can rally me; 'Some happy man of Northamptonshire!'—As much as say, 'You must not think of our brother.' 'Lady Anne S. has a vast fortune.' Is not that saying, 'What hope can you have, Harriet Byron?'—Oh, I don't care: this life is but a stage, a short and a dark passage, to better: and let one jostle, and another elbow; another push me, because I know the weakest must give way, I will endeavour steadily to pursue my course, till I get through it, and a broad and open day.

No word only more on this subject. There is but one man in the world, whom I can honestly marry, my mind remaining what it is. His I cannot expect to be: I must then of necessity be a single woman as long as I live. Well! where is the great evil of that? I will not have less cares, less anxieties—I shall. And let me beg of my friends, that none of you will ever mention marriage to *your*

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXVII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

SIR Charles is come at last! He came in time enough to breakfast, and with the good Dr. Bartlett. My philosophy, I doubt, is gone again, quite gone; for one while at least. I must be sanctuatory, and that very soon, at my House.

Every word that passes now, seems to be worth repeating. There is no denying how the presence of this man

animates every one in company. But take only part of what passed.

'We were in hopes, Sir Charles,' said Lord L. 'that we should have had the pleasure of seeing you before now.'

'My heart was with you, my lord: and,' (taking my hand; for he sat next me, and bowing) 'the more ardently, I must own, for the pleasure I should have shared with you all, in the company of this your lovely guest.'

[What business had he to take my hand? But indeed the character of brother might warrant the freedom.]

'I was engaged most part of last week in a very melancholy attendance, as Mr. Grandison could have informed you.'

'But not a word of the matter,' said Mr. Grandison, 'did I tell the ladies;' looking at his two cousins. 'I amused them, as they love to do all mankind, when they have power.'

'The ladies, I hope, cousin, will punish you for this reflection.'

'I came not to town till Saturday,' proceeded Sir Charles; 'and found a billet from Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, inviting himself, Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and Mr. Jordan, to pass the Sunday evening with me at St. James's Square. The company was not suitable to the day, nor the day to the purposed meeting. I made my excuses, and desired them to favour me at breakfast on Monday morning. They came. And when we were all in good humour with one another, I proposed, and was seconded by Mr. Jordan, that we should make a visit—You will hardly guess to whom, Miss Byron—It was to the widow Awberry at Paddington.'

I started and even trembled. What I suffered there was all in my mind.

He proceeded then to tell me, that he had, though not without some difficulty on Sir Hargrave's part, actually engaged him to draw upon his banker for the 100*l.* he had promised Wilton; Mr. Merceda, on his banker for 50*l.* and he himself generously added 50*l.* more; and, giving, as he said, the air of a frolick to the performance of a promise, they all of them went to Paddington. There satisfying themselves of the girl's love for Wilton, and of the widow's opinion of Wilton's good intentions by the girl; they let them know, that the sum of 200*l.* was deposited in Sir Charles's hands to be paid on the day of marriage,

as a portion for the young woman; and bid them demand it as soon as they thought fit. Neither Wilson nor the widow's son was there. The widow and her daughters were overjoyed at this unexpected good news.

They afterwards shewed Sir Charles, it seems, every scene of my distress; and told him, and the gentlemen, all but Sir Hargrave (who had not patience to hear it, and went into another room) my whole sad story. Sir Charles was pleased to say, that he was so much affected with it, that he had some little difficulty, on joining Sir Hargrave, to be as civil to him as he was before he heard the relation.

To one condition, it seems, the gentlemen insisted Sir Charles should consent, as an inducement for them to comply with his proposal. It was, that Sir Charles should dine with Sir Hargrave and the company at his house on the Forest, some one day in the next week, of which they would give him notice. They all insisted upon it; and Sir Charles said, he came the more readily into the proposal, as they declared it would be the last time they should see him for at least a twelvemonth to come; they being determined to pursue their intended tour.

Wilson and young Awberry waited on Sir Charles the same evening. The marriage is to be celebrated in a few days. Wilton says, that his widow sister in Smithfield, will, he is sure, admit him into a partnership with her, now that he shall have something to carry into the flock; for she loves his wife-elect; and the saving both of body and soul will be owing, he declared (with transport that left him speechless) to Sir Charles Grandison.

Every body was delighted with the relation he gave. 'Dear Sir Charles,' said Mr. Grandison, 'let me be allowed to believe the Roman Catholick doctrine of supererogation; and let me express my hope, that I your kinsman may be the better for your good works. If all you do, is but necessary, the Lord have mercy upon me!'

Miss Grandison said, if I had written to my friends the account of what I suffered from the vile attempt of Sir Hargrave, as she doubted not but I had, Lady L. as well as herself, would take it for a particular mark of my confidence, if they might be allowed to peruse it.

'When I am favoured,' replied I,

'with the return of my letters, I very cheerfully communicate to my dear ladies, my relation of 'shocking affair.'

They all expressed a pleasure in frankness. Sir Charles said, he admired me beyond expression, for noble criterion of innocence and grief.

There, Lucy!

I think there is nothing in that but what they may see.

LETTER XXVIII.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THE two sisters and Lord L. then solicitous to know, what the occasion, which he called melancholy, that had engaged his attention so many days at Canterbury.

'It is really a melancholy occasion,' replied he. 'You must not be surprised, my lord—nor you, my sisters—see me in mourning in a few days. His sisters started. And so truly, my lord. But I am his third sister, you know. He seemed in haste to explain himself. He should keep us in painful suspense. My journeyings to Canterbury have been occasioned by the melancholy necessity of visiting a sick friend, who now no more.'

'You had all such an opinion,' Mr. Grandison, 'that I could keep a secret, that—'

'You were resolved,' interrupted Miss Grandison, 'to say any thing but the truth. Indeed, cousin, you had better have been silent at this time. There is a necessity, brother, for all of us to go into mourning.'

'There is not. I had a true valetude the departed. But custom will oblige me to mourn outwardly, as an example only. And I have given up all about that, and other necessary concerns.'

'Did we know the deceased gentleman, brother?' said Lady L.

'No. His name was Danby. He was an eminent merchant; an Englishman; but, from his youth, settled in France. He had for months been in a languishing state of health; and at last, during his recovery, desperate, was removed to die in his native country. He landed at Dover about two months ago; but his malady so greatly increased, that he was obliged to stop at Calais, and was buried in his way to town; and he last yielded to the common fate.'

the body was brought to town as this night. I have ordered it to an undertaker's. I must lock myself up for a day or two, when I go to town. His concerns are large; but, he told me, intricate. He desired, that his will might not be opened till after his interment; and that that might be private. He has two nephews and a niece. I would have had him joined them in the trust with me: but he refused to do so. An attempt once had been made upon his life, by villains set at work by a wicked brother, father of these nephews, and that niece, of which they are innocent: they are worthy young people. I had the happiness to save his life: but had no merit in it; my own safety was involved in his. I am afraid he has been too grateful.

But, my good brother,' said Miss Grandison, 'were you not a little reserved on this occasion? You went and returned, and went and returned, to Canterbury, and never said one word of the call you had to go thither. On my part, I thought there was a lady in the case, I do assure you.' My reserve, as you call it, Charlotte, was rather accidental, than designed; and yet I do now and then treat your agreeable curiosity as mariners do to do a whale; I throw out a word to divert it. But this was too melancholy an occasion to be sported with. I was affected by it. Had the gentleman lived to come to town, you would have been acquainted with him. I wanted to communicate pleasure, but not pain; when, especially, no good end can be answered by the communication. I go to different places, and return, and hardly think it worth troubling my sisters with every movement. And I thought you had any curiosity about my little journeying to Canterbury, you should have had it answered. And yet I know my sister Charlotte loves to puzzle, and find out secrets where none are intended.' She blushed; and so did I. 'Your servant, Sir!' was all she said. But, Charlotte,' proceeded he, 'you thought it was a lady that I visited: you know not your brother.—I never will keep a secret of that nature from my good lord—nor from you, my sisters—when I find myself either encouraged or inclined to make a second visit.—It is for your sex, Charlotte, to be very chary of such secrets; and reason good, if you have any

'doubt, either of the man's worthiness, or of your own consequence with him.'

He looked very earnestly at her, but smiled.

'So, my brother! I thank you,' humorously rubbing one side of her face; (though she needed not to do so, to make both cheeks glow) 'this is another box on the same ear. I have been uneasy, I can tell you, Sir, at a hint you threw out before you last went to Canterbury, as if I kept from you something that it behoved you to know. Now, pray, Sir, will you be pleased to explain yourself?'

'And, since you put it so strongly to me, Charlotte, let me ask you, have you not?'

'And let me ask you, Sir—Do you think I have?'

'Perhaps, Charlotte, your solicitude on this subject, now, and the alarm you took at the time, on a very slight hint, might warrant—'

'No warrants, brother!—Pray, be so good as to speak all that lies on your mind.'

'Ah, Charlotte!' and looked, though smilingly, with meaning.

'I will not bear this, "Ah, Charlotte!" and that meaning look.'

'And are you willing, my dear, to try this cause?'

'I demand my trial.'

'Charming innocence!' thought I, at the time—'Now shall I find some fault, I hope, in this almost perfect brother.' I triumphed in my mind, for my Charlotte.

'Who shall be your judge?'

'Yourself, Sir.'

'God grant you may be found guilty, cousin,' said Mr. Grandison, 'for your plaguing of me.'

'Has that wretch,' looking at Mr. Grandison, 'insinuated any thing?'—She stopt.

'Are you afraid, my sister?'

'I would not give the creature any advantage over me.'

SIR CH. 'I think I would, if there were fair room—You have too often all the game in your own hands. You should allow Mr. Grandison his chance.'

MISS GR. 'Not to arise from such an observing by-stander, as my brother.'

SIR CH. 'Conscious, Charlotte!'

MISS GR. 'May be not—'

SIR CH. 'Maybe, is doubtful: may be no, implies may be yes.'

LADY L. 'You have made Charlotte uneasy: indeed, brother, you have. The poor girl has been harping upon this string, ever since you have been gone.'

SIR CH. 'I am sorry what I said pressed so hard—Do you, Lady L. if this delinquency comes to trial, offer yourself as an advocate for Charlotte?'

LADY L. 'I know not an act of delinquency she has committed.'

SIR CH. 'The act of delinquency is this—Shall I, Charlotte, explain myself?'

MISS GR. 'Teazing man! How can you—'

Mr. Grandison rubbed his hands, and rejoiced. Miss Grandison was nettled. She gave Mr. Grandison *such* a look!—I never saw such a contemptuous one—Pray, Sir, do you withdraw, if you please.'

MR. GR. 'Not I, by the mass! Are you afraid of a trial in open court? O-ho, cousin Charlotte!—'

MISS GR. 'Have I not a cruel brother, Miss Byron?'

LORD L. 'Our sister Charlotte really suffers, Sir Charles.'

SIR CH. 'I am sorry for it. The innocent should not suffer. We will drop the cause.'

LADY L. 'Worse and worse, brother.'

SIR CH. 'How so, Lady L.? Is not Charlotte innocent?'

DR. BARTLETT. 'If an advocate be required, and you, Sir Charles, are judge, and not a pleader in this cause, I offer myself to Miss Grandison.'

SIR CH. 'A very powerful one she will then have. You think her cause a just one, doctor, by your offer.—Will you, Charlotte, give Dr. Bartlett a brief? Or have you given him one?'

DR. BART. 'I have no doubt of the justice of the cause.'

SIR CH. 'Nor of the justice of the accuser, I hope. I cannot be a judge in it.'

LADY L. 'Nay, then!—Poor Charlotte!'

MISS GR. 'I wish, cousin Grandison, you would withdraw.'

MR. GR. 'I wish, cousin Charlotte, you would not wish it.'

MISS GR. 'But are you serious, brother?'

SIR CH. 'Let us call another cause, sister, if you please.—Pray, my lord,

'what visitors have you had since the honour to attend you?'

MISS GR. 'Nay, brother—think—'

SIR CH. 'Be QUIET, Charlotte.'

LADY L. 'Your own words, Sir.—But we had a visit from Lady Anne S. yesterday.'

[I was glad to hear Lady L. say. But nothing came of it.]

SIR CH. 'You have seen Lady Anne more than once, my Emily: How you like Lady Anne?'

MISS EMILY. 'Very well, Sir. is a very agreeable lady. Don't think so, Sir?'

SIR CH. 'I do—but, Charlotte (and looked tenderly upon her) 'I don't have you uneasy.'

She sat vexed—her complexion red; and playing with a lump of sugar, and sometimes twirling round and round a tea-cup; for the tea-things, the earnestness of talking, were not away, though the servants were drawn.

MR. GR. 'Well, I will leave together, I think. Poor cousin Charlotte!—[Rising he tapped her shoulder.] 'Poor cousin Charlotte! Ha ha, hah!'

MISS GR. 'Impertinence!' with look, the fellow to that she gave him fore.

MISS EMILY. 'I will withdraw you please, Madam;' rising, and saying.

Miss Grandison nodded her head. And Emily withdrew likewise.

Dr. Bartlett offered to do so. Grandison seemed not to disapprove his motion: but Sir Charles said, 'doctor is retained on your part, Charlotte: he must hear the charge. Miss Byron be judge?'

I begged to be excused. The matter began to look like earnest.

MISS GR. (Whispering me.) 'I wish, Harriet, I had opened my heart to you. Your nasty scribbles Eternally at your pen; or I had.'

Then I began to be afraid for her. 'Dear Miss Grandison!' re-whispered I, 'it was not for me to obtrude—Miss Grandison, my pen should have interfered, if—'

MISS GR. (Still whispering.) 'should be courted out of some secrets. One is not very forward to begin some sort of discourses—Your subjects most in our hearts, pen. But don't despise me. You see

accuser I have: and so generous a
man, that one must half condemn
his self at setting out.

MARRIET. (Whispering.) 'Fear no-
thing, my Charlotte: You are in a
sister's hands.'

MISS GR. 'Well, Sir Charles; and
if you please, for the charge,
if you say you cannot be judge and
referee: who shall be judge?'

SIR CH. 'Your own heart, Char-
lotte. I desire all present to be your
advocates, if their judgment be with
me; and if it be *not*, that they will
leave you in silence.'

MISS GR. looked smilingly serious. 'Good
even!' thought I.

MISS GR. 'Pity me!—Nay, then
out, pray, Sir, your charge?'

SIR CH. 'The matter is too serious
to be spoken of in metaphor.'

MISS GR. 'Good God!—Hem!' and
she more the heaved—'Pray, Sir,
begin while I have breath.'

MISS GR. and Lady L. and Dr. Bartlett,
I looked very grave; and Miss
Grandison looked, in general, *freely*
as if I may so express myself: and
nothing being removed, but the ta-
ble placed with her diamond ring;
she pulling it off, and putting it
sometimes putting the tip of her
finger in it, as it lay upon the table, and
then round and round, swifter or
slower, and stopping through downcast
eyes, or earnest attention, as she
felt herself more or less affected—
in a sweet confusion.

SIR CH. 'You know, my dear Char-
lotte, that I, very early after my ar-
rival, enquired after the state of your
heart. You told me it was absolutely
free.'

MISS GR. 'Well, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'Not satisfied with your own
acknowledgment; as I know that
young ladies are too apt to make se-
cret of a passion that is not in itself
undiscoverable [I know not why, when *proper*
they make enquiries and for mo-
tives not ungenerous;] I asked your
sister, who scrupled not to own
whether there were any one man,
whom you preferred to another?—
she assured me, that she knew not of
any one.'

LADY L. 'My sister knows I said
nothing.'

MISS GR. 'Well, well, Lady L.
nobody doubts your veracity.'

SIR CH. 'Dear Charlotte, keep your
tongue.'

MISS GR. 'Pray, Sir, proceed—
And the ring turned round very fast.

SIR CH. 'On several occasions I put
the same question, and had the same
assurances. My reason for *repeating*
my question, was owing to an early
intelligence—Of which more bye and
bye.'

MISS GR. 'Sir!'

SIR CH. 'And that I might either
provide the money that was due to her
as my sister, or take time to pay it, ac-
cording to the circumstances of her en-
gagement; and take from her all ap-
prehensions of controul, in case that
might affect the happiness of her life—
'These, and brotherly love, were the
motives of my enquiry.'

MISS GR. 'Your generosity, Sir,
was without example.'

SIR CH. 'Not so, I hope. My sis-
ter had an *equitable*, if not a *legal*,
right to what has been done. I found
on looking into my affairs, that, by a
moderate calculation of the family cir-
cumstances, no man should think of
addressing a daughter of Sir Thomas
Grandison, without supposing himself
intitled, either by his merits or fortune,
to expect 10,000*l.* with her—And this,
even allowing to the son the customary
preferences given to men as men;
though given for the sake of pride,
perhaps, rather than natural justice.
'For does not tyrant custom make a
daughter change her name in marriage,
and give to a son, for the sake of name
only, the estate of the common ances-
tor of both?'

This generous hint affected me. It was
nearly my own case, you know. I might
otherwise have been a rich heiress, and
might have had as strong pretensions to
be distinguished by the Grandisons, for
my fortune, as any Lady S. in the king-
dom. But worthless as those are, to
whom, for the sake of the name, my
father's estate is passed, I never grudged
it to them till I came acquainted with
these Grandisons.

LORD L. 'But who, Sir Charles,
'but you—'

SIR CH. 'Pray, my lord, let not
your generosity mislead you to think
that a favour, which is but a due. We
shall not be judged by comparison.
'The laws of truth and justice are al-
ways the same. What others would
not have done in the like situation, that
let them look to: but what is the *mortal*
'man, who should make an unjust ad-
'vantage of *mortality*?'

Miss

Miss Grandison pulled out her handkerchief, put it to her eyes, and then in her lap; and putting half on, and half off, by turns, her ring, looked now and then at me, as if she wished me to pity her.

Indeed, Lucy, I did pity her: every one did: and so did her judge, I dare say, in his heart. But justice, my Lucy, is a severe thing. Who can bear a trial, if the integrity and greatness of this man's heart is to be the rule by which their actions are to be examined? Yet you shall hear how generous he was.

SIR CH. 'Allow me for Miss Byron's sake, who has been but lately restored to our family, to be a little more particular, than otherwise I need to be. I had not been long in England, before Sir Walter Watkins desired my interest with my sister. I told him, that she was entirely her own mistress: and that I should not offer to lead her choice. Lord G. made his court to her likewise; and, applying to me, received the same answer.'

'I entered, however, into serious talk with my sister upon this subject. She asked me what I thought of each gentleman. I told her frankly.'

MISS GR. 'And pray, brother, be so good as to repeat what you said of them. Let Miss Byron be judge, whether either of the portraits was very inviting.'

SIR CH. 'I told her, Miss Byron, that Sir Walter would, I presumed, be thought the handsomer man of the two. He was gay, lively, genteel; and had that courage in his air and manner, that ladies were seldom displeased with. I had not, however, discovered any great depth in him. My sister, I imagined, if she married him, would have the superiority in good sense: but I question whether Sir Walter would easily find that out; or allow it, if he did. He was a brisk man for an hour, and might have wit and sense too; but indeed I hardly ever saw him out of ladies company; and he seemed to be of opinion, that flash rather than fire, was what would recommend him to them. Sometimes I have thought, I told her, that women of sense should punish such men with their contempt, and not reward them with their approbation, for thus indirectly affronting their understandings; but that I had known women of sense approve a man of that character; and each woman must determine for her-

self, what appeared most agreeable to her.

MISS GR. (Whispering.) 'What, Harriet—'

HAR. (Whispering.) 'Don't interrupt him.'

SIR CH. 'You remember, my Charlotte, that it was in this way I spoke about Sir Walter Watkins; and added, that he was independent; in possession of the fine estate, which I believed was a good one; and that he talked handsomely of settlements.'

'I do remember this,' said Miss Grandison; and whispering me, 'I am afraid she, he knows too much; but a person he cannot know.—Well, Sir, pray be pleased to repeat what you said of Lord G.'

SIR CH. 'Lord G. I told you, a gay-dressing man, but of a greater taste than the other. The fashion, rather than his inclination, seemed to govern his outward appearance. He was a modest man, and I feared had too much doubt of himself to appear with the dignity in the eye of a lively woman, which should give him a first consequence with her.'

MISS GR. 'Your servant, Sir.'

SIR CH. 'I believed he would be a good husband; so perhaps might Walter; but the one would bear the other perhaps must be borne. Ladies, as well as men, I presume had some foibles, that they would care to part with. As to fortune, I added, that Lord G. was dependent on his father's pleasure. He had, indeed, his father's entire approbation. I found, in his address: and I thought that a sister of mine would not care for any man's death, for the sake of either title or fortune.—You have heard, Lord G. Miss Byron?'

HAR. 'What, Sir Charles, was Grandison's answer?'

[I did not care to give any opinion that might either hurt or humiliate Charlotte.]

SIR CH. 'Charlotte told me many words, That she did not approve of either. "Each gentleman," I, "has besought me to be his adviser. A task that I have not undertaken. I only told them, That I would not say to my sister upon the subject: but I do not think a brother ought to exert an influence over a sister, who gentlemen suspected their own weakness will remember," said I to my

women cannot chuse where they
; and that the same man cannot
every thing."—She desired me to
her, which of the two I would
er:—"First," said I, "let me
the question I have more than
put to you: Have you any the
shadow of a preference in your
nt, to any third person?"—What
my sister's answer? She said, she
not. And yet, had I not had the
ate intelligence I hinted at, I
ld have been apt to imagine, that
ad some reason to repeat the ques-
from the warmth, both of *manner*
sincerity, with which she declared,
the approved of neither. Women,
heve, do not, with *earnestness*, re-
a man who is not quite disagreeable,
to whose quality and fortune there
be no objection, if they are abso-
unprejudiced in another's fa-

women looked upon one another.
no doubt," thought I, but Sir
comes came *honestly* by his knowledge
dear Charlotte sat uneasy. — He

however, I now made no question
my sister's affections were absolute-
engaged. "My dear Charlotte,"
I, "I would rather be excused
you which gentleman's suit I
ld incline to favour, lest my opi-
n should not have your inclination
fit; and your mind, by that means,
ld suffer any embarrassment."

desired to know it.
SIR CH. "You were very generous,
I owned you were, in this point,
as well as in all others.

CH. "I then declared in favour
Lord G. as the man who would be
likely to make her happy; who
ld think himself most obliged to
favour: and I took the liberty to
that though I admired her for
vivacity, and even, when her wit
ed its keenest edge, loved to be
kened by it, and wished it never to
that edge; yet I imagined, that it
ld hurt such a man as Sir Walter.
G. it would *even*: and I hop-
ed she took pleasure in her innocent
ers, that she would think it *something*,
to chuse, as that she should not be
er a necessity of repressing those
ightly powers, that *very seldom* were
wished to be reined in."

MISS GR. "True, Sir. You said,
seldom," I remember."

CH. "I never will flatter either

'a prince, or a lady; yet should be sorry
'to treat either of them rudely.—She
'then asked me after my *own* inclinati-
'ons. I took this for a desire to avoid
'the subject we were upon; and would
'have *withdrawn*; but not in ill-humour.
'There was no reason for it. My sister
'was not obliged to follow me in a sub-
'ject that was not agreeable to her: but
'I took care to let her know, that *her*
'question was not a disagreeable one
'to me; but would be more properly
'answered on some other occasion. She
'would have me to stay.—"For the
'sake of the former subject, do you
'ask me to stay, Charlotte?"—"No,"
said she.

"Well then, my dear, take time to
"consider of it; and at some other op-
"portunity we will resume it."—Thus
"tender did I *intend* to be, with regard
"to my sister's inclinations."

Miss Grandison wiped her eyes—And
said, but with an accent that had a little
peevishness in it, 'You wanted not, Sir,
'all this preparation. Nobody has the
'shadow of belief, that you could be
'wrong.'

SIR CH. 'If this, Charlotte, be well
'said; if, in that accent, it be *generously*
'said; I have done—and from my heart
'acquit you, and as cordially condemn
'myself, if I have appeared in your eye
'to intend to raise my own character, at
'the expence of yours. Believe me,
'Charlotte, I had much rather, in a
'point of delicacy, that the brother
'should be found faulty than the sister:
'and let it pass, that I am so.—And
'only tell me, in what way you would
'wish me to serve you?'

MISS GR. 'Pardon me, brother.
'You can add forgiveness to the other
'obligations under which I labour. I
'was petulant.'

SIR CH. 'I do; most cordially I
'do.'

MISS GR. (Wiping her eyes.) 'But
'won't you proceed, Sir?'

SIR CH. 'At another opportunity,
'*Madam*.'

MISS GR. "MADAM!"—Nay, now
'you are indeed angry with me. Pray,
'proceed.'

SIR CH. 'I am not: but you shall
'allow me an hour's conversation with
'you in your dressing-room, when you
'please.'

MISS GR. 'No!—Pray proceed.
'Every one here is dear to me. Every
'one present must hear either my acquit-
'tal or condemnation. Pray, Sir,
'proceed.—Miss Byron, pray sit still.
'—Pray,

‘—Pray,’ (for we were all rising to go out) ‘keep your seats. I believe I have been wrong. My brother said you must pity me in silence, if you found me faulty. Perhaps I shall be obliged to you for your pity.—Pray, Sir, be pleased to acquaint me with what you know of my faults.’

SIR CH. ‘My dear Charlotte, I have said enough to point your fault to your own heart. If you know it, that, I hope, is sufficient.—Do not imagine, my dear, that I want to controul you—but—’ He stopt.

MISS GR. ‘BUT what, Sir?—Pray, Sir—’ And she trembled with eagerness.

SIR CH. ‘But it was not right to—And yet, I wish that I were mistaken in this point, and my sister not wrong!’

MISS GR. ‘Well, Sir, you have reason, I suppose, to think—’ There she stopt.

SIR CH. ‘That there is a man whom you can approve of—notwithstanding—’

MISS GR. ‘All I have said to the contrary. Well, Sir, if there be, it is a great fault to have denied it.’

SIR CH. ‘That is all I mean.—It is no fault for you to prefer one man to another. It is no fault in you to give this preference to any man, without consulting your brother. I proposed that you should be entirely mistress of your own conduct and actions. It would have been ungenerous in me, to have supposed you accountable to me, who had done no more than my duty by you. Dear Charlotte, do not imagine me capable of laying such a load on your free will: but I should not have been made to pronounce to Lord G. and even to the earl his father, (on their enquiries whether your affections were or were not engaged) in such a manner as gave hopes of succeeding.’

MISS GR. ‘Are you sure, Sir?’

SIR CH. ‘O my sister, how hard fought (now must I say?) is this battle!—I can urge it no farther. For your sake, I can urge it no farther.’

MISS GR. ‘Name your man, Sir!’

SIR CH. ‘Not, my man, Charlotte.—Captain Anderson is not my man.’

He arose; and, taking her motionless hand, pressed it with his lips:—‘Be not too much disturbed,’ said he. ‘I am distressed, my sister, for your distress—I think, more than I am for the error.’ And, saying this, bowing to her, he withdrew.

He saw and pitied her. She was quite confounded. very good of him to withdraw, her time to recover herself. He gave her her salts. Miss Grandison hardly ever wanted salts before.

‘O what a poor creature am I!’ she, ‘even in my own eyes!’—‘Do not spise me, Harriet.—Dr. Bartley you excuse me for so *hardy* a verance?—Forgive me, my Lady L. be indulgent to a fault.—But my brother will see me in this depreciating light “battle hard fought,” indeed! one error, persisted in, produces other!’

When Sir Charles heard her as talking, every one soothing and ing her, he returned. She would risen, with a disposition seeming if she would have humbled herself: but he took her folded hand one of his, and with the other chair close to her, and sat down what sweet majesty, and mingled passion in his countenance! Miss Grandison's *consciousness* made it terrible to her.—‘Forgive me, Sir!’ were words.

‘Dear Charlotte, I do. Will all something to be forgiven for? pity others then most cordially; we want pity ourselves. Remember only, in the cases of other persons, soften the severity of your virtue.’

He had Mrs. Oldham in his thoughts as we all afterwards concluded.

‘We know not,’ said he, ‘to what *conveniences* a small deportment principle will lead: and now look forward. But first, had she shew me into your dressing-room?’

MISS GR. ‘I have now no conceal any thing from the present. I will only withdraw a few moments.’

She went out. I followed her then, wanting somebody to do fault with, the dear Charlotte my *naughty* scribbling again: ‘But,’ said she, ‘I should have told you—’

‘And what, my dear, would the done?’ returned I:—‘That not have prevented—’

‘No; but yet you might have me your advice: I should have benefit of that; and my conscience would have been, then, perhaps, hand with his accusations.—’

‘give me, Harriet—’

‘O my Charlotte,’ thought I, ‘could you but rein in your

spirit, a little, very little, you would have had two forgivenesses to ask instead of one.'

LETTER XXIX.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

MISS Grandison desired me to return to the company. I did. She followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and confidence delivered herself after this man-

ner. 'It be not too late, after a performance in error so obstinate, to retrace myself in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.'

Ca. 'I would spare my sister

Gr. 'I will not be spared, — Pray hear me. — I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults, (I have not many) seek to throw blame upon the absent; much less upon the everlastingly absent; and yet my brother's piety must not be offended if I am obliged to say something which may seem to cast a shade on a memory — Be not hurt, Sir — I will be sensible to that memory, and just to my own fault. — You, Harriet, have no more excuse me, than my brother, if I failed in either.'

Gr. bowed and blushed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aspect.

My father, proceeded she, 'thought me, or to seem to be, displeased at something that passed between me and Lord L. on the application made by my lord to him for my sister.'

Ca. 'He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, never unexceptionable the man, or proposal.'

Gr. 'Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with a vivacity and spirit that, where-ever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his two daughters to talk upon this occasion; being desirous to discourage in me, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion, (which I can truly say, had due weight with us both) a vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted; inasmuch that our girls were confounded, and

unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particular, was made to be ashamed of a passion, that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to acquaint us, that he designed for us but small fortunes: and this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a strong mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend, from what my sister suffered, what must be my sufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she underwent, from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quartered near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by every body; and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other on his account: and this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me; and then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by every body, as well as by himself: while this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think himself but poorly paid for his pains, (were she even to obtain her father's pardon) should she engage without waiting for his consent; as she was urged to do, by letters, which he found way unsuspectingly to send her. — I hope, Sir — I hope, my lord, — and you, my two sisters — that you will now, from what I have said, acquit me of insincerity, though you cannot of past indiscretion.

Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued: sometimes I declared off; at other

other times was prevailed upon by arts which men are masters of, to go on again; till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: but the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for *him*; stood so well with my brother; and even with my father; was so much the man of quality, in every respect; that a rash step in me, I could not but think, would be looked upon as the more disgraceful, on that account; and that if I married Captain Anderson, I must be rejected, scorned, for one while, if not for ever.

"And what title," often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, "have I to give my father a son, my brother, my sister, my Lord L. (should he and my sister marry) a brother, whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own?—Have not they a better right to reject him for *their* relation, than I have to chuse him for my husband? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall *she* be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps distant regions?"

"Such as these were, at times, my reasonings; and perhaps they would have had the less force with me, had I, in giving myself a husband, had none of these relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

"Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who, in her choice, had so much advantage over me. I thought within these few weeks past, I could reveal it to my new-found sister; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L. when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down: but she was *everlastingly* writing; and I was shy of forcing an opportunity, as none agreeably offered."

SIR CH. "I would not interrupt you, Charlotte.—But may I ask, if this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?"

MISS GR. "We did. But our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quartered in Scotland; at another, was sent to Ireland, where

he staid for six or seven months; others, in distant parts of the dom."

SIR CH. "In what part of the dominions is the captain now?"

MISS GR. "Dear Sir, could a person who acquainted you with an affair, inform you of that?"

SIR CH. (Smiling.) "The *could*, Madam; and did. He is in London."

MISS GR. "I hope, my brother, after the freedom of my conduct, and an ingenuousness that is often found in such cases as this, not be so unkind as to imagine, I ought to have traps laid for me. I were not now at last frank and reserved."

SIR CH. "Exceedingly just, Charlotte! exceedingly just—I beg pardon. I said, we had all some to be forgiven for. I am not here questioning you, with intent to *stone*, but to *lend you a hand*."

MISS GR. "O that we had liberty granted to us, having a brother, to correspond with him. Happy shall I be, if I can atone. There she stopt."

SIR CH. "Proceed with your dear Charlotte.—Greatly do I atone overbalance the fault."

MISS GR. (Bowing to her brother.) "Captain Anderson is in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play, had I not come to Colnebrook. Not a tittle of truth will I hide from you. I have recovered the right path, and my wry step will I ever again wilfully alter. I have suffered enough by those taken, though I endeavoured to get it off as well as I could (even times by a spirit of bravery) to lay heavy here!" Putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat, taking one of his sister's hands in both his, "Worthy sister! Charlotte! After this nobleness, I must not permit you to do yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won; you think Captain Anderson is of your heart, he shall have a share of mine; and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L. to allow of a relation to them. Miss Byron and Bartlett will look upon him as a friend."

He sat down again; his countenance shining with brotherly love.

MISS GR. 'O Sir, what shall I say? I add to my difficulties, by your selfishness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison did not fail, first or last, to have. At this was his principal motive, and, on many occasions, (on too many for his advantage) visible to me. In allowance of his address, as I have said, was owing to my apprehension, that I should not be a fortune-hunter of a more generous man. At the time, our life was a confined one; I girlishly wished for liberty—MARRIAGE and LIBERTY—Girlish confusion! as I have since thought.' 'I could none of us help smiling at her folly: but she went on more and more.

She thought at first, that I could break him when I would: but he holds to it; and the more, since he has proof of your goodness to me; and his great hopes of future preference on the alliance.'

SIR CH. 'But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?'

MISS GR. 'I believe I love him as he loves me. His principal motive, as I have said, has come out, and, accordingly, to be to my fortune. If I cultivate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason he likes me, to approve of him.'

SIR CH. 'I do not wonder that the captain is desirous to "hold you to it," in your words: but, my dear Charlotte, answer me, have you had anything to say to Captain Anderson since his fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you have before?'

MISS GR. 'Not on that account, if you know my heart: but he has been a much more earnest suitor since your selfishness to me was generally known, than before. When public report made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (besides the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little was so prudent, and so cold—But I had found the man before.'

And Lady L. with warmth of voice called him unworthy man. I

thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

SIR CH. 'Poor man!—He seems to have been too prudent, to trust even to Providence.—But what, my sister, are now your difficulties?'

MISS GR. 'They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. He spoke without doubt; and I had therefore the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to write, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a safe footing with me, he then lost his hand-writing, and his style, and even his orthography, I blush to say it; and then I blushed to see it.'

SIR CH. 'Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men who are not so ready as the captain seems to have been, to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange that a man of family, as the captain is, should be so very illiterate.'

MISS GR. 'His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard, made him run from school, before he had acquired common school-learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: and his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, though not large, was well conditioned, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself: but I could not help despising him, when I found myself so grossly imposed upon by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of sense, or learning,

H h 2

that

‘that he would have had me think him.’

SIR CH. ‘But what was the *safe-footing*, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?’

MISS GR. ‘O Sir! while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teased me into a promise. And when he had gained that point, then it was, or soon after, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, though he convinced me by doing so, that he had before employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not; and who must certainly despise the lover whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes; and, in despising him, must probably despise me. Yet I will say, that my letters were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was indeed giving him encouragement enough, that I answered him by pen and ink: and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to tease me for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one!’

SIR CH. ‘Women should never be drawn in to fetter themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with the man who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavoured to be obtained, if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addressee in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the lady’s honour, and feared her returning discretion?—Therefore wanted to put it out of her own power to be dutiful; or (if she had began to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address) to recover himself? Your father, my dear, (but you might not know that) could have absolved you from this promise. [Numbers xxx. 3, 4, 5.] You have not now, however, any body to controul you; you are absolutely your own mistress: and I see not but a promise—But, pray, of what nature was this promise?’

MISS GR. ‘O my folly!—I declared, that I never would marry any other man without his consent, while he was single. By this means (to my confusion) I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother; at least I made the influences over me, of such of them as had been living, of

‘no avail, in the most material of my life; teased, as I told you, it; and against my judgment.’

‘Soon after, he let me know, said, in his own hand-writing, an illiterate, what a mere fancy man I had entered into treaty. And ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from that rash promise. And this was my endeavour before I had a notion of the independence, in which, Sir, was so good as to establish me.’

‘I once thought,’ proceeded she, ‘he would easily have complied. I have looked out elsewhere for a man I fought not to fetter him, and justly call it: he was not of so much consequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the less excusable.—But you held me not long in suspense, as to the great thing I intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson, which I was meditating to cure, before he knew what that was.’

‘All this time I kept my own counsel. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken, (I had not *humility* enough) to make a living creature acquainted with the situation: and this was the reason I suppose, that I never was guessed at. The proverb says, *“can keep a secret, when one is one.”* But my Harriet knows, [I believe] that I very early, in my knowledge of her, dropt hints of an entanglement. I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say love.’

SIR CH. ‘Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine through your mistakes!—But there are women who have suffered themselves to be worse entangled, even before recovery, when they have not been able to plead the apprehensions which you are entering into this affair.’

MISS GR. ‘You are Sir Charles Grandison, Sir: I need not say so. We often dread, in rash engagements, to make those communications, which only can be a means to extricate from the difficulties into which we plunged ourselves. Had I, for six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him, I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not that I would I have taken, but with his probation.’

SIR CH. ‘Perhaps I was too

on this occasion: but I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check, than to give way to, an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine, that my sisters, the youngest near as old as myself, would do me service, in material articles: and I did not break through a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying myself. I don't know how—But I could not resist: and as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and is particularly a parent, is apt to collect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary; I think I am the more satisfied with myself, for having obeyed a command, which however, at the time, I knew not how to account for.'

MISS GR. 'You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more happy than I am (on your principles) had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God he knew nothing of it. But now, Sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; I wish to do so: for the man that I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is, I think, to my good wishes, though he prove not quite so worthy as I once believed him.'

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him, with great reluctance. Had I not come to Colnebrook, I should have told him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, never to be his; and to be a single man all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased,' (looking at her to every one present) 'to advise me what to do.'

LORD L. 'I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.'

LADY L. 'Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say, that he is most ungenerously and unworthily to hold you to an unequal promise: the like of which you offered not to bind him by. I cannot, sister Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: and the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for

him, and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—How I should hate him!—What say you, sister Harriet?'

HARRIET. 'I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if thus called upon, I did not say something, though it came out to be next to nothing—There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at any time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think.'

SIR CH. 'A very proper question.' MISS GR. 'There was not, on either side, I believe. I have hinted at my motives, and at his. In every letter of his, he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: and now his principal plea to hold me to my promise, is, his interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead mine; though his example would excuse me, if I did.'

LORD L. 'Was the promise given in writing, sister?'

MISS GR. 'Indeed it was.' She looked down.

HARRIET. 'May I be pardoned, Madam?—The substance of your promise was, that you would never marry any other man without his consent, while he remained unmarried—Did you promise, that if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?'

MISS GR. 'No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?'

HARRIET. 'I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion—and yours, Sir—' (to Sir Charles) 'before I presume to give mine.'

Sir Charles looked at the doctor. The doctor referred himself to him.

SIR CH. 'Then, doctor, you must set me right, if I am wrong. You are a casuist.'

'As to what Lord L. has said, I think with his lordship, that Captain Anderson appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miss Grandison: and in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial, excuse the brother.'

She bowed. Every one was pleased that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did on this compliment from her brother.

SIR CH. 'I think also if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say, as to her promise, Never

to

‘to be the wife of any other man without his consent, while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it: but then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it, shews, that in her own conscience she thinks herself bound by it.’

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

Lady L. is of opinion, that he acts ungenerously and unworthily, to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise: but what man, except a very generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte? [She reddened] ‘would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up his advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think that the man who engages a woman to make a promise, does not intend to hold her to it? When he teases her to make it, he as good as tells her he *does*, let what will happen to make her wish she had not.’

MISS GR. ‘O my brother! The repetition of that word *teases*!—Are you not rallying me?—Indeed I deserve it.’

SIR CH. ‘Men gain all their advantages by *teazing*, by *promises*, by *importunities*—Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I use your word.’

MISS GR. ‘O my brother, what shall I do, if you rally me on my folly?’

SIR CH. ‘I mean not to rally you. But I know something of my own sex; and must have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know not something of the *world*.’ [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word *other* instead of the word *world*.] ‘We have heard her reason for not binding the captain by a like promise; which was, that she did not value him enough to exact it: and was not that his misfortune?’

‘She is apprehensive of blame on this head; but her situation will be considered: I *must* not repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in *such* circumstances! What pity, that those who believe they *best* know the sex, think themselves intitled to treat it with least respect!’ [How we women looked upon one another!] ‘I should hope in charity,’ [In charity, Lucy,] ‘and

‘for the true value I bear it, as I do a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the sex is not *generally* in the sex.’

‘As to the captain’s artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another man’s writing; that was enough to decide to make a woman, who he writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not persons stoop to gain a point, on which their hearts are fixed?—This is a new method. One single instance mention. Madam Maintenon, as reported, was employed in this way by a favourite mistress of Louis XIV. And this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarchy, your, on the ruins of her employment. Let me repeat, that women should be sure of their men, before they embark with them in the voyage of love. “the man,” says Lady L. “for carrying her to the letter-writer!”—Suppose

—Let me say, that women, who are not to be *exposed*, should not put themselves out of their own power. Miss Byron!’ (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to be the first part of the caution) ‘be so good as to tell my Emily, that she must not love a man, of whose love she is well assured; that she must never admit a man to know his consequence with her, till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous; and that she must despise him as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a *promise*.—Forgive me, Charlotte: you so generously blame yourself, that you will not scruple to have your experience pleaded for an ample to a young creature who is not to be able, if entangled, to be free with your magnanimity.’

Seasonably did he say this last part immediately after his reference to me for I made Miss Grandison’s confusion a half-cover for my own; and I had but a half-cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends, at least in this company. Miss Canille, Miss Barnevelt, and half a dozen mistresses and masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first parted. Where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I saw you at Betty Williams’s, was easy and apprehensive: I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure; and fear, by their return upon me, singeing of my own cloaths!

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

MISS BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

BUT now what remains to be done
 'for our sister?' asked Lady L.
 Charlotte looked round her, as second-
 the question. Every one referred to
 Charles.

In the first place, let me assure you,
 'dear Charlotte,' resumed he, 'that
 you have but the shadow of a prefer-
 ence for Captain Anderson; and if
 believe, from what has passed be-
 tween you, and from the suspense you
 have kept him in, (which may have
 been an hindrance to his fortune or
 advancement) that you *ought* to be his,
 whether in justice, or by inclination; I
 will amicably meet him, in order to
 make and to receive proposals. If we
 do not find him grateful or generous,
 we will make him so, by our example;
 and I will begin to set it.'

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett
 much as any body. Miss Grandison
 hardly sit still; her chair was un-
 steady to her; while her brother looked
 on one who was too much accustomed
 to beneficence, to suppose he had
 any thing extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation,
 said, 'Indeed, Sir, Captain Ander-
 son is not worthy of being called *your*
 brother. I will not enter into the par-
 ticulars of his unworthiness; because
 am determined not to have him. He
 shows I am: nor does my promise
 engage me to be his. Had he virtue,
 and the generosity—But indeed he has
 not either, in the degree that would
 make me respect him, as a woman
 could respect her husband.'

SIR CH. 'Well, then, Charlotte, I
 would have you excuse yourself, if you
 have given him hopes of meeting him;
 and let him know that you have acquainted
 him with all that has passed between
 us; and that you refer yourself
 wholly to me; but with a resolution (if
 I should be your resolution) never to be

MISS GR. 'I shall dread his violent
 temper.'

SIR CH. 'Dread nothing! Men who
 are violent to a woman when they have
 no point to carry by being so, are not
 always violent to men. But I shall treat
 him civilly. If the man ever hoped to
 marry you his, he will be unhappy
 enough in losing such a prize. You
 may tell him, that I will give him a
 meeting wherever he pleases. Mean-

time, it may not be amiss, if you have
 no objection, to shew me some of the
 letters that have passed between you;
 of those particularly, in which you
 have declared your resolution not to
 be his; the farther backward, the
 better, if from the date of such you
 have *always* been of the same mind.'

MISS GR. 'You shall see the copies
 of *all* my letters; and *all* his, if you
 please. And you will gather from
 both, Sir, that it was owing to the un-
 happy situation I thought myself in,
 from the unkind treatment my sister
 met with, and to the being forbidden
 to expect a fortune that would entitle
 me to look up to a man of figure in the
 world, that I was ever approachable
 by Captain Anderson.'

SIR CH. 'Unhappy! But let us look
 forward. I will meet Captain Ander-
 son. If there are any letters, in which
 he has treated my sister unhandso-
 mely, you must not let me see them. My
 motive for looking into *any* of them, is
 service to you, Charlotte, and not cu-
 riosity. But let me, nevertheless, see
 all that is necessary to the question,
 that I may not, when I meet him,
 hear any thing from him, that I have
 not heard from you; and which may
 make for him, and against you. I do
 assure you, that I will allow in his fa-
 vour, all that shall appear favourable
 to him, though against my sister. I
 may meet him *prejudiced*, but not *de-*
termined; and I hope you see by my
 behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were
 you and he to have been fond lovers
 in your letters, you need not be afraid
 of my eye. I never am severe on lo-
 vers foibles. Our passions may be
 made subservient to excellent purpo-
 ses. Don't think you have a super-
 cilious brother. A susceptibility of
 the passion called *love*, I condemn not
 as a fault; but the contrary—Your
 brother, ladies,' (looking upon all three)
 'is no stoick.'

'And have you been in love, Sir
 Charles Grandison?' thought I to my-
 self.—Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall
 I be glad if he *has*?—But after all, is it
 not strange, that in all this time one
 knows so little of his history while he was
 abroad?—And yet, he said, that he was
 not angry at his sister questioning him
 on the subject. Had I been his sister,
 questions of that sort would not have
 been to be now asked.

But here is a new task for her brother.
 I shall long to know how this affair will
 end.

The

The trial of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

‘What say you, Emily?’ said he.
 ‘Do not a cockade, and a scarlet coat,
 become a *fine gentleman*, and help to
 make him so, in your eyes?’

‘Be pleased, Sir, to tell me how such
‘a one should look in my eyes, and I
‘will endeavour to make them conform
‘to your lessons.’

He bowed to the happy girl: 'For my part,' said he, 'I cannot but say, that I dislike the life of a soldier in general; whose trade is in blood; who must be as much a slave to the will of his superiors in command, as he is almost obliged to be a tyrant to those under him.'

‘But as to the sex, if it were not, that ladies, where love and their own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves—Pardon me—’

'Your servant, Sir,' said Lady L.
—And we all bowed to him.

‘How can a woman,’ proceeded he, ‘who really loves her husband, subject herself, of *choice*, to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions, which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his *DUTY*!’ He stopt. No answer being made, ‘Perhaps,’ resumed he, ‘it may be thus accounted for: women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their sex, and that they stand in need of protection, (for apprehensiveness, the child of prudence, is as characteristick in them, as courage in a man) they naturally love brave men.—And are not all military men supposed to be brave?’

But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing *this* to be it!

* I honour a good, a generous, a brave,
* an humane soldier: but were such
* one to be the bravest of men, how can
* his wife expect constant protection
* from the husband who is left *his own*,
* and consequently left *hers*, than almost
* any other man can be, (a sailor except-
* ed;) and who must therefore, oftener

' than any other man, leave her
' to those insults, from which he
' to think he can best defend her

LADY L. (Smiling.) "But not be said, Sir, that those women make soldiers their choice, defend some degree, a rank with less when they can part with their hands for the sake of their country's glory."

' *for safety*, Lady L. and your
 ' will be strengthened. The word
 ' thing called *glory*, what mischief
 ' it not occasioned!—As to the
 ' itself, were you *serious*, let every
 ' I answer, who can plead the
 ' be intitled to the *praise* that is
 ' it.'

MISS GR. 'There is so much
' in what my brother has said, that
' thank Heaven, I am not in danger
' being the wife of a soldier.'

We, who knew what the allusion
smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison
ed about him, as if he wanted to
more in the words than they could
port to him: and then was very
to know how his cousin had come

SIR CH. 'Triumphantly, as
'Charlotte's supposed fault has brought
'to light additional excellences.'

MR. GR. 'I am sorry for that
' all my soul.—There was no be-
' her before.—And now what will
' come of me?'

Miss GR. 'You have nothing to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real fault, but I have been generously treated, and I repent of my fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you, and I will say, there are hopes of both.'

MR. GR. 'Your servant, can either way I must have it. But you to follow the example by your own yourself amended, I have the better chance, perhaps coming up to you in ingenuof

LORD L. 'Upon my word, Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing.'

MISS GR. 'I think so too, my
I will put it down.—And if you
wife, Sir,' (to him) 'ask me to
up your lips till to-morrow din-
time.'

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

SIR CH. 'Fie, Charlotte!

"I am glad," thought I, Miss Grandison, that you have so much spirit by your trial!"

Miss Grandison has shewed me some of the letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him, had she been drawn to give him her hand! And the more so, the poor figure he would have made as brother to her brother! How must she have blushed at every civility paid him in such a family! Yet from some passages in his letters, I dare say, he would have had the higher opinion of himself; for having succeeded with her, and for those very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown away his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet sense, nor generosity of heart, to maintain his pretensions to such a match, or her for marrying beneath her.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.

"SIR,
HAD I had a generous man to deal with, I needed not to have exposed myself to the apprehended censures of my brother, whose virtues made a sister, more perfect than himself, afraid that she would think her unworthy of that tender relation to him, from the occasion. But he is the noblest of brothers. He pities me; and undertakes to talk with you, in the most friendly manner, at your own appointment, upon the subject that was long greatly distressed me; as well you know. I will not criminate, as I might: but this assurance I must, for the hundredth time, repeat, That I never can, never will be to you, any other than

"CHARLOTTE GRANDISON."

She is dissatisfied with what she has seen: but I tell her, I think it will be very well.

LETTER XXXI.

BYRON. IN CONTINUATION.

THURSDAY, MAR. 13.

Charles has already left us. He went to town this morning on the business of his executorship. He broke with us first.

Mr. Bartlett, with whom already I made myself very intimate, and I find, knows his whole heart,

21.

tells me he is always fully employed. That we knew before.—No wonder then, that he is not in love. He has not had leisure, I suppose, to attend to the calls of such an idle passion.

You will do me the justice to own, that in the round of employments I was engaged in at Selby House, I never knew any thing of the matter: but indeed there was no Sir Charles Grandison; first to engage my gratitude, and then my heart. So it is; I must not, it seems, deny it. If I did, 'a child in love matters would detect me.'

O MY Lucy! I have been hard set by these sisters. They have found me out; or rather, let me know, that they long ago found me out. I will tell you all as it passed.

I had been so busy with my pen, that, though accustomed to be first dressed, wherever I was, I was now the last. They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, she would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind-hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, 'Well may my brother, Lady L. say what he did of this girl!'

With too great earnestness, 'What, what,' said I—I was going to add—'did he say?'—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprise—designing to turn it off—'WHAT honour you do me, Madam, in this your kind assistance!'

Miss Grandison leered archly at me; then turning to Lady L. 'This Harriet of ours,' said she, 'is more than half a rogue.'

'Punish her then, Charlotte,' said Lady L. 'You have, though with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.'

'Lord bless me, ladies!' And down I sat—'What, what?' I was going to say, 'do you mean?' But stoop, and I felt my face glow.

"What, what?" repeated Miss Grandison—

I i

dison—'My sweet girl can say nothing but: "*What, what!*"—One of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose.—Did you ever see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?'

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. O how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

MISS GR. 'Confirmation, Lady L. ! Confirmation!'

LADY L. 'I think so, truly.—But it wanted none to me.'

HAR. 'I am surprised! Pray, ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?'

MISS GR. 'And what, Harriet, can you mean by these "*What, what's,*" and this sudden emotion?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!'

She snatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck.—Why 'this sudden palpitation?—Ah, Harriet! why won't you make confidants of your two sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?'

HAR. 'Found me out! How found me out?—Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming lady that ever lived!—'

I stood up, trembling.

MISS GR. 'Am I so! But, to cut the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand.]—Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in love?'

HAR. 'Who, I! I, in love!'

MISS GR. (Laughing.) 'So, Lady L. you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and so forth.'

HAR. 'Dear Miss Grandison—It was *your* turn yesterday. How can you forget—'

MISS GR. 'Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in love.—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonshire—Did you think we should not find you out?'

This heartened me a little.

HAR. 'O Madam, do you think to come at any thing by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.'

MISS GR. 'You pay for *this*, also, Harriet. Did you not say, that I should take the reins, Lady L.? I will have no mercy on our younger

sister, for this abominable affectation and reserve.'

HAR. 'And so, ladies, I say you think, that Mr. Orme—'

LADY L. 'Take the reins, Orme, lotte,' (making a motion with a pretty air, with her handkerchief as if she tossed her something); 'I am Harriet, am against you now. I had a trial of that frankness of yours for which I have heard you so commended: and, surely, you have shewed it, if to any person but to your two sisters.'

MISS GR. 'No more, no more, L. Have you not left her to me? I will punish her. You will have much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. Orme, more than any man you ever yet saw?'

HAR. 'Indeed I do not.'

MISS GR. 'Whom do you love, then, Harriet?'

HAR. 'Pray, Miss Grandison—'

MISS GR. 'And pray, Miss Grandison—'

HAR. 'Resume the reins, Lady L.—Pray do!—Miss Grandison, have mercy! Yet met with a great deal of—'

MISS GR. 'Yesterday?—Very much—But then I was ingenuous—'

HAR. 'And am not I!—Pray, Lady L.—'

LADY L. 'I think not—' And she seemed a little too cruel to enjoy the flutter I was in.

MISS GR. 'And you say, that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonshire—'

HAR. 'What is the meaning of this, ladies? But I do assure you, that I am—'

MISS GR. 'See Lady L. the same questions that the girl can answer readily enough.'

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was reproved.

MISS GR. 'Aye, Harriet, but I len: don't answer any questions—'

'That's your only way, now—'

'then we go no farther, you repeat—'

'But tell me—Don't you repent, you have given a denial to Lady L.—'

HAR. 'I won't be fullen, ladies—'

MISS GR. 'Then own yourself—'

'man, Harriet; and that, in some instances, you have both affected—'

'reserve. There are some cases, dear, in which it is impossible for a woman must be guilty of affectation—'

AR. 'Well, then, suppose I am never pretended to be clear of the roles which you impute to the sex: am I weak, a very weak creature: do I see I am—'

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

MISS GR. 'Aye, weep, love. My brother has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.'

AR. 'What have I done to deserve—'

MISS GR. 'Such a compliment!—But you shan't weep neither.—Why, why, is this subject so affecting, Harriet?'

AR. 'You surprize me!—Parted from you but an hour or two ago—and now this of these reproaches.—And all at once both ladies—'

MISS GR. 'Reproaches, Harriet!'

AR. 'I believe so. I don't know how to effe to call them.'

MISS GR. 'What! is it a reproach to be taxed with love—'

AR. 'But the manner, Madam—'

MISS GR. 'The manner you are all with it, is the thing then.—Putting on a grave look, and using a softer accent—' you are in error, however: but with whom? is the question.—Are we, your sisters, intended to know with whom?'

AR. 'Nay, ladies,' thought I, 'you are something to say, that will make amends for all this intolerable teasing—'

And yet my proud heart, what were to be, swelled a little, I should think that would be enough amends, which, however, myself, communing only with my heart, would have thought so.

L. (Coming to me, and taking my hand) 'Let me tell you, our dear Harriet, that you are the most amiable girl in the world, if you are in love.—And now what say you?'

AR. 'Perhaps I do know, ladies, much of the passion, to wish to be charmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

MISS GR. 'I will resume the reins, Charlotte said the countess. 'We are cruel.—But tell us, my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, your Charlotte, if you have any influence in our love, (and indeed we are you, or we would not have teased you as we have done) if there be not reason in the world whom you love to be all men in it?'

MISS GR. 'I looked down. I had, at the same moment, an agree, in it's

cold, and in it's hot fit. They vouchsafed, each, to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

'Be not afraid to speak out, my dear,' said Miss Grandison. 'Assure yourself of my love; my truly sisterly love.'

'I once intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out.—But nothing can be hid—'

'Madam!—ladies!' said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again.—'Your brother has not, could not—I would die before—'

MISS GR. 'Amiable delicacy!—He has not—But say you, Harriet, he could not?—If you would not be teased, don't aim at reserves.—But think you, that we could not see, on a hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here,' patting my neck; 'those half suppressed, but always involuntary sighs—'[I sighed]—'Aye! just such as that!—'[I was confounded]—'But to be serious, we do assure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S. we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that lady have been very solicitous with us—And Lady Anne is not averse—'

HAR. 'Dear ladies!' withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; 'you say, you love me!—Won't you despise whom you love?—I do own—'

There I stooped; and dried my eyes.

LADY L. 'What does my Harriet own?'

HAR. 'O Madam, had I a greater opinion of my own merit, than I have reason to have, (and I never had so little a one, as since I have known you two) I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart.—But one request I have to make you—You must grant it.'

They both in a breath asked what that was.

HAR. 'It is, That you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon.—And long shall not that town hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face.—And you will also both despise me! I know you will!'

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet, (for I was very much affected) were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

MISS GR. 'We have talked with our brother this morning—'

HAR. 'About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—' There I stopt.

LADY L. 'You were mentioned; but we intend not to alarm you farther. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.'

I was all attention.

MISS GR. 'We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough, from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: but sighed and looked grave.' [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?] 'We repeated the question. "You told us, brother," said I, "that you do not intend to resume the treaty began by my father for Lady Frances N. What think you of Lady Anne S.? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: her person is far from being disagreeable; and she has a great esteem for you."

"I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman," replied he: "but if she honours me, with a preferable esteem, she gives me a regret; because it is not in my power to return it."

"Not in your power, brother?"

"It is not in my power to return it."

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague-fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almost in the same moment.

They told me, they would not tease me farther. But these are subjects that cannot be touched upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. O the cruelty of suspense! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart!

MISS GR. 'My brother went on—' You have often hinted to me at distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so directly put, by saying, that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself. But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence, than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.'

'Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, "Not in his power;" and by the hint that he cannot at present answer our question as he may be ena-

bled to do some time hence; we are afraid, that some foreign lady—'

They had raised my hopes; and exciting my fears by so well-grounded apprehension, they were obliged their pains to hold Lady L.'s faults in nose. I could not help exposing self; my heart having been weak too by their teasing before. My dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured of their love; and called upon me, valued their friendship, to open whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. Words not immediately offer themselves. At last, I said, 'Could I have the myself intitled to your excuse, let your Harriet, honoured as she is from the first, with the appellation of sister, would have had no reference to her sisters. But a just consciousness of my own unworthiness overcame me; per, that, I will say, is naturally and unreserved. Now, however—'

There I stopt, and held down head.

LADY L. 'Speak out, my dear—'

MISS GR. 'What "Now,"

HAR. 'Thus called upon; the

'courage—' And I lifted up my as boldly as I could, (but it was believe, very boldly) 'I will own the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness can my gratitude, has possession of whole heart.'

And then, almost unknowing I did, I threw one of my arms, as between them, round Lady L.'s the other round Miss Grandison's glowing face seeking to hide in Lady L.'s bosom.

They both embraced me, and me of their united interest. They knew I had also Dr. Bartlett's regard; but that they had in vain to procure new lights from him; constantly, in every thing that related their brother, referring himself to me, and they assured me, that I had the best wishes and interest of Lady L. to the fullest extent.

This Lucy, is some consolation must I say? some ease to my pride what the the family think of me yet, how is that pride mortified, thus obliged to rejoice at the diminishing of hope to obtain an interest

of a man, of whose engagements we know any thing? But if, at it shall prove that that worst heart is disengaged; and if I can obtain an interest in it; be proud out of the question! 'The man,' as my aunt wrote, Sir Charles Grandison.

was very earnest to know, since my had been such tell-tales, if their other had any suspicion of my regard him.

They could not, they said, either from words or behaviour, gather that he had not been so much with as they had been. Nor would they that he should suspect me. The of men, they said, loved to have faults to conquer. Their brother, serious as he was, was a man.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, excited by the short-hand writer—that he would not marry the greatest needs on earth, if he were not assured that the loved him above all the in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer great deal in the apprehension, at one of disgusting the object of our by too forward a love; and, at other, of disobliging him by too great care. Don't you think so?

The ladies said, They were extremely desirous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me rather than to any other woman: and kindly said, That I had their hearts, even the time when Lady Anne, by a of previous engagement, had their eyes.

And then they told me what their other said of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

When my brother had let us know, Miss Grandison, that it was not his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it; I said—"If Lady Anne had as many advantages to boast of, as Miss Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?"

"Miss Byron," replied he, "is a charming woman."

Lady L. (Silly enough, continued Miss Grandison) said, "Miss Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld. I never saw in any face, youth and dignity, and sweetness of aspect, so happily blended."

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity

may, I hope, revive, so long as I repeat only, and repeat justly.

"Forgive me, Lady L." replied my brother—"But as Alexander would be drawn only by Apelles; so would I say to all those who leave mind out of the description of Miss Byron, That they are not to describe her. This young lady" [You may look proud, Harriet!] "has united in her face feature, complexion, grace, and expression, which very few women, even of those who are most celebrated for beauty, have singly in equal degree: but, what is infinitely more valuable, she has a heart that is equally pure and open. She has a fine mind: and it is legible in her face. Have you not observed, Charlotte," added he, "what intelligence her very silence promises? And yet, when she speaks, she never disappoints the most raised expectation."

I was speechless, Lucy.

"Well, brother," continued Miss Grandison—"If there is not every thing you say in Miss Byron's face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of love in the description.—You are another Apelles, Sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters."

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, what answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

"Ah, Harriet! smiling—"That's a meaning look, with all its bashfulness; this was my brother's answer—"Every body must love Miss Byron—You know, Charlotte, that I presented her to you, and you to her as a third sister: and what man better loves his sisters, than your brother?"

"We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly and so disappointed, as you now look—"

"Dear Miss Grandison!"

"Well, then, another time don't let your eyes ask questions, instead of your lips."

"Third Sister!" my Lucy: indeed, I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I was disappointed.

HAR. "And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, ladies, that my lips will keep my eyes in countenance."

MISS GR. "It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this."

HAR. "How, retired, Madam?—Any discompo—You laugh at my folly; at my presumption perhaps."

They both smiled, "No, I can't say that

'that there seemed to be, either in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion; any great *discompo*—He was about to retire before.'

'Well, ladies, I will only say, That the best thing I can do, is, to borrow a chariot-and-fix, and drive away to Northamptonshire.'

'But why so, Harriet?'

'Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your brother's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.'

They made me fine compliments: but they would *indeed* have been fine ones, could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think, that had Sir Charles Grandison meant any thing, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant-custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to let go, as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her, than she would wish him to think himself.—

But why am I studious to torment myself? What *will* be, *must*. 'Who knows what Providence has designed for Sir Charles Grandison?'—May he be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise at this time.

LETTER XXXII.

MISS BYRON, TO MISS SELBY.

I Will not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had on Tuesday night after supper. You may be sure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in

it. It would be impossible to give more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could were I to try, connect them as I can your generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly owe you some account.

Miss Grandison, in her lively (and lively she was, notwithstanding trial so lately over) led me into talk of the detested masquerade. She me upon recollecting the giddy fancy which those dreadfully interesting that followed it had made me with blot out of my memory.

'I spared you at the time, Harriet said she. 'I asked you no question about the masquerade, when you to us first, poor frightened bird! with your gay plumage about you.'

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastick, hated dress? The simile of the bird was *his*, you know; and Charlotte had ed very archly.

'My dear Miss Grandison, spare still. Let me forget, that ever I sumptuously ventured into such a of folly.

'Do not call it by harsh names, Byron,' said Sir Charles. 'We are much obliged to it.'

'Can I, Sir Charles, call it by harsh a name, when I think, how tal, in numberless ways, the might have proved! But I do not only with reference to that.—Do think, my dear Miss Grandison, my dislike to myself, and to this ish diversion, springs altogether from what befel me. I had on the spot same contempts, the same disdain myself, the same dislike of all who seemed capable of joy on the the foolish occasion.'

'My good Charlotte,' said Sir Charles smiling, 'is less timorous than younger sister. She might be persuaded, I fancy, to venture—'

'Under your conduct, Sir Charles. You know, Lady L. and I, who had not yet had an opportunity of this were trying to engage you against next subscription-ball.'

'Indeed,' said Lady L., 'our Harriet's distresses has led me into reflection never made before on this kind of version; and I fancy her account it will perfectly satisfy my curiosity.'

SIR CH. 'Proceed, good Miss

I am as curious as your sisters, dear what you say of it. The scene is quite new to you. You probably expect entertainment from it. For a while the accidental consequences, and tell us how you were at time amused."

Amused, Sir Charles!—Indeed I have no opinion of the diversion, even were I went. I knew I should despise it. I knew I should offend with myself at home before the evening were over. And so indeed I did; I whistled my cousin Reeves more than ever. "O Madam! this is sad, this is tolerable stuff! This place is one great Bedlam! Good Heaven! Could there be in this one town so many creatures devoid of reason, as are here got together? I hope we are *all* here."

"Let you see," said Miss Grandison, "ever Lady L. is, or seems to be, spontaneously reformed, there were those who would gladly have been there: the more, you may be sure, for having been a diversion prohibited at our first coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of masquerades—O my dear! we used to waste ourselves with hopes, that when permitted to come over to England, we should see golden days under such auspices."

Ch. (Smiling) 'Will you accompany us to the next subscription-ball, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, thought—'

Miss Gr. (Interrupting, and looking archly.) 'Not under *our brother's* conduct, Harriet?"

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, the diversion not been *prohibited*, if you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do, and you will have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall

stand the stand of virtue and decorum, such ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady L. do not?—But I speak of the common masquerades, which I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, though but the common freedoms of the place, by persons who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at coquetry and smartness; the current of that witless place. They once

got me into a country dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude there."

SIR CH. 'Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'oeil of that gay apartment?"

'A momentary pleasure: but when I came to reflect, the bright lights, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, "What," thought I, "are other people's follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest, part of the creation? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl" (excuse me; they were my thoughts at the time) "whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a crowd of satyrs, harlequins, scaramouches, fauns, and dryads; nay, of witches and devils!" The graver habits striking which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what he or she appeared to be?"

MISS GR. 'Well then, the devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!"

LADY L. 'But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character—'

MR. GR. 'Devils and all, Lady L.?"

LADY L. 'It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all—But might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational, and an almost instructive, entertainment?"

SIR CH. 'You would scarcely be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all observant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach down to those who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diversion: which you may see by every common newspaper is become dreadfully general?"

MR. GR. 'Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in *your* life divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen-penny masquerade

'masquerade, for all the pretty prentice souls, who will that evening be Arcadian shepherdesses, goddesses, and queens.'

MISS GR. 'What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! if thou wert in proper company! I warrant those goddesses have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.'

MR. GR. 'Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest, you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.'

MISS GR. 'There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels, with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?'

SIR CH. 'Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having every body marry.—Bachelors, cousin Everard, and maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which nobody cares to take. As the house in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the many, be thought possessed by no good ones.'

The transition was somehow made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. 'We must in these cases,' said Sir Charles, 'throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: for who is faultless?'

'Yet,' said he, 'for my own part, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes, where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they answer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity, and my complacency; and enter directly, with frankness, into conversation with him: and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.'

MISS GR. 'I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to ladies?'

SIR CH. 'Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort; but the kind you arch-

ly mean, are out of the question sent. We were talking of others.'

This insensibly led the conversation to love and courtship; and he said, 'do you think he said, Lucy? I should not, perhaps, were he in the habit of being over-forward to declare his love by words; but rather shew it by his actions, by his civilities and veneration, unless he had some other reason, that the suspense was painful to the object: and in this case it would be only mean and insolent not to break off, and put himself in the power of another, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.'

What say you to this, Lucy?

'Some think,' proceeded he, 'that the days of courtship are the happiest of life. But the man, who, as a woman thinks so, is not to be forgiven. It must be confessed, that a certain ardour which subsides in certain circumstances, is not to be forgiven.'

Being called upon by Lord L. more explicit—

'I am endeavouring,' said he, 'to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I do not, by a too early declaration, put a lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent pleasures, and of that complacency which an honourable lover might think himself intitled to; and which might help him [Don't be affrighted, ladies!] to develop the plain folds of the female heart.'

This developement stuck with the men a little. We talked of it after. And Miss Grandison then said, 'well her cousin Everard said so. And he answered, "Sir Charles, with more safety steal a horse, than look over the hedge."'

MISS GR. 'Aye, cousin George, that is because you are a son, that is because you are a man. A name, believe me, of at least much reproach, as that of an Old Maid.'

MR. GR. 'Aspersing a whole sex at once, Miss Charlotte! 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: and a too (this of the rakes) that a generous-spirited girl chuses to be when she would dispose of herself for her fortune.'

MISS GR. 'How malapert! Everard!'

What Sir Charles next said, made his own character more decently blushes.

'The woman who chuses a rake,' he said, 'does not consider, that a sprightly air for which she pretends, is a better man, either'

matrimony, or are shewn to others, her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad: the disagreeable will be brought home. If reform, (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off) he will probably, from the reflections on his past life, be an unsociable companion, and deep and true contrition have hold on him: if not, what has he chosen? He married not for honest principles; a rake despises matrimony: still a rake, what hold will she have of him? A rake in *passion* is not a man. Such a one can seldom be in love: from a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love serves a vile name: and if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common man excel not his modest wife.'

But he said, was openly approved of by gentlemen; tacitly by the ladies. The subject changing to marriages of unequal years; 'I knew,' said L. 'a woman of character, who would not reckon to want sense, who married at twenty a many of more than thirty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in love with a young rake of twenty-five. She is rich; and poor woman! she is to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, could not see the picture you have been drawing.'

'Contribution,' replied Sir Charles, 'frequently take it's course. The young man, keeping in view one steady purpose, which was, that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one; forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for that last twenty years; and will now very probably be the destined mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violations of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own desires.—Don't you think, my lord, that it is suitable to the Divine benediction as well as justice, to lend it's sanction and punishments in aid of those which bind man to man?'

And L. said some very good things. Harriet was not a mute: but you may say that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir

Charles Grandison; and whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally, and attentively, silent, till the last scene: and the doctor said, 'I must shew you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian.' She blushed, and looked as if she knew not whether she should stay or go: 'I should be glad to see any thing of my 'Emily's,' said Sir Charles. 'I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own.—Pray, my dear,' (to her) 'let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.'

She blushed, and bowed.

'I must first tell you,' said the doctor, 'that I was the occasion of her chusing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.'

'A sonnet?' said Miss Grandison. 'My dear little Poetess, you must set it, and sing it to us.'

'No, indeed, Madam,' said Miss Jervois, blushing still more. 'Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a *poetess*, I am sure: and did you not, dear Madam, speak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?'

'I think she did, my dear,' said Sir Charles: 'nor would I have my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The titles of *Wit* and *Poetess* have been disgraced too often by Sappho's and Corinna's, ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, sister?—But do not be disturbed, my Emily.' [The poor girl's eyes glistened:] 'I mean no check to your liveliness and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or it's boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.'

'I am very glad, for all that,' said Miss Jervois, 'that my little translation is in plain prose: had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.'

'Even in that case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois,' said the good Dr. Bartlett: 'Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry; and Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomela's, the Orinda's,

'da's, and other names among her own sex, whose fine genius does it honour.'

'Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily,' said Lady L. 'would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.'

'I am sure,' said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start 'I have reason to be affected with the subject.—The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness—O what pleasures do mothers lose, who want tenderness!'

We all, either by eyes or voices, called for the sonnet, and her translation. Dr. Bartlett shewed them to us; and I send copies of both.

SONNET OF VINCENZIO DA FILICAJA.

*Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davanti;
E un bacio in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien su i ginocchi, un sulle piante,
E montre agli atti, a i gimiti, all'aspetto
Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,
A quesi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, o s'adira, è sempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alla infinita
Vaglia; e quesi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti alta.
E se niega talor grazia, o mercede,
O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar s'ingie, e nel negar concede.*

'See a fond mother encircled by her children: with pious tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with maternal love. One she kisses on the forehead: and clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knee; and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she understands their various numberless little wishes, to these she dispenses a look; a word to those; and whether she smiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

'Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is PROVIDENCE: so it watches over us; comforting these; providing for those; listening to all; assisting every one; and if sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to invite our more earnest prayers; or seeming to deny a blessing, grants one in the refusal.'

When the translation was read aloud, the tears that before were starting,

trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one made in, and especially the praises her by her guardian, drove away cloud from her face.

LETTER XXXIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO
GRANDISON.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

FRIDAY, MAR.

I have already seen Captain Anderson's son. Richard Saunders, who I sent with your letter, as soon as he came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reading it before the family, with indiscreet warmth. I would make minute enquiries after him, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon at the Cocoa Tree, in Pall Mall. Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Mr. Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with me. The captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered it with us.

'You will on this occasion, I expect me to be particular: yet I allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that were of most weight, (and which were the ground of your objection to him) you saw him in a near light) could be pleaded without affronting him, and if they had, would hardly have met with his allowance; and therefore have no force in the presentment.

'On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I asked the captain, if he were acquainted with the affair upon which we were to deliberate. He said, they were his inseparable friends, and knew the secret of his heart. "Perhaps," said I, "it were as well they did not."

'We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison," said the major, brother-in-law to the captain. "I don't doubt it, Sir. But the delicacy of a lady is concerned in the hearts of the principals should be preserved to each other. The whole world to each other. What is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair with these gentlemen, if you think fit, captain."

You will find us to be gentlemen, Charles," said the colonel.

The captain then began, with much his own story. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my sister's sake (pardon me, Charlotte) that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; though not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her part.

After he had told his story, (which I need not repeat to you) he insisted upon our promise: and his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each a little too peremptory. I told them so; and they must do me the justice to consider me as a man of some merit, as well as themselves. "I come hither with a friendly intention, gentlemen," said I, "I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits: but if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened comparisons."

Their features were all at once changed: and they said, they meant to be warm.

I told the captain, that I would not enter into a minute defence of the lady, though my sister. I owned that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, she apprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young, and knew nothing of the world. Young ladies were often struck by appearances. "You, Captain Anderson," said I, "have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young lady's attention. And as she believed herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an ear to the address of a gallant man; whose command, in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to the consequence. But I take it for granted, Sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, whose address, her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder, then, that a woman of Char-

lotte Grandison's known good sense, should reflect, should consider: and perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what *was* the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make; to be absolutely yours, and no other man's: but it was, that she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained single. An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to."

"Sir!" said the captain, and looked at the soldier.

"I repeated what I last said."

"Sir!" again said the captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had said, "Very free language."

"For, Sir," proceeded I, "did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the lady, or of her affection and steadiness? And in either case, ought it to have been proposed? ought it to have been made? for my part, I should disdain to think of any woman for a wife, who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man."

"Something in that!" said the colonel.

"As you explain yourself, Sir Charles," said the major—

"The captain, however, fat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied."

"Your motive, we are not to question, captain, was love. Miss Grandison is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return in love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise *was* made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the time did leave you free. You will have the justice, Sir, to allow, that there is a generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to shew to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and not be held yourself? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, captain, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to prevail upon myself to endeavour to

"bring a lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. "What!" should I have said to myself, "Is this lady dearer to me than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over her? And has she so little regard for me, as not to value, whether I marry any other woman?"

"The gentlemen looked upon one another; but were silent. I proceeded:

"Let us set this matter in it's true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a treaty, that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in. *This was her fault.* But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of love, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps to the difference of twice the number of years, ["Sir!" said the captain!] the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the woman whom they think it worth their while to pursue!—But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? Who shewed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did not love him above all other men? Who when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind him? And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, that she *never* will be his?—You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit, would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson."

"The captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said; and still less some of the words I had used; and seemed to be disposing his features to take a fiercer turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: "I met you not, captain," said I, "ei-

ther to hear, or to obviate, cavil on words. When I have told that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I tend not offence. But let us be. I am perhaps a younger man by years, than any one present: he have seen the world, as much as man of my age; and know what is to the character of a gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderson's, or own: and expect not wilful misstructions."

"All I mean is, Sir," said the captain, "that I will not be treated temptuously; no, not even by brother of Miss Grandison."

"The brother of Miss Grandison, Sir, is not accustomed to treat man contemptuously. Don't yourself so, and you are safe from worthy treatment from me. Let add, Sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me, as he sees. I will venture to say, I have large charity; but I extend it not credulity: but yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the truth of my intentions and actions."

"The captain said, that he altered great deal of my sister's position; her denial of him, (those were his words) to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G. cause of their quality and fortunes; hence his difficulties were increased."

"And then up he rose, flapt one upon the table, put the other his sword, and was going to say very fierce things, prefacing with damning his blood; when I up: "Hold, captain; be calm; possible—Hear from me the truth: I will make you a fair representation; and when I have done you resume, if you think it necessary that angry air you got up with, see what you'll make of it."

"His friends interposed. He down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees."

"The truth of the matter is this, and briefly this.

"All my sister's difficulties (which perhaps, were greater in appearance than in fact) ended with my brother's life. I made it my business on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sister's fortunes. L. married the elder. The two

men you have mentioned made their
reflexes to the younger. I knew
nothing of you, Captain Anderson.

My sister had wholly kept the affair
between you and her, in her own
secret. She had not revealed it even
to her sister. The reason she gives,
and to which you, Sir, could be no
objection, was, that she was determin-
ed never to be yours. The subject
requires explicitness, Captain Ander-
son; and I am not accustomed to pal-
liate, whenever it does. She hoped
to prevail upon you to leave her as ge-
nerously free as she had left you. I do
trust you, upon my honour, that she
wishes not either of the gentlemen.

I know not the man she *does* favour.
Is it, her brother, not herself, that
is solicitous for her marrying. And,
upon the indifference she expressed to
change her condition, on terms to
which no objection could be made, I
supposed she must have a secret prefer-
ence to some other man. I was after-
wards informed, that letters had pas-
sed between her and you, by a lady,
who had it from a gentleman of your
acquaintance. You have shewn me,
by the presence of these gentlemen,
that you were not so careful of the se-
cret, as my sister had been."—They
looked upon one another.

I charged my sister, upon this dis-
covery, with reserve to me: but of-
fended her my service in her own way;
saying her, that if her heart were
engaged, the want of quality, title,
and fortune, should not be of weight
with me, and that whomsoever she
accepted for her husband, him would
I receive for my brother."

The colonel and the major extraor-
dinarily applauded a behaviour on this
occasion, which deserved no more than
common approbation.

"She solemnly assured me," pro-
ceeded I, "that although she held her-
self bound by the promise which youth,
experience, and solicitation, had
drawn her in to make, she resolved to
perform it by a perpetual single life,
if we were insisted upon. And thus,
you see, that it depends upon you
to keep Charlotte Grandison a single
woman, till you marry some other
body, (a power, let me tell you, that
no man ought to seek to obtain over
a young woman) or, generously to
quit her of it, and leave her as free
as she has left you.—And now, gen-
tlemen," (to the major and colonel) if
you came hither not so much parties

"as judges, I leave this matter upon
your consideration; and will with-
draw for a few moments."

"I left every mouth ready to burst
into words; and walked into the pub-
lick room. There I met with Colonel
Martin, whom I had seen abroad;
and who had just asked after Major
Dillon. He, to my great surprize,
took notice to me of the business that
brought me thither.

"You see, my sister, the consequence
you were of to Captain Anderson. He
had not been able to forbear boasting
of the honour which a daughter of Sir
Thomas Grandison had done him,
and of his enlarged prospects, by her
interest. Dear Charlotte—How un-
happy was the man, that your pride
should make you think yourself con-
cerned to keep secret an affair that he
thought a glory to him to make known
to many! For we see, (shall I not say,
to the advantage of this gentleman's
character?) that he has many *dear* and
inseparable friends, from whom he con-
cealed not any secret of his heart.

"Colonel Mackenzie came out soon
after, and we withdrew to the corner
of the room. He talked a great deal
of the strength of the captain's passion;
of the hopes he had conceived of mak-
ing his fortune, through the interest
of a family to which he imputed con-
sideration: he made me many compli-
ments; he talked of the great detri-
ment this long-suspended affair had
been to his friend; and told me, with
a grave countenance, that the captain
was grown as many years older, as it
had been in hand; and was ready to
rate very highly so much time lost in
the prime of life. In short, he af-
cribed to the captain the views and the
disappointments of a military fortune-
hunter too plainly for his honour, in
my eye, had I been disposed to take
proper notice of the meaning of what
he said.

"After having heard him out, I de-
fired the colonel to let me know what
all this meant, and what were the cap-
tain's expectations.

"He paraded on again a long time;
and asked me, at last, if there were
no hopes that the lady—

"None at all," interrupted I. "She
has steadily declared as much. Char-
lotte Grandison is a woman of fine
sense. She has great qualities. She
has insuperable objections to the cap-
tain, which are founded on a more
perfect knowledge of the man, and
"of

"of her own heart, than she could have
"at first. It is not my intention to de-
"preciate him with his friend; I shall
"not therefore, enter into particulars.
"Let me know, colonel, what the gen-
"tleman pretends to. He is passionate,
"I see; I am not a tame man: but God
"forbid, that Captain Anderson, who
"hoped to be benefited by an alliance
"with the daughter of Sir Thomas
"Grandison, should receive hurt, or
"hard treatment from her brother!"

"Here Colonel Martin, who had heard
"something of what was said, desired to
"speak with Colonel Mackenzie. They
"were not so distant, but my ear una-
"voidably caught part of their subject.
"Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very
"high manner, on my character, when
"I was abroad. He imputed bravery to
"me, (a great article among military
"men, and with you ladies) and I know
"not how many good qualities.—And
"Colonel Mackenzie took him in with
"him to the other two gentlemen:
"where, I suppose, every thing that had
"passed was repeated.

"After a while, I was desired by Colo-
"nel Martin, in the name of the gentle-
"men, to walk in; he himself sitting
"down in the publick room.

"They received me with respect. I
"was obliged to hear and say a great
"many things, that I had said and heard
"before: but at last two proposals were
"made me; either of which, they said,
"if complied with, would be taken as
"laying the captain under a very high
"obligation.

"Poor man! I had compassion for him,
"and closed with one of them; declining
"the other for a reason which I did not
"give to them. To say truth, Char-
"lotte, I did not chuse to promise my
"interest in behalf of a man, of whose
"merit I was not assured, had I been
"able to challenge any, as perhaps I
"might by Lord W.'s means; who
"stands well with proper persons. A
"man ought to think himself, in some
"measure, accountable for *warm* recom-
"mendations; especially where the pub-
"lick is concerned: and could I give my
"promise, and be cool as to the per-
"formance? And I should think myself
"also answerable to a worthy man, and
"to every one connected with him, if I
"were a means of lifting one less worthy
"over his head. I chose therefore to do
"that service to him, for which I am
"responsible only to *myself*. After I have
"said this, my sister must ask me no
"questions.

"I gave a rough draught, at the
"captain's request, of the manner in
"I would have releases drawn. Cap-
"tain Martin was desired to walk in,
"all the gentlemen promised to be
"in silence all that had ever come to
"knowledge, of what had passed be-
"tween Charlotte Grandison and Cap-
"tain Anderson.

"Let not the mentioning to you
"measures, hurt you, my sister. I
"young ladies of sense and family
"been drawn in to still greater inno-
"cencies than you have suffered.
"sons of eminent abilities (I have a
"high opinion of my Charlotte's) do
"dom err in *small* points. Most of
"women, who begin a correspondence
"with our designing sex, think they
"stop when they will. But it is not
"We; and the dark spirit that sets
"work, which we sometimes mis-
"love, will not permit you to do so.
"and women are devils to one another.
"They need no other tempter.

"All will be completed to-morrow,
"and your written promise, of con-
"sequence, given up. I congratulate
"sister on the happy conclusion of this
"fair. You are now your own mistress
"and free to chuse for yourself. I
"never forgive myself, were I, who
"been the means of freeing you from
"controul, to endeavour to lay you
"another. Think not either of Sir W.
"or of Lord G. if your heart declares
"in favour of either. You have
"times thought me *earnest* in behav-
"ing for Lord G. But I have never spoken
"his favour, but when you have per-
"upon answering objections to
"which I have thought insufficient;
"indeed, Charlotte, some of your
"jections have been so slight, that I
"ready to believe, you put them for
"pleasure of having them answered.
"My Charlotte need not doubt of
"mistress, wherever she sets her
"And I repeat, that whoever be-
"man she inclines to favour, she
"depend upon the approbation and
"offices of her *co-r affectionate brother*.
"CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXIV.

MISS HARRIET BYRON, TO
SELBY.

FRIDAY, MARCH

I Send you inclosed (to be returned
the first opportunity) Sir Charles
letter to his sister, acquainting her

happy conclusion of the affair between
Anderson and her. Her brother
as you will see, acquits her not of
temptation. If he did, it would have
been an impeachment of his justice. O
dear Charlotte! how her pride is
wounded at the meanness of the man!—
no more of this subject, as the letter
fore you.

And now, my dear and honoured
sister, let me return you a thousand
thanks for the great packet of my let-
ters sent me, with a most indulgent
reply from my aunt, and another from my

brother. I have already put into the two ladies
your letters, and my lord's, without reserve,
the letters that reach to the masque-
rade affair, from the time of my setting
out for London; and when they have
perused those, I have promised them more.
Your confidence has greatly obliged
me; and they are employed, with no
less earnestness, in perusing them.

This gives me an opportunity of pur-
suing my own devices.—And what, be-
lieving, do you think one of
them is?—A kind of persecution of Dr.
Bartlett; by which, however, I suspect,
myself am the greatest sufferer. He
is an excellent man; and I make no dif-
ference of going to him in his closet;
encouraged by his assurances of wel-

come me stop to say, my Lucy, that when
I approach this good man in his retire-
ment; surrounded by his books, his
soul generally covered with those on
the subject, I, in my heart, congratu-
late the saint, and inheritor of future
glory; and, in that great view, am the
most desirous to cultivate his friendship.
What do you think is our subject?
Charles, I suppose, you guess.—And
this, either in the middle or latter end
of the few conversations we have yet had
to hold: but, I do assure you, we
begin with the sublimest; though I must
own to my shame, that it has not so much
filled my heart, at present; as once it had,
I hope will one day have.—The
great and glorious truths of Christianity
on this subject; which yet, from this
Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as
as he enters into it. But this very
subject, sublime as it is, brings on the
consequence: for Sir Charles
Grandison, without making an ostenta-
tious pretension to religion, is the very
practitioner in practice, that these doc-
trines teach a man to be. Must not then
these doctrines introduce the mention of
him who endeavours humbly to imi-

tate the divine example? It was upon
good grounds he once said, That as he
must one day die, it was matter of no mo-
ment to him, whether it were to-morrow,
or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doc-
tor himself for a more satisfactory ac-
count than they had given me, how
Sir Charles and he first came acquainted.
I told him so, and asked his indulgence
to me in this enquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said,
the history of it written down. His ne-
phew, whom he often employs as his
amanuensis, should make me out, from
that little history, an account of it,
which I might shew, he was pleased to
say, to such of my select friends, as I
entrusted with the knowledge of my own
heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract
of this little history; and the more, as
the doctor tells me there will be includ-
ed some particulars of Sir Charles's be-
haviour abroad in his younger life, and
of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the doctor
speaks of with love, as his patron's
dearest friend, and whom he calls a se-
cond Sir Charles Grandison.

SEE, my Lucy, the reward of frank-
ness of heart. My communicativeness
has been already encouraged with the
perusal of two letters from the same
excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to
whom, from early days, (as I shall be
soon more particularly informed) he
has given an account of all his conduct
and movements.

The doctor drew himself in, however,
by reading to Lord L. and the ladies,
and me, a paragraph or two out of one
of them: and he has even allowed me
to give my grandmamma and aunt a
sight of them. Return them, Lucy,
with the other letter, by the very next
post. He says, he can deny me nothing.
I wish I may not be too bold with him.
—As for Miss Grandison, she vows,
that she will not let the good man rest
till she gets him to communicate what
he shall not absolutely declare to be a
secret, to us three sisters, and my Lord
L. 'If the first man,' she says, 'could
'not resist one woman, how will the doc-
'tor deal with three, not one of them be-
'hind-hand with the first in curiosity?
'And all loving him, and whom he pro-
'fesses to esteem?' You see, Lucy, that
Miss Grandison has pretty well got up
her spirits again.

JUST now Miss Grandison has related

to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and Lady L. herself, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the subject was their brother and I. The ladies and my lord are entirely in my interests, and regardless of my punctilio. They roundly told the doctor, That, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living, whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure that I were absolutely disengaged. 'Now, doctor,' said Miss Grandison, 'tell us frankly, what is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?'

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

LORD L. 'Aye, my good Dr. Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.'

DR. B. 'Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for she has more than once, since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.'

And then he went on, praising me for ingenuousness, seriousness, cheerfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: and added, 'Would to Heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!'

'God bless him!' thought I.—Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you, who love me so dearly, 'God bless you, Dr. Bartlett?'

LADY L. 'Well but, doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? Lady D. made a proposal to her for Lord D. and insisted on an answer to this very question: that matter is gone off. As our guest, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chuses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.'

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

DR. B. 'It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: and it is strange, methinks, that ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistresses of this question.'

LORD L. 'Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But ladies will, in these parts, take a compass before they examine themselves.—A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and upright ladies, should not be treated with reserve.—We are of opinion, doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to the men in the world. What do you say?'

DR. B. 'I have no doubt of it: she thinks herself under obligation to me. She is goodness itself. She must be good. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding—What woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the nobles in every nation in which he has been. [Ah! Lucy!] 'You have must have seen, forgive me,' (bowing to each) 'that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.'

MISS GR. 'We think so, doctor, and wanted to know if you did: so, as my lord says, fetched a compass about; which we should have done to you. But you say, that my brother has had numbers of admirers.—Pray, doctor, is there one lady (we imagine there is) who he has preferred to another, in different nations he has travelled through?'

LORD L. 'Aye, doctor, we wanted to know this; and if you thought that we were not, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves as well to Miss Byron, as to my brother.'

Don't you long to know what answer the doctor returned to this, Lucy? Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The doctor hesitated.—And at last he said, 'I wish, with all my heart, Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison!'

MISS GR. 'COULD be!—Could be! said each.'

And 'COULD be!' said the foolish Miss Grandison, when she repeated her heart quite sunk.

DR. B. (Smiling.) 'You know, ladies, that you are not sure, that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. She is to be open, and above-board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, if he knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to any body but himself. Why don't you? Lie once complacently

me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one, that hangs in suspense; and he would not be so, I believe, of mentioning it, till I can do it with certainty: but else, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world, than your brother.

LUCY, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of men, especially on those of good men, we want to fasten blame upon them perhaps with a low view (envy of their superior worth) to bring them to our own level!—For are we apt to measure the merits of men by our own standard, and to give them either praise to actions or sentiments, as they square with our own?

L. 'Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, I don't think yourself at liberty to say, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the hopes we have of bringing about a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?'

B. 'I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves from prudence and integrity of heart to be trusted in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not quite so young.'

LUCY!—The doctor proceeded. 'My brother, ladies, has often said to me, That there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for his friends than he had; who had been distinguished by the favour of the most accomplished women; yet, who had paid more for that distinction than he had for any other.'

L. 'Paid dearer! Good Heaven!'

B. 'How could that be?'

L. 'I always abroad heard the doctor reckon upon Sir Charles as their model man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery!—Every woman who spoke of him, put him down as a man of gallantry. And is he not a gallant man?—I never mentioned him before.—But a Lady Olivia, of whom I have heard much, when she was in that city, as being in love with some Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there.'

"Lady Olivia!"—"Lady Olivia!"—repeated each sister; 'and why did not you say so?'

'Why? Because, though she was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her: and, as the doctor says, she is but one of those, who, where-ever he set his foot, admired him.'

'Bless me,' thought I, 'what a black swan is a good man!—Why,' (as I have often thought, to the credit of our sex) 'will not all the men be good?'

LADY L. 'My lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.'

LORD L. 'I know very little more of her. She was reputed to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure of a woman, Dr. Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.'

MISS GR. 'Ah, doctor! what a history could you give us of our brother, if you pleased!—But as there is no likelihood that this lady will be any thing to my brother, let us return to our first subject.'

LADY L. 'By all means.—Pray, Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?'

DR. B. 'The highest that man can have of woman.'

LADY L. 'As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to her, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.'

DR. B. 'I am under some concern, my dear ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart than sisters do, whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you, is owing more to your brother's distinction of me, than to your own hearts.'

LORD L. 'I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it, that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us?—It is not his fault. Did we ever ask him a question, that he did not directly answer, and that without shewing the least affectation or reserve?'

MISS GR. 'He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years absence, with so much power, and such a will to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.'

LADY L. 'Too great obligations from one side, will indeed create diffidence on the other. Grateful hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.'

DR. B. 'You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his duty by his sisters: and, as occasions may still offer, you will find he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all those questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I dare say, very candid, and very explicit.'

MISS GR. 'That shall be my task, when I next see him. But dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see, of the correspondence that passes between him and you.'

The doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.

So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great reason to build so much, as my uncle, in his last letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these ladies, and my Lord L. with their brother. 'Two or three intricate affairs on his hands—One of them still in suspense—of which, for that reason, he makes a secret—He is not quite happy—greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women.' Who would wonder at that?—But 'has paid dear for the distinction!'—What can one say? What can one think? He once said himself, That his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from worthy women too?—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the worthy women?—I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of incumbering himself with one of a sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness to us; a man may afford to shew politeness to those he has resolved to keep at a distance from his heart.

But, ah, Lucy!—There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes not to keep at distance. This is the affair, that

hangs in suspense; and of which, then, he chuses to say nothing.

I HAVE had the pleasure of from my Godfather Deane. He with us this day in his way to town, ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord are charmed with him. Yet I have mingled with my pleasure. He has aside, and charged me so home—too inquisitive. I never knew him so very urgent to know my heart. I was frank; very frank; I hardly have been excusable, if I had to so good a man, and so dear a friend.

He will have it, that I look thin and paler than I used to do. That very well be. My very soul, at—I know not how I am—Sir Charles in suspense too, from somebody else. From my heart I pity him. Had I some faults; some great blemishes, fancy I should be easier about him to hear nothing of him, but what is greatly praiseworthy, and my heart delighted with acts of beneficence—now my Godfather Deane, at this running on in his praises, and mending, instead of blaming me, presumptuous thoughts: nay, to me, and telling me, that I deserve—that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison.—Why did he not chide me? Why he not dissuade me?—Neither merit nor answerable?—A man knows so well what to do with himself.—The Indies, my dear, ought to be what a king would he make! could not corrupt such a mind. 'Caesar,' said Dr. Bartlett, speak him before Mr. Deane and all of us, 'not quicker to destroy, than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve.' Emily at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and, drying them, she proudly round on us all, as if she said, 'This is my guardian!'

But what do you think, Lucy? your godfather will have it, that he has a young passion in Miss Jervois for his guardian!—God forbid!—A young man may be conquered, I believe; but I shall caution the innocent girl! She shall have a sweet pleasure in it, and stealing, upon her. How can she experience a heart, yet the indulgent? But, O my Emily! sweet girl! let your love get the better of your pride, lest it make you unhappy; what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous heart, yet of a passion that cannot be stifled, unhappy; and for that reason; because he cannot reason. See you not already, that, with

ness, he is not quite happy? He sufferer for *worthy* women?—O my family, do not *you* add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world!—But hush! Selfish adviser! Could not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet she knew not, that any previous object so meritorious, to resist, or pre-engagements: and Death lay his cold hand upon her, before she become an additional burthen to his! He knows not, I think, he guesses not, though Dr. Bartley found me out as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know the knowledge of it would give him shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord and the ladies were warmly interested in my favour. 'Thank God for that!' said. 'All must happen to his wish. I would have it, that Sir Charles's wishes would be rewarded in having a wife: but what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not brutally a savage? How then can all I could do, reward such a man as this? But, Lucy, don't you blush for me on this last passage of my writing? I may, since I blush myself on re-perusing it. 'For shame, Harriet Byron, set a period to this letter!'—I will; subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

LETTER XXXV.

CHARLES GRANDISON, TO DR. BARTLETT.

ENCLOSED IN THE PRECEDING.]

FRIDAY MARCH, 17.

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr. Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: but they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions; apprehending, I believe, excitements from me, had I known the contents; I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr. Sylvester, a man of character, and good behaviour, brought me a letter, signed by all three, excusing themselves on very slight pretences, and desiring that he might be present for them. I took notice to him, that the behaviour of his principals over-night and now, was

neither respectful to the memory of their uncle, nor civil with regard to me. He honestly owned, that Mr. Danby having acquainted his two nephews, a little before he died, that he had made his will, and that they had very little to expect from him, they, who had been educated by his direction, and made merchants, at his expence, with hopes given them, that he would at his death, do very handsomely for them, and had never disoblinded him, could not be present at the opening of a will, the contents of which they expected to be so mortifying to them.

I opened it in presence of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one; giving reasons for his resentment against the father of these young persons, who (though his brother) had once, as I hinted to you at Colnebrook, made a very shocking attempt upon his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far as against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

Will the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, where would that resentment have stooped, had the private man been a monarch, which he could carry into his last will?

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune, no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expence; and, in the phrase of business, well put out: expences their careless father would not have been at; he is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had these children's title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! Benefits, which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each of the three, one thousand pounds; but on express condition, that they signify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not, (tender being duly made) the three thousand pounds

'are to be carried to the uses of the will.

'He then appoints his executor; and makes him residuary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument in the hand of Providence, of saving his life.

'He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

'And, by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

'Mr. Sylvester complimented me on this great *wind-fall*, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: and he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of a hundred pounds to each, was all they had to hope for.

'I enquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with a hint, that the girl was engaged in a love-affair.

'Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances, in Barbadoes; and very probably by this time is no more.

'I desired Mr. Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, that I had a disposition to be kind to them: and as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wished they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: but that, whether they complimented me as I wished, or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. "Tell them, in a word," Mr. Sylvester, and do you forgive the seeming vanity, that I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine."

'The man went away very much pleased with what I had said; and, in

'about two hours, sent me a note the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce all three to me this afternoon.

'I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be patched over a dish of tea. And before I have invited the honest attorney, and his three clients, to sup-

'me. 'I will not send this to Colnebrook where I hope you are all happy; must; for are they not all good? are not you with them? till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you what, however, you cannot doubt how much I am yours, not to sign that truth the name of

'CHARLES GRANDISON

LETTER XXXVI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. IN CONTINUATION.

FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH

'MR. Sylvester, an honest pleader, shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby, then, each of her brothers; who received my welcome with a little consciousness as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it: and saw by that, that she was the blameable, not the least modest. I dare say, she had but followed her brother's lead: while they looked down and bashful, as having all been done amiss to answer for.

'Miss Danby is a very pretty, very genteel young woman. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby are agreeable in their persons and manners, want not sense.

'In the first moment I dissipated their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

'I offer not to read to you, said the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylvester has doubt, told you; that you are of you intitled by it to a thousand pounds."

'They all bowed; and the brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor; three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France; and the large remainder, which will not be less than four and twenty thousand pounds, falls to the executor, as residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired."

The elder brother said, "God bless you with it, Sir." The second said, "It could not have fallen to a worthier man." The young lady's eyes moved: but words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes shewed, that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to expect minds in suspense, though with a view of obliging in the end. The surprise intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in it's appearance an air of insult. "I have," said I, "a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentlemen, what you will talk to the young lady singly, perhaps) what your expectations were upon your uncle; what will do for each of you to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service.—But hold, Sir," for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw, till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined." I withdrew to my study: and, in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know, that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. "Come, gentlemen, don't fear to speak: consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother."

The elder brother was going to speak; but hesitating, "Come," said I, "let me lead you into the matter. —Pray, Sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?"

"My father, Sir, was unhappy—My father—"

"Well, Sir, no more of your father—He could do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle."

"My uncle, Sir, gave us all our education—My uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out

"each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas are in safe hands."

"Your uncle, Sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man."

"Indeed, Sir, he was."

"And what, Sir, was the business you were brought up to?"

"My master is a West-India merchant."

"And what, Mr. Danby, are your prospects in that way?"

"Exceeding hopeful, Sir, they would have been—My master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half-partner."

"A very good sign in your favour, Sir. You must have behaved yourself well. — And will he now do it?"

"Ah, Sir!"—and was silent.

"Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter partner?"

"Sir—he talked of—"

"Of what?"

"Four thousand pounds, Sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: and when he had so much reason to regret the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know, that he would not do *any thing* for us; and to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in the will, is more than we expected."

"Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, will four thousand pounds be well laid out in a quarter partnership?"

"To say truth, Sir, my master had a view, at the year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more."

"And do you love the young woman?"

"Indeed I do."

"And does she countenance your address?"

"If her uncle—I don't doubt if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle—"

"Well, Sir, I am your uncle's executor.—Now, Sir," (to Mr. Edward Danby) "let me know *your* situation; *your* prospects?"

"Sir,

"Sir, I was put to a French wine-merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business; and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do; nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock."

"And what, Sir, is necessary for that purpose?"

"O Sir! at least six thousand pounds."

"—But had my uncle left me the three thousand I once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character."

"What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune, (you judged it, I suppose, to be large) if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?"

"We all thought, Sir," said Mr. Edward Danby, "it would be yours, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general: and he several times told me, when I was in France, that you should be his heir."

"He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own safety, as for his. He much over-rated my services. But what are your prospects, Mr. Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?"

"O Sir, very great!"

"And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?"

"I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there by his good-will."

"And have you, Sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?"

"Women are a drug, Sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master."

"I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased: Mr. Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed."

"A true merchant this already!" thought I.

"Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside?—Will you trust yourself with Mrs. Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my questions in company?"

"Sir, your character, your goodness,

"is so well known, I scruple not to tend you."

"I took her hand, and led her to study, leaving the door open to the drawing-room in which they were seated her. Then sat down, but held her hand."

"Now, my dear Miss Danby, are to suppose me, as the executioner, your uncle, his representative."

"You had that good uncle before, and he was urging you to him what would make you happy with an assurance, that he would all in his power towards it; and you would open your mind freely to him; with equal freedom open to me. There was only this difference between us: he had resentment against your father, which he carried too far when he extended them to innocent children. [But it was an atrocious attempt, that embittered otherwise benevolent spirit;] I have no resentment; and am armed with his power, and have all the will ever could have, to serve you."

"now, let me know, what will effectually do it?"

"The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any answer, than what her eyes once up, as if to Heaven, made for her."

"Give me, my good Miss Danby, (I would not distress you) give me as your brothers did of their affection, some account of yours."

"You live with either of your brothers?"

"No, Sir. I live with an aunt: my mother's sister."

"Is she good to you?"

"Yes, Sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made the best of my uncle's allowance for education; and my fortune which is unbroken, is the same sum that she gave my brothers; and it is in her hands; and the interest of it, with my aunt's additional goodness and management, enables me to make a good figure; and with my own industry, I never have wanted a little matters for my pocket."

"Good girl! thought I—"My dear Miss Danby! thy brother Edward, thy one! How dared he to say, that women are drags?—Who in economy, shorts as their power is, are generally superior to men!"

"Your uncle was very good to

upon a foot with your brothers, his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: and assure yourself, that his representative will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world, whom you prefer to another?"

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called in her elder brother, (not the drug-merchant) and asked him what he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are these women ashamed of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in *discreet* love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief who had stolen a heart, and, being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr. Galliard, an eminent Turkey-merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffick, partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do any thing considerable for her; and he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: but nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice; and was answered, "No." He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: there was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman in the kingdom than his sister, though he said it, that should not say it.

"Though you say it, that *should* not say it! Is not our relation entitled to the same justice that we would do to another?"

"We must not blame indiscriminately," continued I, "all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer expects to receive from it; especially

"in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, may have other children—"

"He has—"

"Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up, should be done.

"Love is a selfish deity. He puts two persons upon preferring their own interests, nay a gratification of their passion often *against* their interests, to those of every body else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But love, nevertheless, will not do every thing for the ardent pair. Parents know this: and ought not to pay for the rashness they wish to prevent, but cannot."

"They were attentive. I proceeded addressing myself to both in the mercantile style.

"Is a father, who, by his prudence has weathered many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to re-embark in the voyage of life, with the young folks, who perhaps, in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (though a young man I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other.—You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?"

"I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

"Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: and young Mr. Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth," (looking on the floor) "we both sit down, and wish together, now and then: but what signifies wishing?"

"My sister will now have two thousand pounds: perhaps when old Mr. Galliard sees that his son's affections—"

"Old Mr. Galliard," interrupted I, "shall be asked to do nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children: nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into the family with discredit to herself."

"Notice being given that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand; and, entering the drawing-room with them, "Enjoy" said I, "the little repast that will be set

"before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be."

"It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons, from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to supply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an over-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

"I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that, besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into a treaty for and with his master's niece.

"Mr. Edward Danby I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

"And you, my good Miss Danby," said I, "shall acquaint your favoured Mr. Galliard, That, besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your worthy uncle shall be shewn to the value of more than these three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: and you must inform me what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will made in a long and painful sickness, which might sour a disposition that was naturally all benevolence."

"They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes, and wept again. I thought my presence painful to them, and withdrew to my study, and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

"At my return—"Do you—Do you"—referred each brother to the other: and Mr. Thomas Danby getting up to speak, "I see, my friends," said I, "your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours? I am more than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured

"to make a right use of the power trusted to me. You will each be I hope, (thus set forward) content in his particular business. I am merchant of Great-Britain, and most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, I recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that in these table calamities shall make spirit. Look upon what is done for you, as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes the principal part of your religion, good to your fellow-creatures. In short, word, let me enjoin you, in all your transactions, to remember mercy as justice."

"The brothers, with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were affected by the example set them: and, hoped, would never be shut.

"The sister looked the same declaration.

"Mr. Sylvester, raised with the scene of gratitude, tears in his eyes, said, That he should be content till he had looked into his heart, and through his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some good, after such a self-rewarding example.

"If a private man, my dear Bartlett, could be a means of expressing thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what might not princes, and those whose princely fortunes, do—Yet, you have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up any thing that is my own, before this will gave me power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

"But what poor creatures are we, dear friend, that the very avoiding of an occasion of a wrong action should burden our hearts, as with the consciousness of something meritorious!

"At parting, I told the nephews, That I expected to hear from them the moment any thing should be brought to effect; and let their matters and them agree, or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon, to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions, stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were intitled to, as well by my promise, as by my uncle's will.

"I was obliged to enjoin them

her sister wept; and when I pressed her hand at taking leave of her, she fully returned the pressure; but in manner so modest, (recollecting into some little confusion) that she said that gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the views of her sex.

A good attorney, as much raised as we were one of the persons benefited, joined with the brothers in giving blessings upon me.

How much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for your sight. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

LETTER XXXVII.

BARTLETT, TO MISS BYRON.

MARCH 18.

I present to you, Madam, the account you desired to see, as expressed by my kinsman from my father.

You seemed to wish it to be true for you: it is not what it has been; but mere facts, I will answer your intention. I am pleased, therefore, to accept it of your usual goodness.

Dr. Bartlett went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; but Lorimer I am to call him, to reveal his real name. He was the reverse of young Mr. Grandison. He was not only rude and unamiable; but proud, ill natured, malicious, even base.

The doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the young man, having had too many instances of the badness of his character while in England: but he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father, (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family) as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to have received the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other person.

The doctor and Mr. Lorimer were in Turin, when young Mr. Grandison had been some months in France) the first time arrived in that city; he was in the eighteenth year of his age. Dr. Bartlett had not a more profliigate pupil, than Mr. Grandison had a governor; though recommended by General W. his uncle by his mother's side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few visits, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor.

nor, Monsieur Creutzer the governor. Mr. Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man, upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

Mr. Grandison became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer, at the same time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities, than the two latter were from bad.

Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer; who, whatever the doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognizance of the civil magistrate; and was not made easy to Lorimer without great interest and expence: while Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison to join him there.

Then it was, that Mr. Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do) to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor; or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would allow him, till he had an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

The answer of his father was, that he heard of his prudence from every mouth; that he was at liberty to choose what companion he pleased: but that he gave him no governor but his own discretion.

Mr. Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with an humility and diffidence, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the doctor's direction: and when they were obliged to separate, they established a correspondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

Mr. Grandison laid before the doctor all his plan; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies, as his travels: but they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him *forehand*; and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension.

"fion of excellent resolutions: but he besought him to continue to him an account of all: he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him; but as they would furnish him with lessons from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer, than his own precepts.

"While Lorimer was passing through but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, mean time, was engaged in shews, spectacles, and in the diversions of the places in which he lived, as it might be said, rather than through which he passed.

"The doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipped thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the doctor was forced to follow him: and when there, had the mortification of hearing of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible) as one of the most riotous persons there.

"In vain did the doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before him the example of Mr. Grandison; a much younger man. All the effect which the reading of Mr. Grandison's letters had upon him, was to make him hate the more both his governor and that gentleman. By one of these letters only, did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shewn him, and described some places of note through which Mr. Grandison had passed, and through which the doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it, and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son's observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the doctor know, after he had sent it away, that he had written.

"The doctor doubted not but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surprized, when he received a congratulatory letter from

"the father on his son's improvement mingled with some little aspersions to his disadvantage: "I could doubt," said the fond father, "a son of mine had genius: he was nothing but to apply."—And he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

"The doctor took the young man to task about it. He owned he had done, and gloried in his extravagance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the ordinary part of his remittance.

"The young man was enraged at the doctor, for exposing him, as he called it, to his father, and for the charge he was continually giving to his appetites; and falling into a treaty with a courtesan, who was famous for ruining many young fellows by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a plot to revenge themselves on the doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

"Several projects they fell upon in particular was to accuse him in the third hand, as concerning his conduct with affairs of state in Venice: which, in that jealous republic, was never over-looked, and generally fatal to the accused; who, indeed, is hardly ever heard of after. From this danger he narrowly escaped, by means of his general character, and remarkable in his siveness, and the profligateness of his accusers; nor knew he his danger many months afterwards. The doctor believes, that he fared the worst for being an Englishman, and an enemy to the son of a British man, who made so considerable a figure in England; because the English in general reap so much advantage from the travellers of that nation, that they are ready to favour and encourage them above those of other nations.

"The doctor had been very anxious to be acquitted of his charge. In every letter he wrote to England, this was one of his concerns: but still the father, who was not what to do with his son at home, had besought his patience; and he to his son in the strongest terms reproaching him for his ungratefulness, to pay an implicit obedience to the doctor.

The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer, to make him know something of the ancient Greek and Roman histories. The father was very desirous, his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much: and with great difficulty, the doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

Athens was the city at which the father had desired they would make some stay; and from thence visit other parts of the Mœrea: and there the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

It was some time before the doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice, was his mistress at Athens: and when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight venerable men chosen out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognizance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned pretences to accuse the doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the Cadi being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the vavode, or governor, to interfere; and the doctor was seized and thrown into prison: his Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour; and pen and money, and all access to him, were prohibited.

The vile woman, having concerted measures with the persons she had suborned, for continuing the doctor in severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice; and there they rioted as before.

Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which from sympathy of mind, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly have an end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting them about this time, was informed of the doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians who constituted the tribunal above mentioned, and

“ who was an affectionate friend of the doctor, though forbidden to busy himself in his cause: and Mr. Beauchamp, (who had heard Mr. Grandison speak of the doctor with an uncommon affection) knowing that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, dispatched a man on purpose, to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

“ Mr. Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English ambassador at the Porte, as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance; they to the grand vizir; and an order was issued for setting the doctor at liberty. “ Mr. Grandison, in order to urge the dispatch of the chiaux who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the vavode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the doctor's finances being exhausted) by the bow-string. The danger endeared the doctor to Mr. Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr. Grandison to the doctor; to them both Mr. Beauchamp, who would not stir from Athens till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself in the interim, in the best manner he could, (though he was obliged to use caution and secrecy) to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

“ Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard as their father: and to this day it is one of the doctor's delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man, whom the one regards as an example, the other as an honour to the human race.

“ It was some time before the doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches whom the vile woman had suborned, had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr. Grandison and the chiaux; the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor; and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon at

"so great a distance, for the doctor's succour and liberty: but, in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

"Lorimer's father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The doctor, as little thinking then, that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villainous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman; and then to Rome: but there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his family, to the doctor, and to the earth.

"On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtesan had mediated against the doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the infliction of the most abandoned of women, besides those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

"Mean time Mr. Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Africa, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr. Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as he did that which he held with Mr. Beauchamp, to be communicated to the doctor.

"When Mr. Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more particularly informed of: and therefore insisted, that it should be taken at his own expence. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

"Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition to gene-

"rously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, that such a tour would be most likely means to establish the affection of a man equally dear to both.

"Mr. Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance of his favours appear not only to their credit, but an obligation laid on himself.

"Mr. Grandison himself, when two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrassment.

"Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: after which, the doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intention to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn, to turn thither.

"His health was happily established, and, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call for his father to return to England, that it was likely that he could be of use to his ward Miss Jervois, and her sisters, in her guardian's absence, was the more desirous to return to Italy.

"Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: and soon after set out for Padua in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

"Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed him in his last hours highly sensible of the doctor's care of his unhappy boy; earnestly desired his lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his troubles. But not making a will, and the lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child, (and suffering him to be either corrupted or chidden, were his enormities so flagrant) she bore a secret grudge to the doctor for his honest representations to her lord of the young man's immoralities: and not even the high position of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able to procure the least acknowledgment to the doctor, though the loss, as well of his reputation as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful service he had endeavoured to render to his profligate youth, and in him to his whole family."

LETTER XXXVIII.

MARTLETT. IN CONTINUATION.

[ENCLOSING THE PRECEDING.]

HUS far, dear Miss Byron, (delight of every one who is so good as to know you!) reach my man's extracts from my papers. I add some particulars in answer to your enquiries about Mr. Beauchamp; if, writing of a man I so greatly prize, I can write but a few.

Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young man, a person: when I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and ladies, and my Lord L. will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, dearly loves him, and keeps him equally against both their wills; specially against Mr. Beauchamp's, his beloved friend is in England. He is done to humour an imperious, active woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eye upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining, her great wealth (her person not so agreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was known to the father; who made addresses to her much about the time that Mr. Beauchamp had given an absolute denial (perhaps with too much ceremony) to an overture made him by a friend of hers. This ended her. She was resolved to be engaged on him, and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power, as fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's address; and on her obtaining such success as in a great measure put both her and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

He soon gained an absolute ascendancy over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600*l.* a year. She never rested till she had secured a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200*l.* was so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison. It is said, that this lady is not destitute of some good qualities, and in those where the son is not the subject, she is very commendably to Sir Harry: but being a managing woman,

and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and by that means has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The lady and Sir Harry, both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour; and on this, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recal; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interest might strengthen the lady's animosity.

Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country; but declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the mean time he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes, (and who in this, will be seconded by his father's love) can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's, and my Beauchamp: of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate, I end as I began; he is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L. Lord L. and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure; and if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with some certain affairs, it is because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to you

'you by good Lord L. she never can
'be more to my patron than she now
'is.

'Allow me to be, my good Miss By-
'ron, with a true paternal affection, your
'admirer and humble servant,

'AMEROSÉ BARTLETT.'

SUBJOINED IN A SEPARATE PAPER,
BY MISS BYRON TO HER LUCY.

HOW is this, Lucy? Let me col-
lect some of the contents of these
letters. 'If Sir Charles forbear, of his
'own accord, to acquaint his sisters with
'some certain affairs—Issue hidden from
'himself.—Engaged in some affair at
'Bologna and Florence, that embar-
'rass him.'—[Is, or was-so engaged,
means the doctor?] 'Sir Charles not
'reserved; yet reserved.'—How is all
'this, Lucy?

But does the doctor say, 'That I shall
'particularly admire Mr. Beauchamp?'
—What means the doctor by that?—But
he cannot affront me so much as to mean
any thing but to shew his own love to
the worthy young man. The doctor
longs for us to see him, he must come
quickly; for shall I not soon return to
my last, my best refuge, the arms of my

indulgent grandmammas and
shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any
in you? Are you capable of such
deadly malice?—If you are, sit
and wish the person you hate to
love with a man (I must, it seems, be
out) whom she thinks, and every
knows, to be superior to herself, in
quality, in every endowment, in
mind and fortune: and be desirous
(far, far worse is *doubtful* than
among some faint glimmerings of
whether his affections are engaged
if they are not, whether he can
—Ah, Lucy! you know what I
—Don't let me speak out.

But one word more—Don't you
the doctor's compliment at the begin-
of this letter, a little particular (I
'light of EVERY ONE who is so
'as to know you.' Charming words!
But are they, or are they not, often
inserted?—Am I the delight of
Charles Grandison's heart? Does he
know me?—Weak, silly, vain, but
low, yet proud Harriet Byron is
gone, paper—mean confession of
conjecturing folly—Ah, Lucy, I
the paper half through, as you'll find
anger at myself; but I will stick to
the doctor's letter, to be taken of
you, and to be seen by nobody else.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

